

# ENGLISH ESSAYS

AN ANTHOLOGY OF ESSAYS  
FROM BACON TO LUCAS

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

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New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1918

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Set up and electrotyped    Published September, 1917

Norwood Press  
J S Cushing Co — Berwick & Smith Co  
Norwood, Mass, U S A

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## INTRODUCTION

DEFINITIONS of the essay have nearly always been unsatisfactory, mainly because the term is an all-inclusive one. It has been applied to compositions as varied as Locke's *Essay on the Human Understanding*, a rather long and abstruse philosophical treatise; Macaulay's historical sketches of Milton, Clive, Warren Hastings, and others, Pope's versified discussions of philosophy and literary criticism, and Pater's carefully reasoned analyses of problems in æsthetics. But the essay *par excellence* is a much more specific thing: it is variously called the "familiar," the "intimate," the "personal," the "meditative," essay, and the adjective indicates its scope. Like the lyric in the realm of verse, it is a personal expression of the author's moods, emotions, or whims. Though it may be narrative or descriptive in part, these elements are subordinated to the author's reflections upon the background or the story he presents. It touches upon all topics of interest to human beings, from female ornament to the mystery of death. Yet, whatever the topic, the author is never in the didactic mood, he is more like a richly informed, meditative, kindly man of the world settling down for a half hour or so of suggestive talk with a friend. The familiar essay, in fine, is a written monologue or—in terms of another literary art—a personal letter addressed to the public.

Such was the conception of the first man who used the word in reference to his writings Michel Eyquem de Montaigne, a Frenchman, published in 1580 the first two volumes of his *Essays* and thus stands as the first cultivator of this form of literature He was a philosopher, with a keen, shrewd insight into life, and with a breadth of interest that kept him from tumbling into the pitfalls of the religious and political fanaticism of that disturbed period Writing as a relief from the burden of care inevitable to any thoughtful man in his day, he chose, as his topic, himself, and his essays reveal, as nothing else but the frankest of autobiographies could reveal, his innermost thoughts and his most delicate reactions to his surroundings Montaigne was at once translated into English, but John Florio's version, which appeared in 1603, has become the classic rendering Inspired probably by this work, Francis Bacon (1561-1626) had in 1597 published a slender volume containing ten essays They were very different from Montaigne's for they entirely lacked the easy, rambling style of the latter and were rather a series of classified notes gathered from a commonplace book Bacon, who was a foremost politician, philosopher, and scientist of his day, thought little of these brief English essays in comparison with his more ambitious Latin works Yet because of their popularity he added to their number and increased their range when he brought out a second edition in 1612 and a final edition in 1625 Numerous other writers, now forgotten by all except the curious, wrote essays partly after his model and partly in the style of Montaigne Then came the period of the Puritan Commonwealth when the essay, like poetry, was bent to the sterner uses of political and religious partisan-

ship, but the overwhelming mass of these tracts possesses interest only for the historian. With the Restoration of the Stuarts came social conditions which, though still turbulent, were more favorable to the creation of pure literature. Again we must pass over a large company of minor writers and pick out for mention only John Dryden (1631-1700), whose essays were mainly devoted to questions of literary criticism, and Abraham Cowley (1618-1667). Cowley is a prime example of the instability of fame. His own generation hailed him as the prince of poets and one of the greatest prose-writers. Nowadays he is known only by a couple of odes in the anthologies and by a short book of essays. The latter were written in the days of his retirement, after a life of exile with his King and of struggle with factions at the Restoration Court. Going back definitely to the example of Montaigne, he discoursed at large concerning himself and his own interests in a vein of mingled wisdom and geniality.

As soon as we pass from the seventeenth to the eighteenth century, we find the essay so much at its best that it may be called the typical literary form of the Age of Queen Anne just as the drama was the typical form of the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods. This fact is due, more than to any other single cause, to the development of the newspaper after numerous harbingers in the shape of news-pamphlets and news-books. To trace the rise and fall of the various journals such as the *Daily Courant*, the *British Apollo*, and Defoe's *Review of the Affairs of France*, is beyond our province at this time. From the *Review*, however, probably came the suggestion that led Sir Richard Steele (1672-1729) to establish the *Tatler* in 1709. He continued it till 1711 and then after a few

months' interval began the *Spectator* in collaboration with his friend Joseph Addison (1672-1719). Each issue of these papers was printed on a single sheet, an essay occupying one side, a summary of news in the first column on the reverse side, and a column or so of advertisements filling the remainder. Political discussion, the fatal element in most other newspapers, was rigidly excluded in favor of an intelligent nonpartisanship. A similarly unprejudiced attitude in matters of religion achieved for the *Saturday Spectator* a permanency of appeal seldom found in religious literature. Later developments may have tarnished the brilliance of many of the papers devoted to literary criticism, but there is no doubt of their far-reaching effect in fostering standards of taste. In other directions, too, Steele's and Addison's remarks upon contemporary life influenced their readers and helped to develop that spirit of rational, restful common sense which is the distinguishing characteristic of the eighteenth century. Adverse criticism on minor details may well be hushed in view of the immense positive accomplishments of these two men. Moreover, as a writer of English prose, Addison remains a model, it is still true, as Dr Johnson said over a century and a half ago, that "whoever would attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the study of Addison." The most flattering evidence of the popularity attained by the *Tatler* and the *Spectator* is the host of imitations that shortly sprang up, there being at the lowest calculation over two hundred and twenty-one of these during the century. If we except the essays of Henry Fielding, the novelist, in *The Covent Garden Journal*, and of Samuel Johnson, whose *Rambler* and *Idler* are not

half such heavy reading as popular opinion fancies them, the true descendant of Addison and Steele in the later eighteenth century was Oliver Goldsmith (1728-1774). The reputation of *The Vicar of Wakefield* and *The Deserted Village* has obscured the charm of the less widely known *Citizen of the World* and *The Bee*. Yet in those papers Goldsmith, who "wrote like an angel," reproduced the gentle satire and the sympathy with humanity that are the basis of his predecessors' fame. His wide acquaintance with the life of the Continent, gained during a vagrant period in his youth, joined with his intimate knowledge of metropolitan life to give him an unusual breadth of outlook, and his sensitive heart enabled him to penetrate with sympathy below the shams of surface-appearances. As a result of these qualities, Goldsmith remains "essentially modern, and when he writes his very best he combines the grace of Addison and the artlessness of Steele"<sup>1</sup>.

As the fortunes of the essay at the beginning of the eighteenth century were bound up with the newspaper, so the essay of a hundred years later was connected with the development of the reviews and magazines. The *Edinburgh Review* was founded in 1802 by a group of young Whigs. Then in 1809 came the *Quarterly Review*, a Tory paper, in 1817, *Blackwood's*, in 1824, the *Westminster*, in 1821, the *London Magazine*. These periodicals numbered among their contributors all the great writers of the time: Sydney Smith, Francis Jeffrey, William Gifford, Sir Walter Scott, Leigh Hunt, William Hazlitt, Robert Southey, William Wordsworth, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, John Wilson, John Gibson Lockhart, Charles Lamb, Thomas DeQuincey, Thomas Noon Talfourd, Thomas

<sup>1</sup> J. H. Lobban *English Essays*, p. li

Carlyle, Thomas Babington Macaulay, James Anthony Froude, and many others. Though politics was the main theme of discussion and even literary judgments were based on political prejudices, the magazines contained much work of a purely literary sort. The lover of essays is hard put to it in selecting his favorites from the wealth of material at his command and regrets that a single one should seem slighted. Since a choice must be made, however, he can only fix on Lamb, Hazlitt, and DeQuincey as representatives of the age.

Charles Lamb (1775-1834) is perhaps more beloved personally than any English author except Stevenson. After his school-days at Christ's Hospital he became a clerk in the South Sea House and later in the India House, where he remained the greater part of his life. His private life was saddened by the necessity of carefully watching over his sister Mary, who was subject to fits of insanity. Nevertheless the struggle against the limitations imposed by restricted income and by his heart-breaking duty never depressed his spirits but rather helped to develop a sympathy with the humble, a satisfaction in simple pleasures, an appreciation of the delicate manifestations of the human heart. Poor in material goods, he was rich in the fundamental human satisfactions of mankind. In his essays the style is most truly the man — whimsical, paradoxical, kindly in its revelations of a quaint humor.

No less self-revelatory in his essays was William Hazlitt (1778-1830). After a brief period of study for the Unitarian ministry, he devoted four years to painting, with little artistic success but with the result that he became an excellent art-critic. His first piece of writing was a philosophical treatise which he highly esteemed but which, like

the *magnum opus* of his later years, a biography of Napoleon, had few readers. In spite of his last words, "Well, I've had a happy life," he was not a man of many friendships and even his domestic life was unpleasant. It is only in his essays, most of them contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* and to the *London Magazine*, that we discover his inner spirit—a sympathy with all that was human, a vigorous interest in the present, and withal that ability to look upon the world with the spectator's eye which sees tints of beauty in the muck and scum of things. His criticisms in art and the drama are no less illuminating than his drawing of the past, especially his own experiences, is charming. The frankness of his self-revelation together with the power of his language gives him a place second only to Lamb.

The third of our early nineteenth century essayists, Thomas DeQuincey (1785–1859), was more purely a scholar and man of letters than either of the others. His *Confessions of an English Opium Eater* tells us how he ran away from the disagreeable life of boarding-school, how he tramped through the country, of his vagabond experiences in London, and of his subsequent uneventful life in Edinburgh. He produced an enormous mass of writing, all of it entertaining and stimulating but fragmentary. How much of this incompleteness is due to a natural fickleness of mind and how much to the effects of his long-continued use of opium, it is not necessary to inquire. His writing is, as one critic says, printed talk, the informally molded conversation of a deeply read man on a variety of topics. There are few others of our writers who have given us such swinging, sonorous prose, prose that is full of "purple patches," prose so near to poetry. Of all

his works the *Opium Eater* is most read, but there is no doubt of the continued popularity of *The English Mail-Coach*, *Joan of Arc*, *The Revolt of a Tartar Tribe*, *Murder, considered as one of the Fine Arts*, and *The Knocking at the Gate in "Macbeth"*

While the first half of the last century saw a great increase of literary activity in England, it saw in America the development of a native literature. Irving frankly took Addison and the *Spectator* as the models for his *Sketch Book*, Longfellow followed the same path in *Outre Mer*. A little later came Lowell, Curtis, Alcott, Thoreau, and Emerson. Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882) was born in Boston and, after a few years as a teacher and a minister, passed the rest of his days in Concord. He constantly lectured in the lyceums, a peculiar institution of the time which still survives in the modified form of lecture-courses, especially in New England. His essays are the revised form of these lectures. He was and is an intellectual and moral leader, perhaps the greatest influence that has gone out from America, but whereas he was once on the limits of non-conformity, his words are now quoted by even the most conservative. Many things in his essays remind us of Montaigne, of whom he was an ardent admirer, and much, particularly in his literary style, reminds us of Bacon. He is, at any rate, to be classed with the latter rather than with the personal essayists like Cowley, Goldsmith, and Lamb. For American writers like these last we must come farther along in the century to Oliver Wendell Holmes, Charles Dudley Warner, and Thomas Wentworth Higginson, and in our own day to William Dean Howells, Henry van Dyke, Agnes Repplier, and Samuel McChord Crothers. At the same time many



pages would be required for a list of American essayists and of those whose essays are primarily devoted to criticism, history, nature-study, or travel

In England also essay writing has maintained up to the present the fine traditions of earlier days Thackeray in his *Roundabout Papers* showed himself an essayist of the first class, Ruskin, Arnold, Jefferies, Andrew Lang, Gissing, and Francis Thompson were also in the first rank Just now the leading figures are John Galsworthy, William Butler Yeats, "Vernon Lee," Arthur Christopher Benson, and Edward Verrall Lucas Once more we must select where selection seems invidious, and limit our illustrations to the work of Smith, Pater, Stevenson, and Mr Lucas

Alexander Smith (1830-1867), the son of a Scotch pattern-maker, in spite of a limited education was made secretary to the University of Edinburgh, and thus was able to devote his life to literature He was first known as a poet and so highly esteemed that his admirers ranked him equal to Tennyson By a startling reversal of the popular judgment, however, his reputation as a poet disappeared almost overnight and he was forced to do all sorts of hackwork in prose For a long time his writings suffered an undeserved neglect until recently attention has been turned to his delightful volume of essays, *Dreamthorp*, originally published in 1863, and the posthumous volume, *Last Leaves* (1868) Some of the essays, "William Dunbar," "Men of Letters," and "Geoffrey Chaucer," for example, are critical, the others, such as "Dreamthorp," "Christmas," "On Vagabonds," and "Winter" are as fine meditative essays as any produced in the century "Smith's place," says Professor Hugh Walker, "is among the very greatest writers of English prose." One could

scarcely imagine a greater contrast to Smith than Walter Pater (1839-1894). He was the academic type of man living practically all his life at Oxford from the time he entered as a student in 1858. During the term he was occupied as a tutor, and he spent the long vacations on the continent. Although he had the simplest manner and a playful sense of fun, he had few intimate friends; he was a mysterious figure in the University, leading a life of studied retirement. Besides his *Marius, the Epicurean*, *Studies in the Renaissance*, and *Plato and Platonism* he contributed articles to the *Westminster Review* and *The Guardian* which were collected in several volumes after his death. The best introduction to his work will be found in *Imaginary Portraits* and *Miscellaneous Studies*. Pater wrote slowly, polishing his style with infinite care in an attempt to reach an ideal perfection, and as a natural result it is lacking in simplicity and freshness. He is at his best in such pieces as "Emerald Uthwart" or "The Child in the House," which are as near to autobiography as a man of his temper could approach. With Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894) we come from the cloisters of Oxford into the open air and sunlit spaces of the great world. Can there be a boy or girl unfamiliar with his *Treasure Island* or *Kidnapped* or *David Balfour*? And by the same token almost every one must know the story of his wanderings during his heroic fight against disease. From the Riviera, to California, to the Adirondacks, and finally to the South Seas he journeyed, filling his stretches of comparatively good health with the production of romances, short stories, travel-sketches, and essays. His joy in life and his courage wrested from the hands of a grudging Fate are revealed in all his work, and in his

essays this is joined to a power of reflective detachment that marks him as a true follower of Charles Lamb. In our own day Lamb has consciously been chosen as a model by Mr Edward Verrall Lucas Born at Brighton, England, in 1868, educated at University College, London, Mr Lucas has been associated with the London press since 1893 At present he is on the staff of *Punch* His literary work includes several perfect anthologies, sketches of travel at home and abroad, children's books, novels, a biography of Lamb, and a definitive edition of Lamb's works In *Character and Comedy, One Day and Another, and Loutherer's Harvest* he has not only continued the high traditions of his predecessors in the essay but has added the charm of his own personality

After all it is the charming revelation of personality that is the hall-mark of the true essay In almost every other form of literature we become acquainted with the author only indirectly, but in the essay we come face to face with a genial man offering us his friendship This attitude, it is true, connotes a trace of egotism, a feeling that one's private tastes and aversions will be of interest to the world at large, yet on the other hand the essayist merely makes a legitimate use of the clear fact that we human beings are all interested in one another Whether the maids in the kitchen are gossiping about the latest neighborhood event or the queen in the parlor is reading a serious study of human emotion or action, all are trying to find out how other people have reacted to the experiences of life But if the essayist is to be successful, he must of course have a personality worth revealing He is distinguished by a tolerance of mind which enables him to view the world with sympathy. He has an eye for the beauty

of the commonplace, a sensitive appreciation of human motives that gives him power to weigh the quality of life. And because he can diagnose life from very small samples, his subjects often seem trivial, — a fan, a chimney sweeper, a lonely child, a garden, a circus, and the like. Whatever his topic he gives us a drop of the quintessence of humaneness, he is, in the primary sense of the word, a humorist. He has moreover a whimsicality of thought and expression, like Montaigne, who said of his page that he was never found guilty of telling the truth, or like Mr Lucas, when he finds his ideal holiday in being a circus-hand. All these qualities indicate that the essayist cultivates a meditative spirit and leisurely habits of mind. He is not a propagandist with burning questions to answer, far-reaching reforms to put through, he is Mr Spectator, taking the world as it is, poking quiet fun at its follies, pulling aside the veil that hangs over its beauties. He is not always, as one might imagine, an elderly man in spite of the slippers and easy-chair and hearth-fire that might appropriately be engraved on his book-plate, but he does have the broadness of mind, the geniality, the kindness, the well-digested information that are a mark of maturity.

The essayist, as a glance at our Table of Contents will show, rarely chooses unfamiliar topics. His concern is most often with the homely affairs of daily intercourse, which he comments on from his mature point of view. "The world," says Alexander Smith, "is not so much in need of new thoughts as that when thought grows old and worn with usage, it should, like current coin, be called in, and, from the mint of genius, reissued fresh and new." Essays are accordingly pretty sure to be full of sugges-

tions and allusions to other books or current notions, but they never become stiff with the embroidery of other men's thoughts. The best essay has a lightness of touch, a gracefulness of expression, and a charm of thought that give unity of feeling however far afield the author may ramble. In the case of those who have learned to appreciate this effect and this attitude of mind, the essay is far and away the most attractive kind of reading.



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# ENGLISH ESSAYS

FRANCIS BACON

## OF STUDIES

STUDIES serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness<sup>o</sup> and retiring, for ornament, is in discourse, and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business // For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one, but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned To spend too much time in studies is sloth, to use them too much for ornament, is affectation, to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humor of a scholar They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need proyn<sup>g</sup>,<sup>o</sup> by study, and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them, for they teach not their own use, but that<sup>o</sup> is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor

to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider  
Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed,  
and some few to be chewed and digested°, that is, some  
books are to be read only in parts, others to be read, but  
5 not curiously°, and some few to be read wholly, and with  
diligence and attention Some books also may be read  
by deputy, and extracts made of them by others, but  
that would° be only in the less important arguments, and  
the meaner sort of books, else distilled books are like  
10 common distilled waters, flashy° things Reading maketh  
a full man, conference a ready man, and writing° an  
exact man And therefore, if a man write little, he had  
need have a great memory, if he confer little, he had need  
have a present wit, and if he read little, he had need  
15 have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not  
Histories make men wise, poets witty, the mathematics  
subtile, natural philosophy deep, moral grave, logic  
and rhetoric able to contend *Abeunt studia in mores* °  
Nay, there is no stond° or impediment in the wit but may  
20 be wrought out by fit studies, like as diseases of the body  
may have appropriate exercises Bowling is good for  
the stone and reins°, shooting for the lungs and breast;  
gentle walking for the stomach, riding for the head;  
and the like So if a man's wit be wandering, let him  
25 study the mathematics, for in demonstrations, if his wit  
be called away never so little, he must begin again If  
his wit be not apt to distinguish or find differences, let  
him study the Schoolmen°, for they are *cymari sectores*.°  
If he be not apt to beat over matters, and to call up one  
30 thing to prove and illustrate another, let him study the  
lawyers' cases. So every defect of the mind may have a  
special receipt,

## OF SEEMING WISE

It hath been an opinion that the French are wiser than they seem, and the Spaniards seem wiser than they are. But howsoever it be between nations, certainly it is so between man and man. For as the Apostle<sup>o</sup> saith of godliness, *Having a show of godliness, but denying the power thereof*, so certainly there are in point of wisdom and sufficiency, that<sup>o</sup> do nothing or little very solemnly *magno conatu nugas*<sup>o</sup>. It is a ridiculous thing and fit for a satire to persons of judgment, to see what shifts these formalists have, and what prospectives<sup>o</sup> to make<sup>10</sup> *superficies*<sup>o</sup> to seem body that hath depth and bulk. Some are so close and reserved, as they will not show their wares but by a dark light, and seem always to keep back somewhat, and when they know within themselves they speak of that they do not well know, would nevertheless<sup>15</sup> seem to others to know of that which they may not well speak. Some help themselves with countenance and gesture, and are wise by signs, as Cicero saith of Piso, that when he answered him, he fetched one of his brows up to his forehead, and bent the other down to his chin,<sup>20</sup> *Respondes, altero ad frontem sublato, altero ad mentum depresso supercilio, crudelitatem tibi non placere*<sup>o</sup>. Some think to bear<sup>o</sup> it by speaking a great word, and being peremptory, and go on, and take by admittance that which they cannot make good. Some, whatsoever is<sup>25</sup> beyond their reach, will seem to despise or make light of it as impertinent or curious, and so would have their ignorance seem judgment. Some are never without a difference,<sup>o</sup> and commonly by amusing men with a subtilty, blanch<sup>o</sup> the matter, of whom A. Gellius saith, *Hominem*<sup>30</sup>

*delirum, qui verborum minutus rerum frangit pondera* °  
 Of which kind also, Plato° in his Protagoras bringeth in  
 Prodicus in scorn, and maketh him make a speech that  
 consisteth of distinctions from the beginning to the end  
 5 Generally, such men in all deliberations find ease to be  
 of the negative side, and affect a credit to object and fore-  
 tell difficulties, for when propositions are denied, there  
 is an end of them, but if they be allowed, it requireth a  
 new work, which false point of wisdom is the bane of  
 10 business To conclude, there is no decaying merchant,  
 or inward beggar, hath so many tricks to uphold the credit  
 of their wealth, as these empty persons have to maintain  
 the credit of their sufficiency Seeming wise men may  
 make shift to get opinion, but let no man choose them for  
 15 employment, for certainly you were better take for busi-  
 ness a man somewhat absurd° than over-formal

#### OF SUPERSTITION

It were better to have no opinion of God at all, than  
 such an opinion as is unworthy of him For the one is  
 unbelief, the other is contumely, and certainly superstition  
 20 is the reproach of the Deity Plutarch saith well to that  
 purpose Surely (saith he) *I had rather a great deal men*  
*should say there was no such man at all as Plutarch, than*  
*that they should say that there was one Plutarch that would*  
*eat his children as soon as they were born;* as the poets  
 25 speak of Saturn ° And as the contumely is greater towards  
 God, so the danger is greater towards men Atheism  
 leaves a man to sense, to philosophy, to natural piety, to  
 laws, to reputation, all which may be guides to an outward  
 moral virtue, though religion were not, but superstition

dismounts all these, and erecteth an absolute monarchy in the minds of men. Therefore atheism did never perturb states, for it makes men wary of themselves, as looking no further: and we see the times inclined to atheism (as the time of Augustus Cæsar) were civil<sup>o</sup> times. But 5 superstition hath been the confusion of many states, and bringeth in a new *primum mobile*,<sup>o</sup> that ravisheth all the spheres of government. The master of superstition is the people, and in all superstition wise men follow fools, and arguments are fitted to practice, in a reversed order. 10 It was gravely said by some of the prelates in the Council of Trent,<sup>o</sup> where the doctrine of the Schoolmen bare great sway, *that the Schoolmen were like astronomers, which did feign eccentrics and epicycles,*<sup>o</sup> *and such engines of orbs, to save<sup>o</sup> the phenomena, though they knew there were* 15 *no such things*, and in like manner, that the Schoolmen had framed a number of subtle and intricate axioms and theorems, to save the practice of the church. The causes of superstition are: pleasing and sensual<sup>o</sup> rites and ceremonies, excess of outward and pharisaical holiness, over- 20 great reverence of traditions, which cannot but load the church, the stratagems of prelates for their own ambition and lucre, the favoring too much of good intentions, which openeth the gate to conceits and novelties, the taking an aim at divine matters by human, which cannot but 25 breed mixture of imaginations. and, lastly, barbarous times, especially joined with calamities and disasters. Superstition, without a veil, is a deformed thing; for as it addeth deformity to an ape to be so like a man, so the similitude of superstition to religion makes it the more 30 deformed. And as wholesome meat corrupteth to little worms, so good forms and orders corrupt into a number

of petty observances There is a superstition in avoiding superstition, when men think to do best if they go furthest from the superstition formerly received, therefore care would be had that (as it fareth in ill purgings) the good be not taken away with the bad, which commonly is done when the people is the reformer

## OF TRUTH

*WHAT* is truth? said jesting Pilate°, and would not stay for an answer Certainly there be that° delight in giddiness, and count it a bondage to fix a belief, affecting free-will in thinking, as well as in acting And though the sects of philosophers° of that kind be gone, yet there remain certain discoursing° wits which are of the same veins, though there be not so much blood in them as was in those of the ancients But it is not only the difficulty and labor which men take in finding out of truth, nor again that when it is found it imposeth° upon men's thoughts; that doth bring lies in favor, but a natural though corrupt love of the lie itself One of the later school of the Grecians examineth the matter and is at a stand to think what should be in it, that men should love lies, where neither they make for pleasure, as with poets, nor for advantage, as with the merchant, but for the lie's sake But I cannot tell, this same truth is a naked and open day-light, that doth not show the masks and mummeries and triumphs of the world, half so stately and daintily as candle-lights Truth may perhaps come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day, but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle, that showeth best in varied lights A mixture of a lie doth

ever add pleasure Doth any man doubt, that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, 5 and displeasing to themselves? One of the fathers,<sup>o</sup> in great severity, called poesy *vinum dæmonum*<sup>o</sup> because it filleth the imagination, and yet it is but with the shadow of a lie But it is not the lie that passeth through the mind, but the lie that sinketh in and settleth in it, that 10 doth the hurt, such as we spake of before But howsoever these things are thus in men's depraved judgments and affections, yet truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence 15 of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature The first creature of God, in the works of the days, was the light of the sense, the last was the light of reason, and his sabbath work ever since is the illumination of his Spirit First he breathed 20 light upon the face of the matter or chaos, then he breathed light into the face of man, and still he breatheth and inspireth light into the face of his chosen The poet<sup>o</sup> that beautified the sect that was otherwise inferior to the rest, saith yet excellently well *It is a pleasure to stand 25 upon the shore and to see ships tossed upon the sea, a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle and to see a battle and the adventures thereof below but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth* (a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and 30 serene), *and to see the errors and wanderings and mists and tempests in the vale below*, so always that this prospect

be with pity, and not with swelling or pride Certainly, it is heaven upon earth, to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth °

5 To pass from theological and philosophical truth to the truth of civil business, it will be acknowledged even by those that practise it not, that clear and round dealing is the honor of man's nature, and that mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of gold and silver, which  
10 may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it For these winding and crooked courses are the goings of the serpent, which goeth basely upon the belly, and not upon the feet There is no vice that doth so cover a  
15 man with shame as to be found false and perfidious And therefore Montaigne saith prettily, when he inquired the reason why the word of the lie should be such a disgrace and such an odious charge Saith he, *If it be well weighed, to say that a man lieth, is as much to say, as that he is brave towards God and a coward towards men* For  
20 a lie faces God, and shrinks from man Surely the wickedness of falsehood and breach of faith cannot possibly be so highly expressed, as in that it shall be the last peal to call the judgments of God upon the generations of men, it being foretold that when Christ cometh, *he shall not*  
25 *find faith upon the earth* °

## OF FRIENDSHIP

It had been hard for him that spake it to have put more truth and untruth together in few words, than in that speech, *Whosoever is delighted in solitude is either a wild beast or a god* ° For it is most true that a natural



and secret hatred and aversation towards society in any man, hath somewhat of the savage beast, but it is most untrue that it should have any character at all of the divine nature, except it proceed, not out of a pleasure in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a man's self for a higher conversation<sup>o</sup> such as is found to have been falsely and feignedly in some of the heathen, as Epimenides the Candian, Numa the Roman, Empedocles the Sicilian, and Apollonius of Tyana, and truly and really in divers of the ancient hermits and holy fathers of the church. But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth. For a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal,<sup>o</sup> where there is no love. The Latin adage meeteth with it a little. *Magna civitas, magna* <sup>15</sup> *solitudo*<sup>o</sup>, because in a great town friends are scattered, so that there is not that fellowship, for the most part, which is in less neighborhoods. But we may go further, and affirm most truly that it is a mere<sup>o</sup> and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is <sup>20</sup> but a wilderness, and even in this sense also of solitude, whosoever in the frame of his nature and affections is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast, and not from humanity<sup>o</sup>.

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge <sup>25</sup> of the fulness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body; and it is not much otherwise in the mind, you may take sarza<sup>o</sup> to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, <sup>30</sup> flowers<sup>o</sup> of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain, but no receipt openeth the heart, but a true friend, to

whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift<sup>o</sup> or confession

It is a strange thing to observe how high a rate great  
5 kings and monarchs do set upon this fruit of friendship  
whereof we speak so great, as they purchase it many  
times at the hazard of their own safety and greatness  
For princes, in regard of the distance of their fortune  
from that of their subjects and servants, cannot gather  
10 this fruit, except (to make themselves capable thereof)  
they raise some persons to be as it were companions and  
almost equals to themselves, which many times sorteth  
to inconvenience The modern languages give unto such  
persons the name of favorites, or privadoes<sup>o</sup>, as if it were  
15 matter of grace, or conversation But the Roman name  
attaineth the true use and cause thereof, naming them  
*participes curarum*<sup>o</sup>, for it is that which tieth the knot  
And we see plainly that this hath been done, not by  
weak and passionate princes only, but by the wisest and  
20 most politic that ever reigned, who have oftentimes  
joined to themselves some of their servants, whom both  
themselves have called friends, and allowed others like-  
wise to call them in the same manner, using the word  
which is received between private men

25 L Sylla,<sup>o</sup> when he commanded Rome, raised Pompey  
(after surnamed the Great) to that height, that Pompey  
vaunted himself for Sylla's over-match For when he  
had carried the consulship for a friend of his, against the  
pursuit of Sylla, and that Sylla did a little resent thereat,  
30 and began to speak great, Pompey turned upon him again,  
and in effect bade him be quiet, *for that more men adored  
the sun rising than the sun setting.* With Julius Cæsar,

Decimus Brutus had obtained that interest, as he set him down in his testament for heir in remainder after his nephew. And this was the man that had power with him to draw him forth to his death. For when Cæsar would have discharged the senate, in regard of some ill presages, <sup>5</sup> and specially a dream<sup>o</sup> of Calpurnia, this man lifted him gently by the arm out of his chair, telling him he hoped he would not dismiss the senate till his wife had dreamt a better dream. And it seemeth his favor was so great, as Antonius, in a letter which is recited *verbatim* <sup>10</sup> in one of Cicero's Philippics, calleth him *venefica*, witch, as if he had enchanted Cæsar. Augustus raised Agrippa (though of mean birth) to that height, as when he consulted with Mæcenas about the marriage of his daughter Julia, Mæcenas took the liberty to tell him, *that he must* <sup>15</sup> *either marry his daughter to Agrippa, or take away his life, there was no thirde way, he had made him so great.* With Tiberius Cæsar, Sejanus had ascended to that height, as they two were termed and reckoned as a pair of friends. Tiberius in a letter to him saith, *Hæc pro amicitia nostrâ* <sup>20</sup> *non occultari*<sup>o</sup>, and the whole senate dedicated an altar to Friendship, as to a goddess, in respect of the great dear-ness of friendship between them two. The like or more was between Septimius Severus and Plautianus. For he forced his eldest son to marry the daughter of Plautianus, <sup>25</sup> and would often maintain Plautianus in doing affronts to his son, and did write also in a letter to the senate, by these words *I love the man so well, as I wish he may over-live me.* Now if these princes had been as a Trajan or a Marcus Aurelius, a man might have thought that this had <sup>30</sup> proceeded of an abundant goodness of nature, but being men so wise, of such strength and severity of mind,

and so extreme lovers of themselves, as all these were, it proveth most plainly that they found their own felicity (though as great as ever happened to mortal men) but as an half piece, except they mought have a friend to make it entire, and yet, which is more, they were princes that had wives, sons, nephews, and yet all these could not supply the comfort of friendship

It is not to be forgotten what Comineus<sup>o</sup> observeth of his first master, Duke Charles the Hardy, namely, that he would communicate his secrets with none, and least of all, those secrets which troubled him most Whereupon he goeth on and saith that towards his latter time *that closeness did impair and a little perish<sup>o</sup> his understanding* Surely Comineus mought have made the same judgment also, if it had pleased him, of his second master, Lewis the Eleventh, whose closeness was indeed his tormentor The parable of Pythagoras is dark, but true, *Cor ne edito Eat not the heart<sup>o</sup>* Certainly, if a man would give it a hard phrase, those that want friends to open themselves unto are cannibals of their own hearts But one thing is most admirable (wherewith I will conclude this first fruit of friendship), which is, that this communicating of a man's self to his friend works two contrary effects; for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves For there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more, and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less. So that it is in truth of operation upon a man's mind, of like virtue as the alchemists<sup>o</sup> use to attribute to their stone for man's body, that it worketh all contrary effects, but still to the good and benefit of nature But yet without praying in aid of alchemists, there is a manifest image

of this in the ordinary course of nature For in bodies union strengtheneth and cherisheth any natural action, and on the other side weakeneth and dulleth any violent impression and even so it is of minds

The second fruit of friendship is healthful and sovereign for the understanding, as the first is for the affections For friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections, from storm and tempests, but it maketh daylight in the understanding, out of darkness and confusion of thoughts Neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel, which a man receiveth from his friend, but before you come to that, certain it is that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up, in the communicating and discoursing with another, he tosseth his thoughts more easily, he marshalleth them more orderly, he seeth how they look when they are turned into words finally, he waxeth wiser than himself, and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation It was well said by Themistocles to the king of Persia, *That speech was like cloth of Arras,° opened and put abroad, whereby the imagery doth appear in figure, whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs* Neither is this second fruit of friendship, in opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel, (they indeed are best;) but even without that, a man learneth of himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone, which itself cuts not In a word, a man were better relate himself to a statua or picture, than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother

Add now, to make this second fruit of friendship com-

plete, that other point which lieth more open and falleth within vulgar observation, which is faithful counsel from a friend. Heracitus saith well in one of his enigmas, *Dry light is ever the best* ° And certain it is, that the light  
5 that a man receiveth by counsel from another is drier and purer than that which cometh from his own understanding and judgment, which is ever infused and drenched in his affections and customs So as there is as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth, and that a man  
10 giveth himself, as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer For there is no such flatterer as is a man's self, and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self as the liberty of a friend Counsel is of two sorts the one concerning manners, the other concern-  
15 ing business For the first, the best preservative to keep the mind in health is the faithful admonition of a friend The calling of a man's self to a strict account is a medicine, sometime, too piercing and corrosive Reading good books of morality is a little flat and dead Observing our  
20 faults in others is sometimes improper for our case But the best receipt (best, I say, to work, and best to take) is the admonition of a friend It is a strange thing to behold what gross errors and extreme absurdities many (especially of the greater sort) do commit, for want of a  
25 friend to tell them of them, to the great damage both of their fame and fortune for, as St James saith, ° they are as men *that look sometimes into a glass, and presently forget their own shape and favor* ° As for business, a man may think, if he will, that two eyes see no more than one, or  
30 that a gamester seeth always more than a looker-on, or that a man in anger is as wise as he that hath said over the four and twenty letters °, or that a musket may be shot

off as well upon the arm as upon a rest, and such other fond and high<sup>o</sup> imaginations, to think himself all in all. But when all is done, the help of good counsel is that which setteth business straight. And if any man think that he will take counsel, but it shall be by pieces, asking 5 counsel in one business of one man, and in another business of another man, it is well (that is to say, better perhaps than if he asked none at all), but he runneth two dangers one, that he shall not be faithfully counselled, for it is a rare thing, except it be from a perfect and entire friend, 10 to have counsel given, but such as shall be bowed and crooked to some ends which he hath that giveth it. The other, that he shall have counsel given, hurtful and unsafe (though with good meaning), and mixed partly of mischief and partly of remedy, even as if you would call 15 a physician that is thought good for the cure of the disease you complain of, but is unacquainted with your body, and therefore may put you in way for a present cure, but overthroweth your health in some other kind, and so cure the disease and kill the patient. But a friend that is 20 wholly acquainted with a man's estate will beware, by furthering any present business, how he dasheth upon other inconvenience. And therefore rest not upon scattered counsels, they will rather distract and mislead, than settle and direct.

25  
After these two noble fruits of friendship (peace in the affections, and support of the judgment), followeth the last fruit, which is like the pomegranate, full of many kernels, I mean aid and bearing a part in all actions and occasions. Here the best way to represent 30 to life the manifold use of friendship is to cast and see how many things there are which a man cannot do him-

self; and then it will appear that it was a sparing speech of the ancients, to say, *that a friend is another himself*, for that a friend is far more than himself. Men have their time, and die many times in desire of some things 5 which they principally take to heart, the bestowing of a child, the finishing of a work, or the like. If a man have a true friend, he may rest almost secure that the care of those things will continue after him. So that a man hath, as it were, two lives in his desires. A man hath a 10 body, and that body is confined to a place, but where friendship is, all offices of life are as it were granted to him and his deputy. For he may exercise them by his friend. How many things are there which a man cannot, with any face or comeliness, say or do himself? A man 15 can scarce allege his own merits with modesty, much less extol them, a man cannot sometimes brook to supplicate or beg, and a number of the like. But all these things are graceful in a friend's mouth, which are blushing in a man's own. So again, a man's person hath many 20 proper relations which he cannot put off. A man cannot speak to his son but as a father, to his wife but as a husband, to his enemy but upon terms. whereas a friend may speak as the case requires, and not as it sorteth with the person. But to enumerate these things were endless, 25 I have given the rule, where a man cannot fitly play his own part, if he have not a friend, he may quit the stage.

## OF GARDENS

GOD ALMIGHTY first planted a garden ° And indeed it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which buildings



and palaces are but gross handiworks and a man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection I do hold it, in the royal ordering of gardens, there ought to be gardens for all the months in the year, in which severally things of beauty may be then in season For December, and January, and the latter part of November, you must take such things as are green all winter holly, ivy, bays, juniper, cypress-trees, yew, pine-apple-trees<sup>o</sup>,<sup>10</sup> fir-trees, rosemary; lavender, periwinkle, the white, the purple, and the blue, germander, flags, orange-trees, lemon-trees, and myrtles, if they be stoved<sup>o</sup>, and sweet marjoram, warm set There followeth, for the latter part of January and February, the mezereon-<sup>15</sup> tree, which then blossoms, crocus vernus<sup>o</sup>, both the yellow and the grey, primroses, anemones, the early tulippa, hyacinthus orientalis, chamaïris<sup>o</sup>, fritellaria For March, there come violets, specially the single blue, which are the earliest, the yellow daffodil; the daisy,<sup>20</sup> the almond-tree in blossom, the peach-tree in blossom, the cornelian-tree in blossom, sweet-briar In April follow the double white violet, the wall-flower, the stock-gilliflower, the cowslip, flower-de-luces, and lilies of all natures, rosemary-flowers, the tulippa, the double<sup>25</sup> peony, the pale daffodil, the French honeysuckle, the cherry-tree in blossom, the damson and plum-trees in blossom, the white thorn in leaf, the lilac-tree In May and June come pinks of all sorts, specially the blush-pink, roses of all kinds, except the musk, which comes<sup>30</sup> later, honeysuckles, strawberries, bugloss, columbine, the French marigold, flos Africanus<sup>o</sup>, cherry-tree in fruit,

ribes°, figs in fruit, raspso, vine-flowers, lavender in flowers, the sweet satyrian, with the white flower, herba muscaria°, lilium convallium°, the apple-tree in blossom In July come gilliflowers of all varieties, musk-roses, the  
 5 lime-tree in blossom, early pears and plums in fruit, jennetings°, codlins In August come plums of all sorts in fruit, pears, apricocks, berberries, filberds, muskmelons, monks-hoods, of all colors In September come grapes, apples, poppies of all colors, peaches, melo-  
 10 cotones°, nectarines, cornelians, wardens°, quinces In October and the beginning of November come services, medlars, bullaces°, roses cut or removed to come late, holly-hocks, and such like These particulars are for the climate of London, but my meaning is perceived,  
 15 that you may have *ver perpetuum*°, as the place affords

And because the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air (where it comes and goes like the warbling of music) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight, than to know what be the flowers and plants that  
 20 do best perfume the air Roses, damask and red, are fast flowers° of their smells, so that you may walk by a whole row of them, and find nothing of their sweetness, yea though it be in a morning's dew Bays likewise yield no smell as they grow Rosemary little, nor sweet  
 25 marjoram That which above all others yields the sweetest smell in the air is the violet, specially the white double violet, which comes twice a year, about the middle of April, and about Bartholomew-tide.° Next to that is the musk-rose Then the strawberry-leaves dyng, which  
 30 [yield] a most excellent cordial smell Then the flower of the vines, it is a little dust, like the dust of a bent,° which grows upon the cluster in the first coming forth. Then

sweet-briar Then wall-flowers, which are very delightful to be set under a pailor or lower chamber window Then pinks and gillflowers, specially the matted pink and clove gillflower Then the flowers of the lime-tree Then the honeysuckles, so they be somewhat afar off 5 Of bean-flowers I speak not, because they are field flowers But those which perfume the air most delightfully, not passed by as the rest, but being trodden upon and crushed, are three, that is, burnet, wild-thyme, and watermints Therefore you are to set whole alleys of them to have the 10 pleasure when you walk or tread

For gardens (speaking of those which are indeed prince-like, as we have done of buildings), the contents ought not well to be under thirty acres of ground, and to be divided into three parts a green in the entrance, 15 a heath or desert in the going forth, and the main garden in the midst, besides alleys on both sides And I like well that four acres of ground be assigned to the green, six to the heath four and four to either side, and twelve to the main garden The green hath two pleasures the 20 one, because nothing is more pleasant to the eye than green grass kept finely shorn, the other, because it will give you a fair alley in the midst, by which you may go in front upon a stately hedge, which is to enclose the garden But because the alley will be long, and, in great heat of 25 the year or day, you ought not to buy the shade in the garden by going in the sun through the green, therefore you are, of either side the green, to plant a covert alley upon carpenter's work, about twelve foot in height, by which you may go in shade into the garden As for the 30 making of knots or figures with divers colored earths, that they may lie under the windows of the house on that side

which the garden stands, they be but toys, you may see as good sights many times in tarts. The garden is best to be square, encompassed on all the four sides with a stately arched hedge. The arches to be upon pillars of  
5 carpenter's work, of some ten foot high, and six foot broad, and the spaces between of the same dimension with the breadth of the arch. Over the arches let there be an entire hedge of some four foot high, framed also upon  
10 carpenter's work; and upon the upper hedge, over every arch, a little turret, with a belly, enough to receive a cage of birds, and over every space between the arches some other little figure, with broad plates of round colored glass gilt, for the sun to play upon. But this hedge I intend to be raised upon a bank, not steep, but gently slope, of some  
15 six foot, set all with flowers. Also I understand, that this square of the garden should not be the whole breadth of the ground, but to leave on either side ground enough for diversity of side alleys, unto which the two covert alleys of the green may deliver you. But there must be no  
20 alleys with hedges at either end of this great enclosure, not at the hither end, for letting<sup>o</sup> your prospect upon this fair hedge from the green, nor at the further end, for letting your prospect from the hedge through the arches upon the heath.

25 For the ordering of the ground within the great hedge, I leave it to variety of device, advising nevertheless that whatsoever form you cast it into, first, it be not too busy, or full of work. Wherein I, for my part, do not like  
30 images cut out in juniper or other garden stuff, they be for children. Little low hedges, round, like welts,<sup>o</sup> with some pretty pyramids, I like well, and in some places, fair columns upon frames of carpenter's work. I would

also have the alleys spacious and fair You may have closer alleys upon the side grounds, but none in the main garden I wish also, in the very middle, a fair mount, with three ascents, and alleys, enough for four to walk abreast, which I would have to be perfect circles, without any bulwarks or embossments, and the whole mount to be thirty foot high, and some fine banqueting-house, with some chimneys neatly cast, and without too much glass

For fountains, they are a great beauty and refreshment, but pools mar all, and make the garden unwholesome, and full of flies and frogs Fountains I intend to be of two natures the one that sprinkleth or spouteth water, the other a fair receipt of water, of some thirty or forty foot square, but without fish, or slime, or mud. For the first, the ornaments of images gilt, or of marble, which are in use, do well but the main matter is so to convey the water, as it never stay, either in the bowls or in the cistern, that the water be never by rest discolored, green or red or the like, or gather any mossiness or putrefaction Besides that, it is to be cleansed every day by the hand Also some steps up to it, and some fine pavement about it, doth well. As for the other kind of fountain, which we may call a bathing pool, it may admit much curiosity and beauty, wherewith we will not trouble ourselves that the bottom be finely paved, and with images, the sides likewise, and withal embellished with colored glass, and such things of lustre; encompassed also with fine rails of low statuas But the main point is the same which we mentioned in the former kind of fountain, which is, that the water be in perpetual motion, fed by a water higher than the pool, and delivered into it by fair spouts,

and then discharged away under ground by some equality of bores, that it stay little And for fine devices, of arching water without spilling, and making it rise in several forms (of feathers, drinking glasses, canopies, and the like), they be pretty things to look on, but nothing to health and sweetness

- For the heath, which was the third part of our plot, I wish it to be framed, as much as may be, to a natural wildness Trees I would have none in it, but some thickets made only of sweet-briar and honeysuckle, and some wild vine amongst, and the ground set with violets, strawberries, and primroses For these are sweet, and prosper in the shade And these to be in the heath, here and there, not in any order I like also little heaps, in the nature of mole-hills (such as are in wild heaths), to be set, some with wild thyme, some with pinks, some with germander, that gives a good flower to the eye, some with periwinkle, some with violets, some with strawberries, some with cowslips, some with daisies, some with red roses, some with *lilium convallium*, some with sweet-williams red, some with bear's-foot and the like low flowers, being withal sweet and sightly Part of which heaps are to be with standards of little bushes pricked<sup>o</sup> upon their top, and part without The standards to be roses, juniper, holly, berberries (but here and there, because of the smell of their blossom), red currants; gooseberries, rosemary, bays, sweet-briar, and such like But these standards to be kept with cutting, that they grow not out of course
- For the side grounds, you are to fill them with variety of alleys, private, to give a full shade, some of them, wheresoever the sun be. You are to frame some of them

likewise for shelter, that when the wind blows sharp you may walk as in a gallery And those alleys must be likewise hedged at both ends, to keep out the wind, and these closer alleys must be ever finely gravelled, and no grass, because of going wet In many of these alleys, likewise, 5 you are to set fruit-trees of all sorts, as well upon the walls as in ranges And this would be generally observed, that the borders wherein you plant your fruit-trees be fair and large, and low, and not steep, and set with fine flowers, but thin and sparingly, lest they deceive<sup>o</sup> the trees At 10 the end of both the side grounds, I would have a mount of some pretty height, leaving the wall of the enclosure breast high, to look abroad into the fields

For the main garden, I do not deny but there should be some fair alleys ranged on both sides, with fruit- 15 trees, and some pretty tufts of fruit-trees, and arbors with seats, set in some decent order; but these to be by no means set too thick, but to leave the main garden so as it be not close, but the air open and free For as for shade, I would have you rest upon the alleys of the 20 side grounds, there to walk, if you be disposed, in the heat of the year or day, but to make account that the main garden is for the more temperate parts of the year, and in the heat of summer, for the morning and the evening, or overcast days 25

For aviaries, I like them not, except they be of that largeness as they may be turfed, and have living plants and bushes set in them; that the birds may have more scope, and natural nestling, and that no foulness appear in the floor of the aviary So I have made a platform<sup>o</sup> 30 of a princely garden, partly by precept, partly by drawing, not a model, but some general lines of it, and in this I

have spared for no cost But it is nothing for great  
princes, that for the most part taking advice with workmen,  
with no less cost set then things together , and sometimes  
add statuas and such things for state and magnificence,  
5 but nothing to the true pleasure of a garden.



## ABRAHAM COWLEY

### OF MYSELF

It is a hard and nice<sup>o</sup> subject for a man to write of himself, it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear anything of praise from him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind, neither my mind, nor my body, nor my <sup>5</sup> fortune, allow me any materials for that vanity. It is sufficient for my own contentment, that they have preserved me from being scandalous, or remarkable on the defective side. But besides that, I shall here speak of myself, only in relation to the subject of these precedent <sup>10</sup> discourses,<sup>o</sup> and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt, than rise up to the estimation, of most people.

As far as my memory can return back into my past life, before I knew, or was capable of guessing, what the world, or the glories or business of it were, the natural <sup>15</sup> affections of my soul gave me a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others, by an antipathy imperceptible to themselves, and inscrutable to man's understanding. Even when I was a very young boy at school<sup>o</sup> instead of running <sup>20</sup> about on holidays and playing with my fellows, I was wont to steal from them, and walk into the fields, either

alone with a book, or with some one companion, if I could find any of the same temper I was then, too, so much an enemy to all constraint, that my masters could never prevail on me, by any persuasions or encouragements, to learn without book<sup>o</sup> the common rules of grammar, in which they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercises out of my own reading and observation That I was then of the same mind as I am now (which, I confess, I wonder at, myself) may appear by the latter end of an ode,<sup>o</sup> which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed with many other verses The beginning of it is boyish, but of this part, which I here set down (if a very little were corrected), I should hardly now be much ashamed

## 9

This only grant me, that my means may lie  
Too low for envy, for contempt too high  
Some honor I would have,  
Not from great deeds, but good alone,  
The unknown are better, than ill-known  
Rumor can ope the grave  
Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends  
Not on the number, but the choice of friends

## 10

Books should, not business, entertain the light,  
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.  
My house a cottage more  
Than palace, and should fitting be  
For all my use, no luxury  
My garden painted o'er  
With Nature's hand, not art's, and pleasures yield,  
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

## 11

Thus would I double my life's fading space,  
For he, that runs it well, twice runs his race  
And in this true delight,  
These unbought sports, this happy state,  
I would not fear, nor wish, my fate, 5  
But boldly say each night,  
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,  
Or, in clouds hide them, I have liv'd, to-day

You may see by it, I was even then acquainted with the poets (for the conclusion is taken out of Horace), <sup>10</sup> and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them, which stamped first, or rather engraved, these characters in me they were like letters cut into the bark of a young tree which with the tree still grow proportionably But how this love came to be produced in me so <sup>15</sup> early, is a hard question I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse as have never since left ringing there for I remember, when I began to read, and to take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlor (I <sup>20</sup> know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion) but there was wont to lie Spenser's works° this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, and brave houses, which I found <sup>25</sup> everywhere there (though my understanding had little to do with all this), and, by degrees, with the tinkling of the rime and dance of the numbers°, so that, I think, I had read him all over before I was twelve years old, and was thus made a poet as naturally as a child is taught to <sup>30</sup> speak.

With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon letters, I went to the university<sup>o</sup>, but was soon torn from thence by that violent public storm, which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted  
5 up every plant, even from the princely cedars to me the hyssop. Yet I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a tempest, for I was cast by it into the family of one of the best persons,<sup>o</sup> and into the court of one of the best princesses,<sup>o</sup> of the world. Now, though I was  
10 here engaged in ways most contrary to the original design of my life, that is, into much company, and no small business, and into a daily sight of greatness, both militant and triumphant (for that was the state then of the English and French courts), yet all this was so far from  
15 altering my opinion, that it only added the confirmation of reason to that which was before but natural inclination. I saw plainly all the paint of that kind of life, the nearer I came to it, and that beauty, which I did not fall in love with, when, for aught I knew, it was real, was not  
20 like to bewitch or entice me, when I saw that it was adulterate. I met with several great persons, whom I liked very well, but could not perceive that any part of their greatness was to be liked or desired, no more than I would be glad or content to be in a storm, though  
25 I saw many ships which rid safely and bravely in it. A storm would not agree with my stomach, if it did with my courage. Though I was in a crowd of as good company as could be found anywhere, though I was in business of great and honorable trust, though I ate at the  
30 best table, and enjoyed the best conveniences for present subsistence that ought to be desired by a man of my condition in banishment and public distresses, yet I

could not abstain from renewing my old schoolboy's wish,  
in a copy of verses to the same effect

Well then°, I now do plainly see  
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree, etc

And I never then proposed to myself any other advance from his majesty's happy Restoration, but the getting into some moderately convenient retreat in the country, which I thought, in that case, I might easily have compassed, as well as some others, who with no greater probabilities or pretences, have arrived to extraordinary fortune but I had before written a shrewd prophecy° against myself, and I think Apollo inspired me in the truth, though not in the elegance, of it

"Thou, néither great at court, nor in the war,  
Nor at th' exchange shalt be, nor at the wrangling bar 15  
Content thyself with the small barren praise,  
Which neglected voice does raise "  
She spake, and all my years to come  
Took their unlucky doom  
Their several ways of life let others choose, 20  
Their several pleasures let them use,  
But I was born for Love, and for a Muse

## 4

With Fate what boots it to contend?  
Such I began, such am, and so must end  
The star, that did my being frame, 25  
Was but a lambent flame,  
And some small light it did dispense,  
But neither heat nor influence  
No matter, Cowley, let proud Fortune see,

That thou canst her despise no less than she does thee  
 Let all her gifts the portion be  
 Of folly, lust, and flattery,  
 Fraud, extortion, calumny,  
 5 Murder, infidelity,  
 Rebellion and hypocrisy  
 Do thou nor grieve nor blush to be,  
 As all th' inspired tuneful men,  
 And all thy great forefathers were, from Homer down to Ben '

10 However, by the failing of the forces which I had expected, I did not quit the design which I had resolved on, I cast myself into it *à corps perdu*,<sup>o</sup> without making capitulations, or taking counsel of fortune But God laughs at a man, who says to his soul, Take thy ease '  
 15 I met presently not only with many little incumbrances and impediments, but with so much sickness (a new misfortune to me) as would have spoiled the happiness of an emperor as well as mine, yet I do neither repent, nor alter my course "Non ego perfidum dixi sacramen-  
 20 tum"<sup>o</sup>, nothing shall separate me from a mistress, which I have loved so long, and have now at last married, though she neither has brought me a rich portion, nor lived yet so quietly with me as I hoped from her

———— "Nec vos, dulcissima mundi  
 25 Nomina, vos Musæ, Libertas, Otia, Libri,  
 Hortique Sylvæque, anima remanente, relinquam "

Nor by me e'er shall you,  
 You, of all names the sweetest, and the best,  
 You, Muses, books, and liberty, and rest,  
 30 You, gardens, fields, and woods, forsaken be,  
 As long as life itself forsakes not me.

## SIR RICHARD STEELE

### RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD

THERE are those among mankind, who can enjoy no relish of their being, except the world is made acquainted with all that relates to them, and think every thing lost that passes unobserved, but others find a solid delight in stealing by the crowd, and modeling their life after <sup>5</sup> such a manner as is as much above the approbation as the practice of the vulgar. Life being too short to give instances great enough of true friendship or good will, some sages have thought it pious to preserve a certain reverence for the manes<sup>o</sup> of their deceased friends, and <sup>10</sup> have withdrawn themselves from the rest of the world at certain seasons, to commemorate in their own thoughts such of their acquaintance who have gone before them out of this life And indeed, when we are advanced in years, there is not a more pleasing entertainment than <sup>15</sup> to recollect in a gloomy moment the many we have parted with, that have been dear and agreeable to us, and to cast a melancholy thought or two after those with whom, perhaps, we have indulged ourselves in whole nights of mirth and jollity With such inclinations in <sup>20</sup> my heart I went to my closet<sup>o</sup> yesterday in the evening, and resolved to be sorrowful, upon which occasion I

could not but look with disdain upon myself, that though all the reasons which I had to lament the loss of many of my friends are now as forcible as at the moment of their departure, yet did not my heart swell with the same  
5 sorrow which I felt at the time, but I could, without tears, reflect upon many pleasing adventures I have had with some who have long been blended with common earth. Though it is by the benefit of nature, that length of time thus blots out the violence of afflictions, yet, with  
10 tempers too much given to pleasure, it is almost necessary to revive the old places of grief in our memory, and ponder step by step on past life, to lead the mind into that sobriety of thought which poises the heart, and makes it beat with due time, without being quickened  
15 with desire or retarded with despair, from its proper and equal motion. When we wind up a clock that is out of order, to make it go well for the future, we do not immediately set the hand to the present instant, but we make it strike the round of all its hours, before it can  
20 recover the regularity of its time. Such, thought I, shall be my method this evening, and since it is that day of the year which I dedicate to the memory of such in another life as I much delighted in when living, an hour or two shall be sacred to sorrow and their memory, while  
25 I run over all the melancholy circumstances of this kind which have occurred to me in my whole life.

The first sense of sorrow I ever knew was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age, but was rather amazed at what all the  
30 house meant, than possessed with a real understanding why nobody was willing to play with me. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother



sat weeping alone by it I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a beating the coffin, and calling Papa, for, I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there My mother caught me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embraces, and told me in a flood of tears, "Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more, for they were going to put him under ground, whence he could never come to us again" She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was dignity in her grief amidst all the wildness of her transport, which, methought, struck me with an instinct of sorrow, that, before I was sensible of what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since The mind in infancy is, methinks, like the body in embryo, and receives impressions so forcible that they are as hard to be removed by reason, as any mark with which a child is born is to be taken away by any future application Hence it is that good-nature in me is no merit, but having been so frequently overwhelmed with her tears before I knew the cause of any affliction, or could draw defences from my own judgment, I imbibed commiseration, remorse, and an unmanly gentleness of mind, which has since ensnared me into ten thousand calamities, and from whence I can reap no advantage, except it be, that, in such a humor as I am now in, I can the better indulge myself in the softness of humanity, and enjoy that sweet anxiety which arises from the memory of past afflictions

We that are very old<sup>d</sup> are better able to remember things which befell us in our distant youth, than the passages of later days For this reason it is that the companions of

my strong and vigorous years present themselves more immediately to me in this office of sorrow Untimely and unhappy deaths are what we are most apt to lament, so little are we able to make it indifferent when a thing happens, though we know it must happen Thus we groan under life and bewail those who are relieved from it Every object that returns to our imagination raises different passions, according to the circumstances of their departure Who can have lived in an army, and in a serious hour reflect upon the many gay and agreeable men that might long have flourished in the arts of peace, and not join with the imprecations of the fatherless and widow on the tyrant to whose ambition they fell sacrifices? But gallant men who are cut off by the sword, move rather our veneration than our pity, and we gather relief enough from their own contempt of death, to make that no evil, which was approached with so much cheerfulness and attended with so much honor But when we turn our thoughts from the great parts of life on such occasions, and instead of lamenting those who stood ready to give death to those from whom they had the fortune to receive it, I say, when we let our thoughts wander from such noble objects and consider the havoc which is made among the tender and the innocent, pity enters with an unmixed softness and possesses all our souls at once

Here (were there words to express such sentiments with proper tenderness) I should record the beauty, innocence, and untimely death of the first object<sup>o</sup> my eyes ever beheld with love. The beauteous virgin! how ignorantly did she charm, how carelessly excel! Oh death! thou hast right to the bold, to the ambitious,

to the high, and to the haughty, but why this cruelty to the humble, to the meek, to the undiscerning, to the thoughtless? Nor age, nor business, nor distress can erase the dear image from my imagination. In the same week, I saw her dressed for a ball, and in a shroud 5 How ill did the habit of death become the pretty trifle! I still behold the smiling earth — A large train of disasters were coming on to my memory, when my servant knocked at my closet-door and interrupted me with a letter, attended with a hamper of wine, of the same sort 10 with that which is to be put to sale on Thursday next at Garraway's coffee-house. Upon the receipt of it, I sent for three of my friends. We are so intimate that we can be company in whatever state of mind we meet, and can entertain each other without expecting always 15 to rejoice. The wine we found to be generous and warming, but with such a heat as moved us rather to be cheerful than frolicsome. It revived the spirits, without firing the blood. We commended it until two of the clock this morning, and having to-day met a little before 20 dinner, we found, that though we drank two bottles a man, we had much more reason to recollect than forget what had passed the night before.

## A PRIZE FIGHT

BEING a person of insatiable curiosity, I could not forbear going on Wednesday last to a place of no small 25 renown for the gallantry of the lower order of Britons, namely, to the Bear-garden at Hockley-in-the-Hole, where (as a whitish brown paper, put into my hands in the street, informed me) there was to be a trial of skill

to be exhibited between two masters of the noble science of defence, at two of the clock precisely I was not a little charmed with the solemnity of the challenge,<sup>o</sup> which ran thus

5 "I, James Miller,<sup>o</sup> Sergeant (lately come from the frontiers of Portugal), Master of the noble Science of Defence, hearing in most places where I have been, of the great fame of Timothy Buck of London, Master of the said Science, do invite him to meet me, and exercise  
10 at the several weapons<sup>o</sup> following, viz

Back-sword, <sup>o</sup>	Single falchon, <sup>o</sup>
Sword and dagger, <sup>o</sup>	Case of falchons, <sup>o</sup>
Sword and buckler,	Quarter-staff <sup>o</sup> "

If the generous ardor in James Miller to dispute the  
15 reputation of Timothy Buck, had something resembling the old heroes of romance, Timothy Buck returned answer in the same paper with the like spirit, adding a little indignation at being challenged, and seeming to condescend to fight James Miller, not in regard to Miller himself,  
20 but in that, as the fame went out, he had fought Parkes<sup>o</sup> of Coventry. The acceptance of the combat ran in these words

"I, Timothy Buck, of Clare-Market, Master of the noble Science of Defence, hearing he did fight Mr. Parkes  
25 of Coventry, will not fail (God willing) to meet this fair inviter at the time and place appointed, desiring a clear stage and no favor

*Vivat Regina "*

I shall not here look back on the spectacles of the Greeks  
30 and Romans of this kind, but must believe that this custom took its rise from the ages of knight-errantry, from those who loved one woman so well that they hated all men and

women else, from those who would fight you, whether you were or were not of their mind, from those who demanded the combat of their contemporaries, both for admiring their mistress or discommending her I cannot therefore but lament that the terrible part of the ancient fight is preserved when the amorous side of it is forgotten We have retained the barbarity, but lost the gallantry of the old combatants I could wish, methinks, these gentlemen had consulted me in the promulgation of the conflict I was obliged by a fair young maid, whom I understood to be called Elizabeth Preston, daughter of the keeper of the garden, with a glass of water, who I imagined might have been, for form's sake, the general representative of the lady fought for, and from her beauty the proper *Amaryllis*° on these occasions It would have run better in the challenge I, James Miller, Sergeant, who have travelled parts abroad, and came last from the frontiers of Portugal, for the love of Elizabeth Preston, do assert that the said Elizabeth is the fairest of women Then the answer I, Timothy Buck, who have stayed in Great Britain during all the war in foreign parts, for the sake of Susanna Page, do deny that Elizabeth Preston is so fair as the said Susanna Page Let Susanna Page look on, and I desire of James Miller no favor

This would give the battle quite another turn, and a proper station for the ladies, whose complexion was disputed by the sword, would animate the disputants with a more gallant incentive than the expectation of money from the spectators, though I would not have that neglected, but thrown to that fair one whose lover was approved by the donor

Yet, considering the thing wants such amendments, it

was carried with great order James Miller came on first, preceded by two disabled drummers, to show, I suppose, that the prospect of maimed bodies did not in the least deter him There ascended with the daring  
5 Miller a gentleman, whose name I could not learn, with a dogged air, as unsatisfied that he was not principal This son of anger lowered at the whole assembly, and weighing himself as he marched around from side to side, with a stiff knee and shoulder, he gave intimations of the  
10 purpose he smothered till he saw the issue of this encounter Miller had a blue ribbon tied round the sword arm, which ornament I conceive to be the remain of that custom of wearing a mistress's favor on such occasions of old

15 Miller is a man of six foot eight inches height, of a kind but bold aspect, well-fashioned, and ready of his limbs, and such a readiness as spoke his ease in them was obtained from a habit of motion in military exercise

The expectation of the spectators was now almost at  
20 its height, and the crowd passing in, several active persons thought they were placed rather according to their fortune than their merit, and took it in their heads to prefer themselves from the open area, or pit, to the galleries This dispute between desert and property brought many  
25 to the ground, and raised others in proportion to the highest seats by turns for the space of ten minutes, till Timothy Buck came on, and the whole assembly giving up their disputes, turned their eyes upon the champions Then it was that every man's affection turned to one or  
30 the other irresistibly A judicious gentleman near me said, "I could, methinks, be Miller's second, but I had rather have Buck for mine." Miller had an audacious

look that took the eye, Buck a perfect composure, that engaged the judgment. Buck came on in a plain coat, and kept all his air till the instant of engaging, at which time he undressed to his shirt, his arm adorned with a bandage of red ribbon. No one can describe the sudden concern in the whole assembly, the most tumultuous crowd in nature was as still and as much engaged as if all their lives depended on the first blow. The combatants met in the middle of the stage, and shaking hands as removing all malice, they retired with much grace to the extremities of it, from whence they immediately faced about and approached each other, Miller with an heart full of resolution, Buck with a watchful untroubled countenance, Buck regarding principally his own defence, Miller chiefly thoughtful of annoying his opponent. It is not easy to describe the many escapes and imperceptible defences between two men of quick eyes and ready limbs, but Miller's heat laid him open to the rebuke of the calm Buck, by a large cut on the forehead. Much effusion of blood covered his eyes in a moment, and the huzzas of the crowd undoubtedly quickened the anguish. The assembly was divided into parties upon their different ways of fighting, while a poor nymph in one of the galleries apparently suffered for Miller and burst into a flood of tears. As soon as his wound was wrapped up, he came on again with a little rage, which still disabled him further. But what brave man can be wounded into more patience and caution? The next was a warm eager onset which ended in a decisive stroke on the left leg of Miller. The lady in the gallery, during this second strife, covered her face; and for my part, I could not keep my thoughts from being

mostly employed on the consideration of her unhappy circumstance that moment, hearing the clash of swords and apprehending life or victory concerned her lover in every blow, but not daring to satisfy herself on whom they fell. The wound was exposed to the view of all who could delight in it, and sewed up on the stage. The surly second of Miller declared at this time that he would that day fortnight fight Mr Buck at the same weapons, declaring himself the master of the renowned Gorman, but Buck denied him the honor of that courageous disciple, and asserting that he himself had taught that champion, accepted the challenge.

There is something in nature very unaccountable on such occasions, when we see people take a certain painful gratification in beholding these encounters. Is it cruelty that administers this sort of delight? or is it a pleasure which is taken in the exercise of pity? It was methought pretty remarkable that the business of the day being a matter of skill, the popularity did not run so high as one might have expected on the side of Buck. Is it that people's passions have their rise in self-love, and thought themselves (in spite of all the courage they had) liable to the fate of Miller, but could not so easily think themselves qualified like Buck?

Julius speaks of this custom with less horror than one would expect, though he confesses it was much abused in his time, and seems directly to approve of it under its first regulations, when criminals only fought before the people. "*Crudele gladiatorum spectaculum et inhumanum nonnullis videri solet; et haud scio annon ita ut ut nunc fit, cum vero sontes ferro depugnabant, viribus fortasse multa, oculis quidem nulla, poterat esse*"



fortior contra dolorem et mortem disciplina — The shows of gladiators may be thought barbarous and inhumane, and I know not but it is so as it is now practised, but in those times when only criminals were combatants, the ear might perhaps receive many better instructions, but it is impossible that any thing which affects our eyes, should fortify us so well against pain and death ”

## JOSEPH ADDISON

### POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS

GOING yesterday to dine with an old acquaintance I had the misfortune to find his whole family very much dejected. Upon asking him the occasion of it, he told me that his wife had dreamt a strange dream the night  
5 before, which they were afraid portended some misfortune to themselves or to their children. At her coming into the room, I observed a settled melancholy in her countenance, which I should have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded. We were  
10 no sooner sat down, but, after having looked upon me a little while, 'My dear,' says she, turning to her husband, 'you may now see the stranger that was in the candle last night.' Soon after this, as they began to talk of family affairs, a little boy at the lower end of the table  
15 told her that he was to go into join-hand<sup>o</sup> on Thursday 'Thursday' says she. 'No, child, if it please God, you shall not begin upon Childermas-day<sup>o</sup>, tell your writing-master that Friday will be soon enough.' I was reflecting with myself on the oddness of her fancy, and wonder-  
20 ing that anybody would establish it as a rule, to lose a day in every week. In the midst of these my musings, she desired me to reach her a little salt upon the point

of my knife, which I did in such a trepidation and hurry of obedience, that I let it drop by the way, at which she immediately startled, and said it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank, and observing the concern of the whole table, began to consider myself, with some confusion, as a person that had brought a disaster upon the family. The lady, however, recovering herself after a little space, said to her husband with a sigh, 'My dear, misfortunes never come single.' My friend, I found, acted but an under part at his table, and, being a man of more good nature than understanding, thinks himself obliged to fall in with all the passions and humors of his yoke-fellow. 'Do not you remember, child,' says she, 'that the pigeon-house fell the very afternoon that our careless wench spilt the salt upon the table?' — 'Yes,' says he, 'my dear, and the next post brought us an account of the battle of Almanza.' The reader may guess at the figure I made, after having done all this mischief. I dispatched my dinner as soon as I could, with my usual taciturnity, when to my utter confusion, the lady seeing me quitting my knife and fork, and laying them across one another upon my plate, desired me that I would humor her so far as to take them out of that figure, and place them side by side. What the absurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I suppose there was some traditionary superstition in it, and therefore, in obedience to the lady of the house, I disposed of my knife and fork in two parallel lines, which is the figure I shall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any reason for it.

It is not difficult for a man to see that a person has conceived an aversion to him. For my own part, I

quickly found, by the lady's looks, that she regarded me as a very odd kind of fellow, with an unfortunate aspect For which reason I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my own lodgings Upon my  
 5 return home, I fell into a profound contemplation on the evils that attend these superstitious follies of mankind, how they subject us to imaginary afflictions, and additional sorrows, that do not properly come within our lot As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for  
 10 it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents as from real evils I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest, and have seen a man in love grow pale, and lose his appetite, upon the plucking of a merry-  
 15 thought° A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers, nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with  
 20 omens and prognostics A rusty nail, or a crooked pin, shoot up into prodigies

An old maid that is troubled with the vapors° produces infinite disturbances of this kind, among her friends and neighbors. I know a maiden aunt of a great family,  
 25 who is one of these antiquated Sibyls, that forbodes and prophesies from one end of the year to the other She is always seeing apparitions, and hearing death-watches°, and was the other day almost frightened out of her wits by the great house-dog that howled in the stable, at a  
 30 time when she lay ill of the toothache Such an extravagant cast of mind engages multitudes of people not only in impertinent terrors, but in supernumerary duties of

life, and arises from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the soul of man. The horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death (or indeed of any future evil), and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehensions and suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the observation of such groundless prodigies and predictions. For as it is the chief concern of wise men (to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy), it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition. 10

For my own part, I should be very much troubled were I endowed with this divining quality, though it should inform me truly of everything that can befall me. I would not anticipate the relish of any happiness, nor feel the weight of any misery, before it actually 15 arrives

branch

I know but one way of fortifying my soul against these gloomy presages and terrors of mind, and that is, by securing to myself the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events and governs futurity. He 20 sees, at one view, the whole thread of my existence, not only that part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to sleep, I recommend myself to His care, when I awake, I give myself up to His direction. 25 Amidst all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to Him for help, and question not but He will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it, because I am sure 30 that He knows them both, and that He will not fail to comfort and support me under them.

## REFLECTIONS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

WHEN I am in a serious humor, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey, where the gloominess of the place and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building and the condition of the people  
5 who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the churchyard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tombstones and inscriptions that I met with in those  
10 several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person but that he was born upon one day and died upon another, the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances that are common to all mankind. I could not but look  
15 upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons who had left no other memorial of them but that they were born and that they died. They put me in mind of  
several persons, mentioned in the battles of heroic poems,  
20 who have sounding names given them for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head. The life of these men is finely described in Holy Writ by "the Path of an Arrow,"<sup>o</sup> which is immediately closed up and lost.  
25 Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave, and saw in every shovelful of it that was thrown up the fragment of a bone or skull intermixed with a kind of fresh mouldering earth that some time or other had a place in the composition of a  
30 human body. Upon this, I began to consider with my-

self what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral, how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another and blended together in the same common mass, how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter

After having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality, as it were, in the lump, I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs that, if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelvemonth. In the poetical quarter, I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets. I observed indeed that the present war<sup>o</sup> had filled the church with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim,<sup>o</sup> or in the bosom of the ocean

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and therefore do honor to the living as well as to the dead. As a foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or politeness of a nation from the turn of their public monuments

and inscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius before they are put in execution Sir Cloudesley Shovel's<sup>o</sup> monument has very often given me great offence Instead of the brave  
5 rough English admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing himself upon velvet cushions under a canopy of state The inscription is answerable to the monument,  
10 for instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honor The Dutch, whom we are apt to despise for want of genius, shew an infinitely  
15 greater taste of antiquity and politeness in their buildings and works of this nature, than what we meet with in those of our own country The monuments of their admirals, which have been erected at the public expense, represent them like themselves, and are adorned with  
20 rostral crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful festoons of seaweed, shells, and coral

But to return to our subject I have left the repository of our English kings for the contemplation of another day, when I shall find my mind disposed for so serious  
25 an amusement I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations, but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy, and can therefore take a  
30 view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects



which others consider with terror When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me, when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out, when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with com-<sup>5</sup> passion, when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with<sup>10</sup> their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we<sup>15</sup> shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together

## OLIVER GOLDSMITH

### HAPPINESS IN A GREAT MEASURE DEPENDENT ON CONSTITUTION

WHEN I reflect on the unambitious retirement in which I passed the earlier part of my life in the country, I cannot avoid feeling some pain in thinking that those happy days are never to return. In that retreat all nature seemed capable of affording pleasure, I then made no refinements on happiness, but could be pleased with the most awkward efforts of rustic mirth, thought cross purposes<sup>o</sup> the highest stretch of human wit, and questions and commands<sup>o</sup> the most rational amusement for spending the evening. Happy could so charming an illusion still continue! I find age and knowledge only contribute to sour our dispositions. My present enjoyments may be more refined, but they are infinitely less pleasing. The pleasure Garrick<sup>o</sup> gives can no way compare to that I have received from a country wag, who imitated a Quaker's sermon. The music of the finest singer is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairymaid sung me into tears with Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night, or the Cruelty of Barbara Allen<sup>o</sup>.

Writers of every age have endeavored to show that pleasure is in us, and not in the objects offered for our

amusement If the soul be happily disposed, everything becomes a subject of entertainment, and distress will almost want a name. Every occurrence passes in review like the figures of a procession some may be awkward, others ill dressed, but none but a fool is for this enraged with the master of the ceremonies

I remember to have once seen a slave in a fortification in Flanders, who appeared no way touched with his situation. He was maimed, deformed, and chained, obliged to toil from the appearance of day till nightfall, and condemned to this for life, yet, with all these circumstances of apparent wretchedness, he sung, would have danced, but that he wanted a leg, and appeared the merriest, happiest man of all the garrison. What a practical philosopher was here! A happy constitution supplied philosophy, and though seemingly destitute of wisdom, he was really wise. No reading or study had contributed to disenchant the fairyland around him. Everything furnished him with an opportunity of mirth, and though some thought him from his insensibility a fool, he was such an idiot as philosophers might wish in vain to imitate

They who, like him, can place themselves on that side of the world in which everything appears in a ridiculous or pleasing light, will find something in every occurrence to excite their good humor. The most calamitous events, either to themselves or others, can bring no new affliction, the whole world is to them a theatre, on which comedies only are acted. All the bustle of heroism or the rants of ambition serve only to heighten the absurdity of the scene, and make the humor more poignant. They feel, in short, as little anguish at their own distress, or the complaints

of others, as the undertaker, though dressed in black, feels sorrow at a funeral

Of all the men I ever read of, the famous Cardinal de Retz° possessed this happiness of temper in the highest  
5 degree As he was a man of gallantry, and despised all that wore the pedantic appearance of philosophy, wherever pleasure was to be sold, he was generally foremost to raise the auction Being an universal admirer of the fair sex, when he found one lady cruel, he generally fell in  
10 love with another, from whom he expected a more favorable reception, if she too rejected his addresses, he never thought of retiring into deserts, or pining in hopeless distress He persuaded himself, that instead of loving the lady, he only fancied he had loved her, and so all was  
15 well again When Fortune wore her angriest look, when he at last fell into the power of his most deadly enemy, Cardinal Mazarine, and was confined a close prisoner in the Castle of Valenciennes, he never attempted to support his distress by wisdom or philosophy, for he pretended to  
20 neither He laughed at himself and his persecutor, and seemed infinitely pleased at his new situation In this mansion of distress, though secluded from his friends, though denied all the amusements and even the conveniences of life, teased every hour by the impertinence  
25 of wretches who were employed to guard him, he still retained his good humor, laughed at all their little spite, and carried the jest so far as to be revenged, by writing the life of his jailer

All that the wisdom of the proud can teach is to be  
30 stubborn or sullen under misfortunes The Cardinal's example will instruct us to be merry in circumstances of the highest affliction. It matters not whether our good

humor be construed by others into insensibility, or even idiotism, it is happiness to ourselves, and none but a fool would measure his satisfaction by what the world thinks of it

Dick Wildgoose was one of the happiest silly fellows I 5 ever knew. He was of the number of those good-natured creatures that are said to do no harm to any but themselves. Whenever Dick fell into any misery, he usually called it *seeing life*. If his head was broke by a chairman,<sup>o</sup> or his pocket picked by a sharper, he comforted 10 himself by imitating the Hibernian dialect of the one, or the more fashionable cant of the other. Nothing came amiss to Dick. His inattention to money matters had incensed his father to such a degree, that all the intercession of friends in his favor was fruitless. The old 15 gentleman was on his deathbed. The whole family, and Dick among the number, gathered round him. 'I leave my second son Andrew,' said the expiring miser, 'my whole estate, and desire him to be frugal.' Andrew, in a sorrowful tone, as is usual on these occasions, 'prayed 20 Heaven to prolong his life and health to enjoy it himself.' 'I recommend Simon, my third son, to the care of his elder brother, and leave him beside four thousand pounds.' 'Ah! father,' cried Simon (in great affliction to be sure), 'may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it your- 25 self!' At last, turning to poor Dick, 'as for you, you have always been a sad dog, you'll never come to good, you'll never be rich, I'll leave you a shilling to buy a halter.' 'Ah! father,' cries Dick, without any emotion, 'may Heaven give you life and health to enjoy it your- 30 self!' This was all the trouble the loss of fortune gave this thoughtless imprudent creature. However, the

tenderness of an uncle recompensed the neglect of a father, and Dick is not only excessively good-humored, but competently rich

The world, in short, may <sup>descri</sup>~~cry out~~ at a bankrupt who  
5 appears at a ball, at an author who laughs at the public which pronounces him a dunce, at a general who smiles at the reproach of the vulgar, or the lady who keeps her good humor in spite of scandal, but such is the wisest behavior they can possibly assume, it is certainly a  
10 better way to oppose calamity by dissipation, than to take up the arms of reason or resolution to oppose it by the first method we forget our miseries, by the last we only conceal them from others, by struggling with misfortunes we are sure to receive some wounds in the  
15 conflict The only method to come off victorious is by running away

## CHARLES LAMB

### MRS BATTLE'S OPINIONS ON WHIST

'A CLEAR fire, a clean hearth, and the rigor of the game' This was the celebrated *wish* of old Sarah Battle (now with God), who, next to her devotions, loved a good game at whist. She was none of your lukewarm gamesters, your half and half players, who have no objection to take a hand if you want one to make up a rubber, who affirm that they have no pleasure in winning, that they like to win one game and lose another, that they can while away an hour very agreeably at a card-table, but are indifferent whether they play or no, and will desire an adversary, who has slipped a wrong card, to take it up and play another. These insufferable triflers are the curse of a table. One of these flies will spoil a whole pot. Of such it may be said, that they do not play at cards, but only play at playing at them.

Sarah Battle was none of that breed. She detested them, as I do, from her heart and soul, and would not, save upon a striking emergency, willingly seat herself at the same table with them. She loved a thorough-paced partner, a determined enemy. She took, and gave, no concessions. She hated favors. She never made a revoke, nor ever passed it over in her adversary.

without exacting the utmost forfeiture She fought a good fight cut and thrust She held not her good sword (her cards) 'like a dancer' She sate bolt upright, and neither showed you her cards nor desired to see yours  
5 All people have their blind side — their superstitions, and I have heard her declare, under the rose, that Hearts was her favorite suit

I never in my life — and I knew Sarah Battle many of the best years of it — saw her take out her snuff-box  
10 when it was her turn to play, or snuff a candle in the middle of a game, or ring for a servant, till it was fairly over She never introduced or connived at miscellaneous conversation during its process As she emphatically observed, cards were cards and if I ever saw unmingled  
15 distaste in her fine last-century countenance, it was at the airs of a young gentleman of a literary turn, who had been with difficulty persuaded to take a hand, and who, in his excess of candor, declared, that he thought there was no harm in unbending the mind now and then, after  
20 serious studies, in recreations of that kind! She could not bear to have her noble occupation, to which she wound up her faculties, considered in that light It was her business, her duty, the thing she came into the world to do, — and she did it She unbent her mind afterwards — over a book

Pope<sup>o</sup> was her favorite author his *Rape of the Lock* her favorite work She once did me the favor to play over with me (with the cards) his celebrated game of Ombre in that poem, and to explain to me how far  
30 it agreed with, and in what points it would be found to differ from, tradrille<sup>o</sup> Her illustrations were apposite and poignant, and I had the pleasure of sending the sub-



stance of them to Mr Bowles° but I suppose they came too late to be inserted among his ingenious notes upon that author

Quadrille, she has often told me, was her first love, but whist had engaged her maturer esteem The former, <sup>5</sup> she said, was showy and specious, and likely to allure young persons The uncertainty and quick shifting of partners — a thing which the constancy of whist abhors, the dazzling supremacy and regal investiture of Spadille° — absurd, as she justly observed, in the pure aristocracy <sup>10</sup> of whist, where his crown and garter gave him no proper power above his brother-nobility of the Aces, — the giddy vanity, so taking to the inexperienced, of playing alone, — above all, the overpowering attractions of a *Sans Prendre Vole*,° to the triumph of which there is <sup>15</sup> certainly nothing parallel or approaching, in the contingencies of whist, — all these, she would say, make quadrille a game of captivation to the young and enthusiastic But whist was the *soldier* game that was her word It was a long meal, not like quadrille, a feast of snatches <sup>20</sup> One or two rubbers might co-extend in duration with an evening They gave time to form rooted friendships, to cultivate steady enmities She despised the chance-started, capricious, and ever-fluctuating alliances of the other The skirmishes of quadrille, she would say, re- <sup>25</sup> minded her of the petty ephemeral embroilments of the little Italian states, depicted by Machiavel°, perpetually changing postures and connexions, bitter foes to-day, sugared darlings to-morrow, kissing and scratching in a breath, — but the wars of whist were comparable to the <sup>30</sup> long, steady, deep-rooted, rational antipathies of the great French and English nations

A grave simplicity was what she chiefly admired in her favorite game. There was nothing silly in it, like the nob in cribbage — nothing superfluous. No *flushes* — that most irrational of all pleas that a reasonable being can set up — that any one should claim four by virtue of holding cards of the same mark and color, without reference to the playing of the game, or the individual worth or pretensions of the cards themselves! She held this to be a solecism, as pitiful an ambition at cards as alliteration is in authorship. She despised superficiality, and looked deeper than the colors of things. Suits were soldiers, she would say, and must have a uniformity of array to distinguish them. but what should we say to a foolish squire, who should claim a merit for dressing up his tenantry in red jackets, that never were to be marshalled — never to take the field? — She even wished that whist were more simple than it is, and, in my mind, would have stript it of some appendages, which, in the state of human frailty, may be venially, and even commendably allowed of. She saw no reason for the deciding of the trump by the turn of the card. Why not one suit always trumps? — Why two colors, when the mark of the suits would have sufficiently distinguished them without it? —

‘But the eye, my dear Madam, is agreeably refreshed with the variety. Man is not a creature of pure reason — he must have his senses delightfully appealed to. We see it in Roman Catholic countries, where the music and the paintings draw in many to worship, whom your quaker spirit of unsensualising would have kept out — You, yourself, have a pretty collection of paintings — but

confess to me, whether, walking in your gallery at Sandham, among those clear Vandykes,<sup>o</sup> or among the Paul Potters<sup>o</sup> in the ante-room, you ever felt your bosom glow with an elegant delight, at all comparable to *that* you have it in your power to experience most evenings over a well-<sup>5</sup> arranged assortment of the court cards? — the pretty antic habits, like heralds in a procession — the gay triumph-assuring scarlets — the contrasting deadly-killing sables — the “hoary majesty of spades” — Pam<sup>o</sup> in all his glory! —

‘All these might be dispensed with, and, with their <sup>10</sup> naked names upon the drab pasteboard, the game might go on very well, pictureless, but the *beauty* of cards would be extinguished for ever Stripped of all that is imaginative in them, they must degenerate into real gambling — Imagine a dull deal board, or drum head, <sup>15</sup> to spread them on, instead of that nice verdant carpet (next to nature’s), fittest arena for those courtly combatants to play their gallant jousts and turneys in! — Exchange those delicately-turned ivory markers — (work of Chinese artist, unconscious of their symbol — or as <sup>20</sup> profanely slighting their true application as the arrantest Ephesian journeyman<sup>o</sup> that turned out those little shrines for the goddess) — exchange them for little bits of leather (our ancestors’ money) or chalk and a slate!’

The old lady, with a smile, confessed the soundness <sup>25</sup> of my logic, and to her approbation of my arguments on her favorite topic that evening, I have always fancied myself indebted for the legacy of a curious cribbage board, made of the finest Sienna marble, which her maternal uncle (old Walter Plumer,<sup>o</sup> whom I have elsewhere cele-<sup>30</sup> brated) brought with him from Florence — this, and a trifle of five hundred pounds, came to me at her death

The former bequest (which I do not least value) I have kept with religious care, though she herself, to confess a truth, was never greatly taken with cribbage. It was an essentially vulgar game, I have heard her say, —  
5 disputing with her uncle, who was very partial to it. She could never heartily bring her mouth to pronounce 'Go,' or 'That's a go.' She called it an ungrammatical game. The pegging teased her. I once knew her to forfeit a rubber (a five-dollar stake), because she would  
10 not take advantage of the turn-up knave, which would have given it her, but which she must have claimed by the disgraceful tenure of declaring '*two for his heels*'. There is something extremely genteel in this sort of self-denial. Sarah Battle was a gentlewoman born.

15 Piquet she held the best game at the cards for two persons, though she would ridicule the pedantry of the terms — such as pique-repique — the capot — they savored (she thought) of affectation. But games for two, or even three, she never greatly cared for. She  
20 loved the quadrate, or square. She would argue thus — Cards are warfare, the ends are gain, with glory. But cards are war, in disguise of a sport. When single adversaries encounter, the ends proposed are too palpable. By themselves, it is too close a fight, with spectators,  
25 it is not much bettered. No looker-on can be interested, except for a bet, and then it is a mere affair of money, he cares not for your luck *sympathetically*, or for your play — Three are still worse, a mere naked war of every man against every man, as in cribbage, without league or  
30 alliance, or a rotation of petty and contradictory interests, a succession of heartless leagues, and not much more hearty infractions of them, as in *tradrille*. But in square games

(*she meant whist*) all that is possible to be attained in card-playing is accomplished There are the incentives of profit with honor, common to every species — though the *latter* can be but very imperfectly enjoyed in those other games, where the spectator is only feebly a participant But the parties in whist are spectators and principals too They are a theatre to themselves, and a looker-on is not wanted He is rather worse than nothing, and an impertinence Whist abhors neutrality, or interests beyond its sphere You glory in some surprising stroke of skill or fortune, not because a cold — or even an interested — bystander witnesses it, but because your *partner* sympathises in the contingency You win for two You triumph for two Two are exalted Two again are mortified, which divides their disgrace, as the conjunction doubles (by taking off the invidiousness) your glories Two losing to two are better reconciled, than one to one in that close butchery The hostile feeling is weakened by multiplying the channels War becomes a civil game By such reasonings as these the old lady was accustomed to defend her favorite pastime

No inducement could ever prevail upon her to play at any game, where chance entered into the composition, *for nothing* Chance, she would argue — and here again, admire the subtlety of her conclusion, — chance is nothing, but where something else depends upon it It is obvious, that cannot be *glory* What rational cause of exultation could it give to a man to turn up size ace a hundred times together by himself? or before spectators, where no stake was depending? — Make a lottery of a hundred thousand tickets with but one fortunate number — and what possible principle of our nature, except stupid wonderment, could

it gratify to gain that number as many times successively, without a prize? Therefore she disliked the mixture of chance in backgammon, where it was not played for money. She called it foolish, and those people idiots, who were  
 5 taken with a lucky hit under such circumstances. Games of pure skill were as little to her fancy. Played for a stake, they were a mere system of overreaching. Played for glory, they were a mere setting of one man's wit, — his memory, or combination-faculty rather — against  
 10 another's, like a mock-engagement at a review, bloodless and profitless. She could not conceive a *game* wanting the spritely infusion of chance, — the handsome excuses of good fortune. Two people playing at chess in a corner of a room whilst whist was sturing in the centre, would  
 15 inspire her with insufferable horror and ennui. Those well-cut similitudes of Castles and Knights, the *imagery* of the board, she would argue (and I think in this case justly), were entirely misplaced and senseless. Those hard head-contests can in no instance ally with the fancy. They  
 20 reject form and color. A pencil and dry slate (she used to say) were the proper arena for such combatants.

To those puny objectors against cards, as nurturing the bad passions, she would retort, that man is a gaming animal. He must be always trying to get the  
 25 better in something or other — that this passion can scarcely be more safely expended than upon a game at cards. That cards are a temporary illusion, in truth, a mere drama, for we do but *play* at being mightily concerned, where a few idle shillings are at stake, yet, during the illusion, we *are* as mightily concerned as those whose stake is crowns and kingdoms. They are a sort of dream-fighting, much ado, great battling, and little bloodshed,

mighty means for disproportioned ends, quite as diverting, and a great deal more innoxious, than many of those more serious *games* of life, which men play, without esteeming them to be such

With great deference to the old lady's judgment on these matters, I think I have experienced some moments in my life, when playing at cards *for nothing* has even been very agreeable. When I am in sickness, or not in the best spirits, I sometimes call for the cards, and play a game at piquet *for love* with my cousin Bridget — 10  
Bridget Elia °

I grant there is something sneaking in it but with a toothache, or a sprained ankle, — when you are subdued and humble, — you are glad to put up with an inferior spring of action 15

There is such a thing in nature, I am convinced, as *sick whist* —

I grant it is not the highest style of man — I deprecate the manes of Sarah Battle — she lives not, alas! to whom I should apologise 20

At such times, those *terms* which my old friend objected to, come in as something admissible — I love to get a tierce or a quatorze, ° though they mean nothing. I am subdued to an inferior interest. Those shadows of winning amuse me 25

That last game I had with my sweet cousin (I capotted ° her) — (dare I tell thee, how foolish I am?) — I wished it might have lasted for ever, though we gained nothing, and lost nothing, though it was a mere shade of play. I would be content to go on in that idle folly for ever 30  
The pipkin should be ever boiling, that was to prepare the gentle lentive to my foot, which Bridget was doomed

to apply after the game was over, and, as I do not much relish appliances, there it should ever bubble Bridget and I should be ever playing

### MY FIRST PLAY

At the north end of Cross Court there yet stands  
 5 a portal, of some architectural pretensions, though reduced to humble use, serving at present for an entrance to a printing-office This old doorway, if you are young, reader, you may not know was the identical pit entrance to old Drury — Gairick's Drury° — all of it that is left  
 10 I never pass it without shaking some forty years from off my shoulders, recurring to the evening when I passed through it to see *my first play* The afternoon had been wet, and the condition of our going (the elder folks and myself) was, that the rain should cease With what a  
 15 beating heart did I watch from the window the puddles, from the stillness of which I was taught to prognosticate the desired cessation! I seem to remember the last spurt, and the glee with which I ran to announce it

We went with orders, which my godfather F° had  
 20 sent us He kept the oil shop (now Davies's) at the corner of Featherstone-buildings in Holborn F was a tall grave person, lofty in speech, and had pretensions above his rank He associated in those days with John Palmer,° the comedian, whose gait and bearing he seemed to copy,  
 25 if John (which is quite as likely) did not rather borrow somewhat of his manner from my godfather He was also known to, and visited by, Sheridan° It was to his house in Holborn that young Brinsley brought his first wife on her elopement with him from a boarding-school at Bath —



the beautiful Maria Linley My parents were present (over a quadrille table) when he arrived in the evening with his harmonious charge — From either of these connections it may be inferred that my godfather could command an order for the then Drury-lane theatre at pleasure — and, 5 indeed, a pretty liberal issue of those cheap billets, in Brinsley's easy autograph, I have heard him say, was the sole remuneration which he had received for many years' nightly illumination of the orchestra and various avenues of that theatre — and he was content it should be so The 10 honor of Sheridan's familiarity — or supposed familiarity — was better to my godfather than money

F was the most gentlemanly of oilmen, grandiloquent, yet courteous His delivery of the commonest matters of fact was Ciceronian He had two Latin words almost 15 constantly in his mouth (how odd sounds Latin from an oilman's lips!), which my better knowledge since has enabled me to correct In strict pronunciation they should have been sounded *vice versâ* — but in those young years they impressed me with more awe than they would now do, 20 read aright from Seneca or Varro° — in his own peculiar pronunciation, monosyllabically elaborated, or Anglicised, into something like *verse verse* By an imposing manner, and the help of these distorted syllables, he climbed (but that was little) to the highest parochial honors which St 25 Andrew's° has to bestow

He is dead — and thus much I thought due to his memory, both for my first orders (little wondrous talismans' — slight keys, and insignificant to outward sight, but opening to me more than Arabian paradises!) and, 30 moreover, that by his testamentary beneficence I came into possession of the only landed property° which I

could ever call my own — situate near the roadway village of pleasant Puckeridge, in Hertfordshire When I journeyed down to take possession, and planted foot on my own ground, the stately habits of the donor  
5 descended upon me, and I strode (shall I confess the vanity?) with larger paces over my allotment of three-quarters of an acre, with its commodious mansion in the midst, with the feeling of an English freeholder that all betwixt sky and centre was my own The  
10 estate has passed into more prudent hands, and nothing but an agrarian can restore it

In those days were pit orders Beshrew the uncomfortable manager who abolished them! — with one of these we went I remember the waiting at the door —  
15 not that which is left — but between that and an inner door in shelter — O when shall I be such an expectant again! — with the cry of nonpareils,<sup>o</sup> an indispensable play-house accompaniment in those days As near as I can recollect, the fashionable pronunciation of the  
20 theatrical fruiteresses then was, 'Chase some oranges, chase some humparels, chase a bill of the play', — chase *pro* chuse But when we got in, and I beheld the green curtain that veiled a heaven to my imagination, which was soon to be disclosed — the breathless  
25 anticipations I endured! I had seen something like it in the plate prefixed to *Troilus and Cressida*, in Rowe's Shakespeare<sup>o</sup> — the tent scene with Diomedes — and a sight of that plate can always bring back in a measure the feeling of that evening — The boxes at that time, full  
30 of well-dressed women of quality, projected over the pit, and the pilasters reaching down were adorned with  
glistening substance (I know not what) under glass

(as it seemed), resembling — a homely fancy — but I judged it to be sugar-candy — yet, to my raised imagination, divested of its homelier qualities, it appeared a glorified candy! — The orchestra lights at length arose, those 'fair Auroras' Once the bell sounded It was<sup>5</sup> to ring out yet once again — and, incapable of the anticipation, I reposed my shut eyes in a sort of resignation upon the maternal lap It rang the second time The curtain drew up — I was not past six years old — and the play was *Artaxerxes*!<sup>o</sup>

10

I had dabbled a little in the *Universal History* — the ancient part of it — and here was the court of Persia — It was being admitted to a sight of the past I took no proper interest in the action going on, for I understood not its import — but I heard the word Darius, and I was<sup>15</sup> in the midst of Daniel All feeling was absorbed in vision Gorgeous vests, gardens, palaces, princesses, passed before me I knew not players I was in Persepolis<sup>o</sup> for the time, and the burning idol of their devotion almost converted me into a worshipper. I<sup>20</sup> was awe-struck, and believed those significations to be something more than elemental fires. It was all enchantment and a dream No such pleasure has since visited me but in dreams — *Harlequin's Invasion*<sup>o</sup> followed; where, I remember, the transformation of the<sup>25</sup> magistrates into reverend beldams seemed to me a piece of grave historic justice, and the tailor carrying his own head to be as sober a verity as the legend of St. Denys<sup>o</sup>

The next play to which I was taken was the *Lady of*<sup>30</sup> *the Manor*,<sup>o</sup> of which, with the exception of some scenery, very faint traces are left in my memory It was followed

by a pantomime, called *Lun's Ghost*° — a satiric touch, I apprehend, upon Rich, not long since dead — but to my apprehension (too sincere for satire), Lun was as remote a piece of antiquity as Lud° — the father of a line of  
5 Harlequins — transmitting his dagger of lath° (the wooden sceptre) through countless ages I saw the primeval Motley come from his silent tomb in a ghastly vest of white patchwork, like the apparition of a dead rainbow So Harlequins (thought I) look when they are  
10 dead

My third play followed in quick succession It was the *Way of the World*° I think I must have sate at it as grave as a judge, for, I remember, the hysteric affectations of good Lady Wishfort affected me like some  
15 solemn tragic passion *Robinson Crusoe*° followed, in which Crusoe, man Friday, and the parrot, were as good and authentic as in the story — The clownery and pantaloony of these pantomimes have clean passed out of my head I believe, I no more laughed at them,  
20 than at the same age I should have been disposed to laugh at the grotesque Gothic heads (seeming to me then replete with devout meaning) that gape, and grin, in stone around the inside of the old Round Church (my church) of the Templars

25 I saw these plays in the season 1781-2, when I was from six to seven years old After the intervention of six or seven other years (for at school all play-going was inhibited) I again entered the doors of a theatre The old *Artaxerxes* evening had never done ringing in my  
30 fancy I expected the same feelings to come again with the same occasion But we differ from ourselves less at sixty and sixteen, than the latter does from six In

that interval what had I not lost ! At the first period I knew nothing, understood nothing, discriminated nothing I felt all, loved all, wondered all —

Was nourished, I could not tell how —

I had left the temple a devotee, and was returned a 5  
rationalist The same things were there materially,  
but the emblem, the reference, was gone ! — The green  
curtain was no longer a veil, drawn between two worlds,  
the unfolding of which was to bring past ages, to present  
'a royal ghost,' — but a certain quantity of green baize, 10  
which was to separate the audience for a given time from  
certain of their fellow-men, who were to come forward  
and pretend those parts The lights — the orchestra  
lights — came up a clumsy machinery The first ring,  
and the second ring, was now but a trick of the prompter's 15  
bell — which had been, like the note of the cuckoo, a  
phantom of a voice, no hand seen or guessed at which  
ministered to its warning The actors were men and  
women painted I thought the fault was in them, but  
it was in myself, and the alteration which those many 20  
centuries — of six short twelvemonths — had wrought in  
me — Perhaps it was fortunate for me that the play of  
the evening was but an indifferent comedy, as it gave  
me time to crop some unreasonable expectations, which  
might have interfered with the genuine emotions with 25  
which I was soon after enabled to enter upon the  
first appearance to me of Mrs Siddons in *Isabella* °  
Comparison and retrospection soon yielded to the  
present attraction of the scene, and the theatre be-  
came to me, upon a new stock, the most delightful of 30  
recreations

## THE PRAISE OF CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS

I LIKE to meet a sweep — understand me — not a grown sweeper — old chimney-sweepers are by no means attractive — but one of those tender novices, blooming through their first nigrity, the maternal washings not quite effaced from the cheek — such as come forth with the dawn, or somewhat earlier, with their little professional notes sounding like the *peep-peep* of a young sparrow, or liker to the matin lark should I pronounce them, in their aerial ascents not seldom anticipating the sunrise?

10 I have a kindly yearning towards these dim specks — poor blots — innocent blacknesses

I reverence these young Africans of our own growth — these almost clergy imps, who sport their cloth without assumption, and from their little pulpits (the tops of 15 chimneys), in the nipping air of a December morning, preach a lesson of patience to mankind

When a child, what a mysterious pleasure it was to witness their operation! to see a chit no bigger than one's self enter, one knew not by what process, into what seemed 20 the *fauces Averni*° — to pursue him in imagination, as he went sounding on through so many dark stifling caverns, horrid shades! to shudder with the idea that “now, surely, he must be lost forever!” — to revive at hearing his feeble shout of discovered daylight — and then (O fulness of 25 delight!) running out of doors, to come just in time to see the sable phenomenon emerge in safety, the brandished weapon of his art victorious like some flag waved over a conquered citadel! I seem to remember having been told, that a bad sweep was once cleft in a stack° with 30 his brush, to indicate which way the wind blew. It

was an awful spectacle, certainly, not much unlike the old stage direction in *Macbeth*,<sup>o</sup> where the "apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises"

Reader, if thou meetest one of these small gentry in thy early rambles, it is good to give him a penny, — it is 5 better to give him two-pence If it be starving weather, and to the proper troubles of his hard occupation, a pair of kibed<sup>o</sup> heels (no unusual accompaniment) be superadded, the demand on thy humanity will surely rise to a tester<sup>o</sup>

There is a composition, the groundwork of which 10 I have understood to be the sweet wood 'yclept sassafras This wood boiled down to a kind of tea, and tempered with an infusion of milk and sugar, hath to some tastes a delicacy beyond the China luxury I know not how thy palate may relish it, for myself, with every deference to 15 the judicious Mr Read, who hath time out of mind kept open a shop (the only one he avers in London) for the vending of this "wholesome and pleasant beverage," on the south side of Fleet Street, as thou approachest Bridge Street — *the only Salopian house*<sup>o</sup> — I have never yet 20 adventured to dip my own particular lip in a basin of his commended ingredients — a cautious premonition to the olfactories constantly whispering to me, that my stomach must infallibly, with all due courtesy, decline it Yet I have seen palates, otherwise not uninstructed in dietetical 25 elegancies, sup it up with avidity

I know not by what particular conformation of the organ it happens, but I have always found that this composition is surprisingly gratifying to the palate of a young chimney-sweeper — whether the oily particles 30 (sassafras is slightly oleaginous) do attenuate and soften the fuliginous concretions,<sup>o</sup> which are sometimes found

(in dissections) to adhere to the roof of the mouth of these unfledged practitioners, or whether Nature, sensible that she had mingled too much of bitter wood in the lot of these raw victims, caused to grow out of the earth her sassafras for a sweet lenitive — but so it is, that no possible taste or odor to the senses of a young chimney-sweeper can convey a delicate excitement comparable to this mixture. Being penniless, they will yet hang their black heads over the ascending steam, to gratify one sense if possible, seemingly no less pleased than those domestic animals — cats — when they purr over a new-found sprig of valerian ° There is something more in these sympathies than philosophy can inculcate

Now albert Mr Read boasteth, not without reason, that his is the *only Salopian house*, yet be it known to thee, reader — if thou art one who keepest what are called good hours, thou art haply ignorant of the fact — he hath a race of industrious imitators, who from stalls, and under open sky, dispense the same savory mess to humbler customers, at that dead time of the dawn, when (as extremes meet) the rake, reeling home from his midnight cups, and the hard-handed artisan leaving his bed to resume the premature labors of the day, jostle, not unfrequently to the manifest disconcerting of the former, for the honors of the pavement. It is the time when, in summer, between the expired and the not yet relumined kitchen-fires, the kennels of our fair metropolis give forth their least satisfactory odors. The rake, who wisheth to dissipate his o'ernight vapors in more grateful coffee, curses the ungenial fume as he passeth, but the artisan stops to taste, and blesses the fragrant breakfast

This is *saloop* — the precocious herb-woman's dar-



ling — the delight of the early gardener, who transports his smoking cabbages by break of day from Hammersmith to Covent Garden's famed piazzas — the delight, and oh! I fear, too often the envy, of the unpennied sweep Him shouldst thou haply encounter, with his dim visage <sup>5</sup> pendent over the grateful steam, regale him with a sumptuous basin (it will cost thee but three halfpennies) and a slice of delicate bread-and-butter (an added halfpenny) — so may thy culinary fires, eased of the o'ercharged secretions from thy worse-placed hospitalities, curl up a lighter <sup>10</sup> volume to the welkin — so may the descending soot never taint thy costly well-ingredieniced soups — nor the odious cry, quick-reaching from street to street, of the *fired chimney*, invite the rattling engines from ten adjacent parishes, to disturb for a casual scintillation thy peace <sup>15</sup> and pocket!

I am by nature extremely susceptible of street affronts, the jeers and taunts of the populace, the low-bred triumph they display over the casual trip, or splashed stocking, of a gentleman Yet can I endure the jocularity of a <sup>20</sup> young sweep with something more than forgiveness In the last winter but one, pacing along Cheapside with my accustomed precipitation when I walk westward, a treacherous slide brought me upon my back in an instant I scrambled up with pain and shame enough — yet out- <sup>25</sup> wardly trying to face it down, as if nothing had happened — when the roguish grin of one of these young wits encountered me There he stood, pointing me out with his dusky finger to the mob, and to a poor woman (I suppose his mother) in particular, till the tears for the <sup>30</sup> exquisiteness of the fun (so he thought it) worked themselves out at the corners of his poor red eyes, red from

many a previous weeping, and soot-inflamed, yet twinkling through all with such a joy, snatched out of desolation, that Hogarth<sup>o</sup> — but Hogarth has got him already (how could he miss him?) in the March to Finchley, 5 grinning at the pie-man — there he stood, as he stands in the picture, irremovable, as if the jest was to last forever — with such a maximum of glee, and minimum of mischief, in his mirth — for the grin of a genuine sweep hath absolutely no malice in it — that I could have been content, if the honor of a gentleman might endure it, to have 10 remained his butt and his mockery till midnight

I am by theory obdurate to the seductiveness of what are called a fine set of teeth Every pair of rosy lips (the ladies must pardon me) is a casket presumably holding 15 such jewels, but, methinks, they should take leave to “air” them as frugally as possible The fine lady, or fine gentleman, who show me their teeth, show me bones Yet must I confess, that from the mouth of a true sweep a display (even to ostentation) of those white and shiny 20 ossifications, strikes me as an agreeable anomaly in manners, and an allowable piece of foppery It is as when

“A sable cloud

Turns forth her silver lining on the night ” °

It is like some remnant of gentry not quite extinct; 25 a badge of better days, a hint of nobility — and, doubtless, under the obscuring darkness and double night of their forlorn disguise, oftentimes lurketh good blood, and gentle conditions, derived from lost ancestry and a lapsed pedigree The premature appren- 30 ticesments of these tender victims give but too much encouragement, I fear, to clandestine and almost infantile

abductions, the seeds of civility and true courtesy, so often discernible in these young grafts (not otherwise to be accounted for) plainly hint at some forced adoptions, many noble Rachels<sup>o</sup> mourning for their children, even in our days, countenance the fact, the tales of fairy spirit-<sup>5</sup>ing may shadow a lamentable verity, and the recovery of the young Montagu<sup>o</sup> be but a solitary instance of good fortune out of many irreparable and hopeless *defiliations*

In one of the state-beds at Arundel Castle,<sup>o</sup> a few <sup>10</sup> years since — under a ducal canopy — (that seat of the Howards is an object of curiosity to visitors, chiefly for its beds, in which the late duke was especially a connoisseur) — encircled with curtains of delicatest crimson, with starry coronets inwoven — folded between a pair of <sup>15</sup> sheets whiter and softer than the lap where Venus lulled Ascanius<sup>o</sup> — was discovered by chance, after all methods of search had failed, at noonday, fast asleep, a lost chimney-sweeper The little creature, having somehow con-<sup>20</sup>foundered his passage among the intricacies of those lordly chimneys, by some unknown aperture had alighted upon this magnificent chamber, and, tired with his tedious explorations, was unable to resist the delicious invitement to repose, which he there saw exhibited, so, creeping between the sheets very quietly, laid his black head upon <sup>25</sup> the pillow, and slept like a young Howard

Such is the account given to the visitors at the Castle But I cannot help seeming to perceive a confirmation of what I had just hinted at in this story A high instinct was at work in the case, or I am mistaken Is it probable <sup>30</sup> that a poor child of that description, with whatever weariness he might be visited, would have ventured, under

such a penalty as he would be taught to expect, to uncover the sheets of a duke's bed, and deliberately to lay himself down between them, when the rug, or the carpet, presented an obvious couch, still far above his pretensions — is this  
5 probable, I would ask, if the great power of nature, which I contend for, had not been manifested within him, prompting to the adventure? Doubtless this young nobleman (for such my mind misgives me that he must be) was allured by some memory, not amounting to full conscious-  
10 ness, of his condition in infancy, when he was used to be lapped by his mother, or his nurse, in just such sheets as he there found, into which he was now but creeping back as into his proper *incunabula* and resting-place By no other theory than by this sentiment of a preexistent state  
15 (as I may call it) can I explain a deed so venturous and, indeed, upon any other system, so indecorous, in this tender, but unseasonable, sleeper

My pleasant friend Jem White<sup>o</sup> was so impressed with a belief of metamorphoses like this frequently  
20 taking place, that, in some sort to reverse the wrongs of fortune in these poor changelings, he instituted an annual feast of chimney-sweepers, at which it was his pleasure to officiate as host and waiter It was a solemn supper held in Smithfield, upon the yearly return of the fair of St.  
25 Bartholomew<sup>o</sup> Cards were issued a week before to the master-sweeps in and about the metropolis, confining the invitation to their younger fry Now and then an elderly stripling would get in among us, and be good-naturedly winked at, but our main body were infantry  
30 One unfortunate wight, indeed, who, relying upon his dusky suit, had intruded himself into our party, but by tokens was providentially discovered in time to be no

chimney-sweeper (all is not soot which looks so), was quorted out of the presence with universal indignation, as not having on the wedding garment °, but in general the greatest harmony prevailed. The place chosen was a convenient spot among the pens, at the north side of 5 the fair, not so far distant as to be impervious to the agreeable hubbub of that vanity, but remote enough not to be obvious to the interruption of every gaping spectator in it. The guests assembled about seven. In those little temporary parlors three tables were spread with 10 napery, not so fine as substantial, and at every board a comely hostess presided with her pan of hissing sausages. The nostrils of the young rogues dilated at the savor. James White, as head waiter, had charge of the first table, and myself, with our trusty companion Bigod, ° 15 ordinarily ministered to the other two. There was clambering and jostling, you may be sure, who should get at the first table, for Rochester ° in his maddest days could not have done the humors of the scene with more spirit than my friend. After some general expression of 20 thanks for the honor the company had done him, his inaugural ceremony was to clasp the greasy waist of old dame Uisula (the fattest of the three), that stood frying and fretting, half-blessing, half-cursing "the gentleman," and imprint upon her chaste lips a tender salute, whereat 25 the universal host would set up a shout that tore the concave, ° while hundreds of grinning teeth startled the night with the brightness. O it was a pleasure to see the sable youngers lick in the unctuous meat, with *his* more unctuous sayings — how he would fit the tidbits to the 30 puny mouths, reserving the lengthier links for the seniors — how he would intercept a morsel even in the jaws of

some young desperado, declaring it "must to the pan again to be browned, for it was not fit for a gentleman's eating" — how he would recommend this slice of white bread, or that piece of kissing-crust,<sup>o</sup> to a tender juvenile, advising them all to have a care of cracking their teeth, which were their best patrimony, — how genteelly he would deal about the small ale, as if it were wine, naming the brewer, and protesting, if it were not good, he should lose their custom, with a special recommendation to wipe the lip before drinking. Then we had our toasts — "the King," — "the Cloth," — which, whether they understood or not, was equally diverting and flattering, and for a crowning sentiment, which never failed, "May the Brush supersede the Laurel!" All these, and fifty other fancies, which were rather felt than comprehended by his guests, would he utter, standing upon tables, and prefacing every sentiment with a "Gentlemen, give me leave to propose so and so," which was a prodigious comfort to those young orphans, every now and then stuffing into his mouth (for it did not do to be squeamish on these occasions) indiscriminate pieces of those reeking sausages, which pleased them mightily, and was the savoriest part, you may believe, of the entertainment

25 "Golden lads and lasses must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust" °

James White is extinct, and with him these suppers have long ceased. He carried away with him half the fun of the world when he died — of my world at least. His old clients look for him among the pens, and, missing him, reproach the altered feast of St Bartholomew, and the glory of Smithfield departed forever

## DREAM CHILDREN

CHILDREN love to listen to stories about their elders, when *they* were children, to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field,<sup>o</sup> who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived) which had been the scene — so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country — of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the Children in the Wood.<sup>o</sup> Certain it is that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in wood upon the chimney-piece of the great hall, the whole story down to the Robin Redbreasts, till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say, how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not indeed the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county, but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterward came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments

stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C's tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled, as much as to say, "That would be foolish indeed." And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighborhood for many miles round, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman, so good indeed that she knew all the Psalter by heart, ay, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was, and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer — here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till upon my looking grave, it desisted — the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain, but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop, but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house, and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great staircase near where she slept, but she said "those innocents would do her no harm", and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she — and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all



her grand-children, having us to the great house in the holydays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself, in gazing upon the old busts of the Twelve Cæsars,<sup>o</sup> that had been Emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live agam, or I to be turned <sup>5</sup> into marble with them, how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out — sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, <sup>10</sup> which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me — and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls, without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then — and because I had more <sup>15</sup> pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir apples, which were good for nothing but to look at — or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me — or basking in <sup>20</sup> the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too along with the oranges and the limes in that grateful warmth — or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the <sup>25</sup> water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings — I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavors of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such like common baits of children. Here John slyly deposited back upon the plate a bunch of <sup>30</sup> grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish

them for the present as irrelevant. Then in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grand-children, yet in an especial manner she might be said to love their uncle, 5 John L —, ° because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us, and, instead of moping about in solitary corners, like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half 10 over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out — and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries — and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to 15 the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grand-mother Field most especially, and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy — for he was a good bit older than me — many a mile when I could not walk for pain, — and how in after life he became lame- 20 footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient, and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed, and how when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he 25 had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death, and how I bore his death, as I thought, pretty well at first, but afterward it haunted and haunted me, and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had 30 died, yet I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again,

to be quarreling with him (for we quarreled sometimes), rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him as he, their poor uncle, must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W — n°, and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens — when suddenly, turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes with such a reality of re-presentment, that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was, and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech. “We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing, less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe° millions of ages before we have existence and a name” — and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor armchair, where I had fallen asleep, with the faithful Bridget° unchanged by my side — but John L. (or James Elia) was gone forever.

## DETACHED THOUGHTS ON BOOKS AND READING

To mind the inside of a book is to entertain one's self with the forced product of another man's brain. Now I think a man of quality and breeding may be much amused with the natural sprouts of his own — LORD FOPPINGTON, in *The Relapse* °

- 5 AN ingenious acquaintance of my own was so much struck with this bright sally of his Lordship, that he has left off reading altogether, to the great improvement of his originality. At the hazard of losing some credit on this head, I must confess that I dedi-  
 10 cate no inconsiderable portion of my time to other people's thoughts. I dream away my life in others' speculations. I love to lose myself in other men's minds. When I am not walking, I am reading, I cannot sit and think. Books think for me.
- 15 I have no repugnances. Shaftesbury ° is not too genteel for me, nor Jonathan Wild ° too low. I can read anything which I call *a book*. There are things in that shape which I cannot allow for such.

In this catalogue of *books which are no books* — *biblia*  
 20 *a-biblia* — I reckon Court Calendars, Directories, Pocket Books, ° Draughts Boards, bound and lettered on the back, Scientific Treatises, Almanacs, Statutes at Large the works of Hume, ° Gibbon, ° Robertson, ° Beattie, ° Soame Jenyns, ° and generally, all those volumes which “no  
 25 gentleman's library should be without ” the Histories of Flavius Josephus ° (that learned Jew), and Paley's Moral Philosophy °. With these exceptions, I can read almost anything. I bless my stars for a taste so catholic, so un-  
 excluding.

I confess that it moves my spleen to see these *things*

*in books' clothing* perched upon shelves, like false saints, usurpers of true shrines, intruders into the sanctuary, thrusting out the legitimate occupants To reach down a well-bound semblance of a volume, and hope it some kind-hearted play-book, then, opening what "seem its leaves," 5 to come bolt upon a withering Population Essay ° To expect a Steele ° or a Farquhar, ° and find — Adam Smith ° To view a well-arranged assortment of block-headed Encyclopædias (Anglicanas or Metropolitanas) set out in an array of russia, or morocco, when a tithe of that good 10 leather would comfortably re-clothe my shivering folios, would renovate Paracelsus ° himself, and enable old Raymond Lully ° to look like himself again in the world I never see these impostors, but I long to strip them, to warm my ragged veterans in their spoils 15

To be strong-backed and neat bound is the desideratum of a volume Magnificence comes after This, when it can be afforded, is not to be lavished upon all kinds of books indiscriminately I would not dress a set of magazines, for instance, in full suit The dishabille, or half-binding 20 (with russia backs ever) is *our* costume A Shakespeare or a Milton (unless the first editions), it were mere foppery to trick out in gay apparel The possession of them confers no distinction The exterior of them (the things themselves being so common), strange to say, raises no 25 sweet emotions, no tickling sense of property in the owner Thomson's Seasons, ° again, looks best (I maintain it) a little torn and dog's-eared How beautiful to a genuine lover of reading are the sullied leaves, and worn-out appearance, nay, the very odor (beyond russia) if 30 we would not forget kind feelings in fastidiousness, of an old "Circulating Library" Tom Jones, or Vicar of Wake-

field! How they speak of the thousand thumbs that have turned over their pages with delight! — of the lone sempstress, whom they may have cheered (milliner, or hard-working mantua-maker) after her long day's needle-toil, 5 running far into midnight, when she has snatched an hour, ill-spared from sleep, to steep her cares, as in some Lethean cup, in spelling out their enchanting contents! Who would have them a whit less soiled? What better condition could we desire to see them in?

10 In some respects the better a book is, the less it demands from binding. Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, and all that class of perpetually self-reproductive volumes — Great Nature's Stereotypes — we see them individually perish with less regret, because we know the copies of them to 15 be "eterne." But where a book is at once both good and rare — where the individual is almost the species, and when *that* perishes,

"We know not where is that Promethean torch  
That can its light relumine," — °

20 such a book, for instance, as the Life of the Duke of Newcastle, by his Duchess — no casket is rich enough, no casing sufficiently durable, to honor and keep safe such a jewel

• Not only rare volumes of this description, which 25 seem hopeless ever to be reprinted, but old editions of writers, such as Sir Philip Sydney, Bishop Taylor, ° Milton in his prose works, Fuller ° — of whom we *have* reprints, yet the books themselves, though they go about, and are talked of here and there, we know have not en- 30 denized themselves (nor possibly ever will) in the national heart, so as to become stock books — it is good

to possess these in durable and costly covers I do not care for a First Folio of Shakespeare I rather prefer the common editions of Rowe and Tonson, without notes, and with *plates*, which, being so execrably bad, serve as maps or modest remembrancers, to the text, and, without pretending to any supposable emulation with it, are so much better than the Shakespeare gallery *engravings*, which *did* I have a community of feeling with my countrymen about his Plays, and I like those editions of him best which have been oftenest tumbled about and handled — On the contrary I cannot read Beaumont and Fletcher but in Folio The Octavo editions are painful to look at I have no sympathy with them If they were as much read as the current editions of the other poet, I should prefer them in that shape to the older one I do not know a more heartless sight than the reprint of the Anatomy of Melancholy ° What need was there of unearthing the bones of that fantastic old great man, to expose them in a winding-sheet of the newest fashion to modern censure? what hapless stationer could dream of Burton ever becoming popular? — The wretched Malone ° could not do worse, when he bribed the sexton of Stratford church to let him whitewash the painted effigy of old Shakespeare, which stood there, in rude but lively fashion depicted, to the very color of the cheek, the eye, the eyebrow, hair, the very dress he used to wear — the only authentic testimony we had, however imperfect, of these curious parts and parcels of him They covered him over with a coat of white paint By —, if I had been a justice of peace for Warwickshire, I would have clapped both commentator and sexton fast in the stocks, for a pair of meddling sacrilegious varlets

I think I see them at their work — these sapient trouble-tombs

Shall I be thought fantastical if I confess that the names of some of our poets sound sweeter, and have  
 5 a finer relish to the ear — to mine, at least — than that of Milton or of Shakespeare? It may be that the latter are more staled and rung upon in common discourse The sweetest names, and which carry a perfume in the mention, are Kit Marlowe, Drayton,<sup>o</sup> Drummond of Hawthornden,<sup>o</sup>  
 10 and Cowley

Much depends upon *when* and *where* you read a book In the five or six impatient minutes, before the dinner is quite ready, who would think of taking up the Fairy Queen for a stop-gap or a volume of Bishop Andrewes'<sup>o</sup> sermons?  
 15 Milton almost requires a solemn service of music to be played before you enter upon him But he brings his music, to which who listens had need bring docile thoughts, and purged ears

Winter evenings — the world shut out — with less  
 20 of ceremony the gentle Shakespeare enters At such a season the Tempest, or his own Winter's Tale —

These two poets you cannot avoid reading aloud — to yourself, or (as it chances) to some single person listening More than one — and it degenerates into an  
 25 audience

Books of quick interest, that hurry on for incidents, are for the eye to glide over only It will not do to read them out I could never listen to even the better kind of modern novels without extreme irksomeness

30 A newspaper, read out, is intolerable In some of the Bank offices it is the custom (to save so much individual time) for one of the clerks — who is the best scholar —



to commence upon the Times or the Chronicle and recite its entire contents aloud, *pro bono publico* With every advantage of lungs and elocution, the effect is singularly vapid In barbers' shops and public-houses a fellow will get up and spell out a paragraph, which he communicates 5 as some discovery Another follows with *his* selection So the entire journal transpires at length by piecemeal Seldom-readers are slow readers, and, without this expedient, no one in the company would probably ever travel through the contents of a whole paper 10

Newspapers always excite curiosity No one ever lays one down without a feeling of disappointment

What an eternal time that gentleman in black, at Nando's,<sup>o</sup> keeps the paper! I am sick of hearing the waiter bawling out incessantly, "The Chronicle is in 15 hand, Sir "

Coming into an inn at night — having ordered your supper — what can be more delightful than to find lying in the window-seat, left there time out of mind by the carelessness of some former guest — two or three numbers 20 of the old Town and Country Magazine,<sup>o</sup> with its amusing *tête-à-tête* pictures — "The Royal Lover and Lady G——," "The Melting Platonic and the old Beau," — and such-like antiquated scandal? Would you exchange it — at that time, and in that place — for a better book? 25

Poor Tobin,<sup>o</sup> who latterly fell blind, did not regret it so much for the weightier kinds of reading — the Paradise Lost, or Comus, he could have *read* to him — but he missed the pleasure of skimming over with his own eye a magazine, or a light pamphlet 30

I should not care to be caught in the serious avenues of some cathedral alone, and reading *Candide*.<sup>o</sup>

I do not remember a more whimsical surprise than having been once detected — by a familiar damsel — reclined at my ease upon the grass, on Primrose Hill (her Cythera°) reading — Pamela ° There was nothing in the book to  
5 make a man seriously ashamed at the exposure, but as she seated herself down by me, and seemed determined to read in company, I could have wished it had been — any other book We read on very sociably for a few pages, and, not finding the author much to her taste, she got up,  
10 and — went away Gentle casuist, I leave it to thee to conjecture, whether the blush (for there was one between us) was the property of the nymph or the swain in this dilemma From me you shall never get the secret

I am not much a friend to out-of-doors reading I  
15 cannot settle my spirits to it I knew a Unitarian minister, who was generally to be seen upon Snow Hill (as yet Skinner's Street *was not*), between the hours of ten and eleven in the morning, studying a volume of Lardner ° I own this to have been a strain of abstraction  
20 beyond my reach I used to admire how he sidled along, keeping clear of secular contacts An illiterate encounter with a porter's knot, or a bread basket, would have quickly put to flight all the theology I am master of, and have left me worse than indifferent to the five points °

25 There is a class of street readers, whom I can never contemplate without affection — the poor gentry, who, not having wherewithal to buy or hire a book, filch a little learning at the open stalls — the owner, with his hard eye, casting envious looks at them all the while,  
30 and thinking when they will have done Venturing tenderly, page after page, expecting every moment when he shall interpose his interdict, and yet unable

to deny themselves the gratifications, they "snatch a fearful joy" Martin B —,° in this way, by daily fragments, got through two volumes of *Clarissa*,° when the stall-keeper damped his laudable ambition, by asking him (it was in his younger days) whether he meant to purchase the work M declares, that under no circumstance in his life did he ever peruse a book with half the satisfaction which he took in those uneasy snatches A quaint poetess° of our day has moralized upon this subject in two very touching but homely stanzas — 10

"I saw a boy with eager eye  
 Open a book upon a stall,  
 And read, as he'd devour it all,  
 Which, when the stall-man did espy,  
 Soon to the boy I heard him call, 15  
 'You Sir, you never buy a book,  
 Therefore in one you shall not look'  
 The boy pass'd slowly on, and with a sigh  
 He wish'd he never had been taught to read,  
 Then of the old churl's books he should have had no need. 20

"Of sufferings the poor have many,  
 Which never can the rich annoy  
 I soon perceived another boy,  
 Who look'd as if he had not any 25  
 Food, for that day at least — enjoy  
 The sight of cold meat in a tavern larder  
 This boy's case, then thought I, is surely harder,  
 Thus hungry, longing, thus without a penny,  
 Beholding choice of dainty-dress'd meat 30  
 No wonder if he wished he ne'er had learn'd to eat "

## THOMAS DE QUINCEY

### ON THE KNOCKING AT THE GATE IN *MACBETH*

FROM my boyish days I had always felt a great perplexity on one point in *Macbeth* It was this the knocking at the gate, which succeeds to the murder of Duncan, produced to my feelings an effect for which I never could  
5 account The effect was, that it reflected back upon the murder a peculiar awfulness and a depth of solemnity, yet, however obstinately I endeavored with my understanding to comprehend this, for many years I never could see *why* it should produce such an effect

10 Here I pause for one moment to exhort the reader never to pay any attention to his understanding, when it stands in opposition to any other faculty of his mind The mere understanding, however useful and indispensable, is the meanest faculty in the human mind, and  
15 the most to be distrusted, and yet the great majority of people trust to nothing else, which may do for ordinary life, but not for philosophical purposes Of this out of ten thousand instances that I might produce, I will cite one Ask of any person whatsoever, who is not previously  
20 prepared for the demand by a knowledge of perspective, to draw in the rudest way the commonest appearance which depends upon the laws of that science, as, for

instance, to represent the effect of two walls standing at right angles to each other, or the appearance of the houses on each side of a street, as seen by a person looking down the street from one extremity. Now in all cases, unless the person has happened to observe in pictures how it is that artists produce these effects, he will be utterly unable to make the smallest approximation to it. Yet why? For he has actually seen the effect every day of his life. The reason is — that he allows his understanding to overrule his eyes. His understanding, which includes no intuitive knowledge of the laws of vision, can furnish him with no reason why a line which is known and can be proved to be a horizontal line, should not *appear* a horizontal line, a line that made any angle with the perpendicular, less than a right angle, would seem to him to indicate that his houses were all tumbling down together. Accordingly, he makes the line of his houses a horizontal line, and fails, of course, to produce the effect demanded. Here, then, is one instance out of many, in which not only the understanding is allowed to overrule the eyes, but where the understanding is positively allowed to obliterate the eyes, as it were, for not only does the man believe the evidence of his understanding, in opposition to that of his eyes, but (what is monstrous!) the idiot is not aware that his eyes ever gave such evidence. He does not know that he has seen (and therefore *quoad* his consciousness has *not* seen) that which he *has* seen every day of his life.

But to return from this digression, my understanding could furnish no reason why the knocking at the gate in *Macbeth*, should produce any effect direct or reflected. In fact, my understanding said positively that it could *not* produce any effect. But I knew better, I felt that it

did, and I waited and clung to the problem until further knowledge should enable me to solve it. At length, in 1812, Mr Williams<sup>o</sup> made his *debut* on the stage of Ratcliff Highway, and executed those unparalleled murders which  
5 have procured for him such a brilliant and undying reputation. On which murders, by the way, I must observe, that in one respect they have had an ill effect, by making the connoisseur in murder very fastidious in his taste, and dissatisfied by anything that has since been done in  
10 that line. All other murders look pale by the deep crimson of his, and, as an amateur once said to me in a querulous tone, 'There has been absolutely nothing *doing* since his time, or nothing that's worth speaking of.' But this is wrong, for it is unreasonable to expect all men to be great  
15 artists, and born with the genius of Mr Williams. Now it will be remembered, that in the first of these murders, (that of the Marrs,) the same incident (of a knocking at the door, soon after the work of extermination was complete) did actually occur, which the genius of Shakespeare has  
20 invented, and all good judges, and the most eminent dilettanti, acknowledged the felicity of Shakespeare's suggestion, as soon as it was actually realized. Here, then, was a fresh proof that I was right in relying on my own feeling, in opposition to my understanding, and I  
25 again set myself to study the problem, at length I solved it to my own satisfaction, and my solution is this. Murder, in ordinary cases, where the sympathy is wholly directed to the case of the murdered person, is an incident of coarse and vulgar horror, and for this reason, that it flings the  
30 interest exclusively upon the natural but ignoble instinct, by which we cleave to life, an instinct, which, as being indispensable to the primal law of self-preservation, is the

same in kind, (though different in degree,) amongst all living creatures, this instinct, therefore, because it annihilates all distinctions, and degrades the greatest of men to the level of 'the poor beetle' that we tread on,' exhibits human nature in its most abject and humiliating attitude. Such an attitude would little suit the purposes of the poet. What then must he do? He must throw the interest on the murderer. Our sympathy must be with *him*, (of course I mean a sympathy of comprehension, a sympathy by which we enter into his feelings, and are made to understand them, — not a sympathy<sup>1</sup> of pity or approbation.) In the murdered person, all strife of thought, all flux and reflux of passion and of purpose, are crushed by one overwhelming panic, the fear of instant death smites him 'with its petrific mace'<sup>o</sup>. But in the murderer, such a murderer as a poet will condescend to, there must be raging some great storm of passion, — jealousy, ambition, vengeance, hatred, — which will create a hell within him, and into this hell we are to look.

In *Macbeth*, for the sake of gratifying his own enormous and teeming faculty of creation, Shakespeare has introduced two murderers and, as usual in his hands, they are remarkably discriminated. But, though in *Mac-*

<sup>1</sup> It seems almost ludicrous to guard and explain my use of a word, in a situation where it would naturally explain itself. But it has become necessary to do so, in consequence of the unscholarlike use of the word sympathy, at present so general, by which, instead of taking it in its proper sense, as the act of reproducing in our minds the feelings of another, whether for hatred, indignation, love, pity, or approbation, it is made a mere synonym of the word *pity*, and hence, instead of saying 'sympathy *with* another,' many writers adopt the monstrous barbarism of 'sympathy *for* another.'

both the strife of mind is greater than in his wife, the tiger spirit not so awake, and his feelings caught chiefly by contagion from her, — yet, as both were finally involved in the guilt of murder, the murderous mind of necessity is finally to be presumed in both. This was to be expressed, and on its own account, as well as to make it a more proportionable antagonist to the unoffending nature of their victim, ‘the gracious Duncan,’<sup>o</sup> and adequately to expound ‘the deep damnation’<sup>o</sup> of his taking off,’ this was to be expressed with peculiar energy. We were to be made to feel that the human nature, *i e*, the divine nature of love and mercy, spread through the hearts of all creatures, and seldom utterly withdrawn from man, — was gone, vanished, extinct, and that the fiendish nature had taken its place. And, as this effect is marvellously accomplished in the *dialogues* and *soliloquies* themselves, so it is finally consummated by the expedient under consideration, and it is to this that I now solicit the reader’s attention. If the reader has ever witnessed a wife, daughter, or sister, in a fainting fit, he may chance to have observed that the most affecting moment in such a spectacle, is *that* in which a sigh and a stirring announce the recommencement of suspended life. Or, if the reader has ever been present in a vast metropolis, on the day when some great national idol was carried in funeral pomp to his grave, and chancing to walk near the course through which it passed, has felt powerfully, in the silence and desertion of the streets, and in the stagnation of ordinary business, the deep interest which at that moment was possessing the heart of man, — if all at once he should hear the death-like stillness broken up by the sound of wheels rattling away from the scene, and making known



that the transitory vision was dissolved, he will be aware that at no moment was his sense of the complete suspension and pause in ordinary human concerns so full and affecting, as at that moment when the suspension ceases, and the goings-on of human life are suddenly resumed 5 All action in any direction is best expounded, measured, and made apprehensible, by reaction. Now apply this to the case in *Macbeth*. Here, as I have said, the retiring of the human heart, and the entrance of the fiendish heart, was to be expressed and made sensible. Another 10 world has stepped in, and the murderers are taken out of the region of human things, human purposes, human desires. They are transfigured. Lady Macbeth is 'unsexed'; Macbeth has forgot that he was born of woman, both are conformed to the image of devils, 15 and the world of devils is suddenly revealed. But how shall this be conveyed and made palpable? In order that a new world may step in, this world must for a time disappear. The murderers, and the murder, must be insulated — cut off by an immeasurable gulf from 20 the ordinary tide and succession of human affairs — locked up and sequestered in some deep recess, we must be made sensible that the world of ordinary life is suddenly arrested — laid asleep — tranced — racked into a dread armistice, time must be annihilated, rela- 25 tion to things without abolished, and all must pass self-withdrawn into a deep syncope and suspension of earthly passion. Hence it is, that when the deed is done, when the work of darkness is perfect, then the world of darkness passes away like a pageantry in the clouds, 30 the knocking at the gate is heard, and it makes known audibly that the reaction has commenced, the human

has made its reflux upon the fiendish, the pulses of life are beginning to beat again, and the re-establishment of the goings-on of the world in which we live, first makes us profoundly sensible of the awful parenthesis that had  
5 suspended them

O, mighty poet! Thy works are not as those of other men, simply and merely great works of art, but are also like the phenomena of nature, like the sun and the sea, the stars and the flowers, — like frost and snow, rain and  
10 dew, hail-storm and thunder, which are to be studied with entire submission of our own faculties, and in the perfect faith that in them there can be no too much or too little, nothing useless or inert — but that, the further we press in our discoveries, the more we shall see proofs of  
15 design and self-supporting arrangement where the careless eye had seen nothing but accident!

#### DREAM-FUGUE °

‘Whence the sound  
Of instruments, that made melodious chime,  
Was heard, of harp and organ, and who mov’d  
20 Their stops and chords, was seen, his volant touch  
Instinct through all proportions, low and high,  
Fled and pursued transverse the resonant fugue’  
*Par Lost, B XI*

#### *Tumultuosissimamente °*

PASSION of sudden Death°! that once in youth I read  
25 and interpreted by the shadows of thy averted<sup>1</sup> signs!

<sup>1</sup> ‘Averted signs’ — I read the course and changes of the lady’s agony in the succession of her involuntary gestures, but let it be remembered that I read all this from the rear, never once catching the lady’s full face, and even her profile imperfectly.

—Rapture of panic taking the shape which amongst tombs in churches I have seen, of woman bursting her sepulchral bonds — of woman's Ionic form bending forward from the ruins of her grave with arching foot, with eyes upraised, with clasped adoring hands — waiting, watching, trembling, praying, for the trumpet's call to rise from dust for ever! — Ah, vision too fearful of shuddering humanity on the brink of abysses! vision that didst start back — that didst reel away — like a shrivelling scroll from before the wrath of fire racing on the wings of the wind! Epilepsy so brief of horror — wherefore is it that thou canst not die? Passing so suddenly into darkness, wherefore is it that still thou sheddest thy sad funeral blights upon the gorgeous mosaics of dreams? Fragment of music too stern, heard once and heard no more, what aileth thee that thy deep rolling chords come up at intervals through all the worlds of sleep, and after thirty years have lost no element of horror?

## 1

Lo, it is summer, almighty summer! The everlasting gates of life and summer are thrown open wide, and on the ocean, tranquil and verdant as a savanna, the unknown lady from the dreadful vision and I myself are floating she upon a fairy pinnace, and I upon an English three-decker. But both of us are wooing gales of festal happiness within the domain of our common country — within that ancient watery park — within that pathless chase where England takes her pleasure as a huntress through winter and summer, and which stretches from the rising to the setting sun. Ah! what a wilderness of floral beauty

was hidden, or was suddenly revealed, upon the tropic islands, through which the pinnace moved And upon her deck what a bevy of human flowers — young women how lovely, young men how noble, that were dancing  
5 together, and slowly drifting towards *us* amidst music and incense, amidst blossoms from forests and gorgeous corymbi° from vintages, amidst natural carolling and the echoes of sweet girlish laughter Slowly the pinnace nears us, gaily she hails us, and slowly she disappears beneath  
10 the shadow of our mighty bows But then, as at some signal from heaven, the music and the carols, and the sweet echoing of girlish laughter — all are hushed What evil has smitten the pinnace, meeting or overtaking her? Did ruin to our friends couch within our own dreadful  
15 shadow? Was our shadow the shadow of death? I looked over the bow for an answer, and, behold! the pinnace was dismantled, the revel and the revellers were found no more, the glory of the vintage was dust, and the forest was left without a witness to its beauty upon  
20 the seas 'But where,' and I turned to our own crew — 'where are the lovely women that danced beneath the awning of flowers and clustering corymbi? Whither have fled the noble young men that danced with *them*?' Answer there was none But suddenly the man at the mast-  
25 head, whose countenance darkened with alarm, cried out — 'Sail on the weather beam! Down she comes upon us in seventy seconds she will founder'

## 2

I looked to the weather side, and the summer had departed. The sea was rocking, and shaken with gather-

ing wrath Upon its surface sate mighty mists, which grouped themselves into arches and long cathedral aisles Down one of these, with the fiery pace of a quarrel from a cross-bow,<sup>o</sup> ran a frigate right athwart our course 'Are they mad?' some voice exclaimed from our deck 'Are they blind? Do they woo their ruin?' But in a moment, as she was close upon us, some impulse of a heady current or sudden vortex gave a wheeling bias to her course, and off she forged without a shock As she ran past us, high aloft amongst the shrouds stood the lady of the pinnace <sup>10</sup> The deeps opened ahead in malice to receive her, towering surges of foam ran after her, the billows were fierce to catch her But far away she was borne into desert spaces of the sea whilst still by sight I followed her, as she ran before the howling gale, chased by angry sea- <sup>15</sup> birds and by maddening billows still I saw her, as at the moment when she ran past us, amongst the shrouds, with her white draperies streaming before the wind There she stood with hair dishevelled, one hand clutched amongst the tackling — rising, sinking, fluttering, trembling, pray- <sup>20</sup> ing — there for leagues I saw her as she stood, raising at intervals one hand to heaven, amidst the fiery crests of the pursuing waves and the raving of the storm, until at last, upon a sound from afar of malicious laughter and mockery, all was hidden for ever in driving showers, <sup>25</sup> and afterwards, but when I know not, and how I know not.

## 3

Sweet funeral bells from some incalculable distance, wailing over the dead that die before the dawn, awakened me as I slept in a boat moored to some familiar

shore The morning twilight even then was breaking, and, by the dusky revelations which it spread, I saw a girl adorned with a garland of white roses about her head for some great festival, running along the solitary strand with  
5 extremity of haste Her running was the running of panic, and often she looked back as to some dreadful enemy in the rear But when I leaped ashore, and followed on her steps to warn her of a peril in front, alas! from me she fled as from another peril, and vainly I  
10 shouted to her of quicksands that lay ahead Faster and faster she ran, round a promontory of rocks she wheeled out of sight, in an instant I also wheeled round it, but only to see the treacherous sands gathering above her head Already her person was buried, only the fair young head  
15 and the diadem of white roses around it were still visible to the pitying heavens, and, last of all, was visible one marble arm I saw by the early twilight this fair young head, as it was sinking down to darkness — saw this marble arm, as it rose above her head and her treacherous  
20 grave, tossing, faltering, rising, clutching as at some false deceiving hand stretched out from the clouds — saw this marble arm uttering her dying hope, and then her dying despair The head, the diadem, the arm, — these all had sunk, at last over these also the cruel quicksand  
25 had closed, and no memorial of the fair young girl remained on earth, except my own solitary tears, and the funeral bells from the desert seas, that, rising again more softly, sang a requiem over the grave of the buried child, and over her blighted dawn  
30 I sate, and wept in secret the tears that men have ever given to the memory of those that died before the dawn, and by the treachery of earth, our mother But the tears

and funeral bells were hushed suddenly by a shout as of many nations, and by a roar as from some great king's artillery advancing rapidly along the valleys, and heard afar by its echoes among the mountains 'Hush!' I said, as I bent my ear earthwards to listen — 'hush! — this, either is the very anarchy of strife, or else' — and then I listened more profoundly, and said as I raised my head — 'or else, oh heavens! it is *victory* that swallows up all strife'

## 4

Immediately, in trance, I was carried over land and 10 sea to some distant kingdom, and placed upon a triumphal car, amongst companions crowned with laurel. The darkness of gathering midnight, brooding over all the land, hid from us the mighty crowds that were weaving restlessly about our carriage as a centre — we heard 15 them, but we saw them not. Tidings had arrived, within an hour, of a grandeur that measured itself against centuries, too full of pathos they were, too full of joy that acknowledged no fountain but God, to utter themselves by other language than by tears, by restless anthems, by 20 reverberations rising from every choir, of the *Gloria in Excelsis* °. These tidings we that sate upon the laurelled car had it for our privilege to publish amongst all nations. And already, by signs audible through the darkness, by snortings and tramlings, our angry horses, that knew no 25 fear of fleshly weakness, upbraided us with delay. Wherefore *was* it that we delayed? We waited for a secret word, that should bear witness to the hope of nations, as now accomplished for ever. At midnight the secret word arrived, which word was — Waterloo and Recovered 30

Christendom! The dreadful word shone by its own light; before us it went, high above our leaders' heads it rode and spread a golden light over the paths which we traversed. Every city, at the presence of the secret word, threw open its gates to receive us. The rivers were silent as we crossed. All the infinite forests, as we ran along their margins, shivered in homage to the secret word. And the darkness comprehended it °

Two hours after midnight we reached a mighty minster. Its gates, which rose to the clouds, were closed. But when the dreadful word, that rode before us, reached them with its golden light, silently they moved back upon their hinges, and at a flying gallop our equipage entered the grand aisle of the cathedral. Headlong was our pace, and at every altar, in the little chapels and oratories to the right hand and left of our course, the lamps, dying or sickening, kindled anew in sympathy with the secret word that was flying past. Forty leagues we might have run in the cathedral, and as yet no strength of morning light had reached us, when we saw before us the aerial galleries of the organ and the choir. Every pinnacle of the fretwork, every station of advantage amongst the traceries, was crested by white-robed choristers, that sang deliverance, that wept no more tears, as once their fathers had wept, but at intervals that sang together to the generations, saying —

‘Chaunt the deliverer’s praise in every tongue,’

and receiving answers from afar,

—— ‘such as once in heaven and earth were sung’

And of their chaunting was no end; of our headlong pace was neither pause nor remission.



Thus, as we ran like torrents — thus, as we swept with bridal rapture over the Campo Santo<sup>1</sup> of the cathedral graves — suddenly we became aware of a vast necropolis<sup>o</sup> rising upon the far-off horizon — a city of sepulchres, built within the saintly cathedral for the 5 warrior dead that rested from their feuds on earth. Of purple granite was the necropolis, yet, in the first minute, it lay like a purple stain upon the horizon — so mighty was the distance. In the second minute it trembled through many changes, growing into terraces and towers 10 of wondrous altitude, so mighty was the pace. In the third minute already, with our dreadful gallop, we were entering its suburbs. Vast sarcophagi rose on every side, having towers and turrets that, upon the limits of the central aisle, strode forward with haughty intrusion, that 15 ran back with mighty shadows into answering recesses. Every sarcophagus showed many bas-reliefs, — bas-reliefs of battles — bas-reliefs of battle-fields, of battles from forgotten ages — of battles from yesterday — of battle-fields that, long since, nature had healed and recon- 20

<sup>1</sup> '*Campo Santo*' — It is probable that most of my readers will be acquainted with the history of the Campo Santo at Pisa — composed of earth brought from Jerusalem for a bed of sanctity, as the highest prize which the noble piety of crusaders could ask or imagine. There is another Campo Santo at Naples, formed, however, (I presume,) on the example given by Pisa. Possibly the idea may have been more extensively copied. To readers who are unacquainted with England, or who (being English) are yet unacquainted with the cathedral cities of England, it may be right to mention that the graves within-side the cathedrals often form a flat pavement over which carriages and horses might roll, and perhaps a boyish remembrance of one particular cathedral, across which I had seen passengers walk and burdens carried, may have assisted my dream.

ciled to herself with the sweet oblivion of flowers — of battle-fields that were yet angry and crimson with carnage. Where the terraces ran, there did *we* run, where the towers curved, there did *we* curve. With the flight of swallows  
5 our horses swept round every angle. Like rivers in flood, wheeling round headlands, like hurricanes that ride into the secrets of forests, faster than ever light unwove the mazes of darkness, our flying equipage carried earthly passions — kindled warrior instincts — amongst the dust  
10 that lay around us, dust oftentimes of our noble fathers that had slept in God from Créci° to Trafalgar°. And now had we reached the last sarcophagus, now were we abreast of the last bas-relief, already had we recovered the arrow-like flight of the illimitable central aisle, when  
15 coming up this aisle to meet us we beheld a female infant that rode in a carriage as frail as flowers. The mists, which went before her, hid the fawns that drew her, but could not hide the shells and tropic flowers with which she played — but could not hide the lovely smiles by which  
20 she uttered her trust in the mighty cathedral, and in the cherubim that looked down upon her from the topmost shafts of its pillars. Face to face she was meeting us, face to face she rode, as if danger there were none. ‘Oh, baby!’ I exclaimed, ‘shalt thou be the ransom for Water-  
25 loo? Must we, that carry tidings of great joy to every people, be messengers of ruin to thee?’ In horror I rose at the thought, but then also, in horror at the thought, rose one that was sculptured on the bas-relief — a Dying Trumpeter. Solemnly from the field of battle he rose to  
30 his feet; and, unslinging his stony trumpet, carried it, in his dying anguish, to his stony lips — sounding once, and yet once again, proclamation that, in *thy* ears, oh

baby ! must have spoken from the battlements of death  
Immediately deep shadows fell between us, and aboriginal  
silence The choir had ceased to sing The hoofs of our  
horses, the rattling of our harness, alarmed the graves no  
more By horror the bas-relief had been unlocked into 5  
life By horror we, that were so full of life, we men and  
our horses, with their fiery fore-legs rising in mid air to  
their everlasting gallop, were frozen to a bas-relief  
Then a third time the trumpet sounded, the seals were  
taken off all pulses, life, and the frenzy of life, tore into 10  
their channels again, again the choir burst forth in sunny  
grandeur, as from the muffling of storms and darkness;  
again the thunderings of our horses carried temptation  
into the graves One cry burst from our lips as the clouds,  
drawing off from the aisle, showed it empty before us — 15  
‘Whither has the infant fled? — is the young child caught  
up to God?’ Lo ! afar off, in a vast recess, rose three  
mighty windows to the clouds and on a level with their  
summits, at height insuperable to man, rose an altar of  
purest alabaster On its eastern face was trembling a 20  
crimson glory Whence came *that*? Was it from the  
reddening dawn that now streamed *through* the windows?  
Was it from the crimson robes of the martyrs that were  
painted *on* the windows? Was it from the bloody bas-  
reliefs of earth? Whencesoever it were — there, within 25  
that crimson radiance, suddenly appeared a female head,  
and then a female figure It was the child — now grown  
up to woman’s height Clinging to the horns of the  
altar, there she stood — sinking, rising, trembling, faint-  
ing, — raving, despairing, and behind the volume of 30  
incense that, night and day, streamed upwards from the  
altar, was seen the fiery font, and dimly was descried the

outline of the dreadful being that should baptize her with the baptism of death. But by her side was kneeling her better angel, that hid his face with wings, that wept and pleaded for *her*, that prayed when *she* could *not*, that  
5 fought with heaven by tears for *her* deliverance, which also, as he raised his immortal countenance from his wings, I saw, by the glory in his eye, that he had won at last

## 5

Then rose the agitation, spreading through the infinite cathedral, to its agony, then was completed the  
10 passion of the mighty fugue. The golden tubes of the organ, which as yet had but sobbed and muttered at intervals — gleaming amongst clouds and surges of incense — threw up, as from fountains unfathomable,  
15 columns of heart-shattering music. Choir and antichoir were filling fast with unknown voices. Thou also, Dying Trumpeter! — with thy love that was victorious, and thy anguish that was finishing, didst enter the tumult trumpet and echo — farewell love, and farewell anguish  
20 — rang through the dreadful *sanctus*. We, that spread flight before us, heard the tumult, as of flight, mustering behind us. In fear we looked round for the unknown steps that, in flight or in pursuit, were gathering upon our own. Who were these that followed? The faces,  
25 which no man could count — whence were *they*? ‘Oh, darkness of the grave!’ I exclaimed, ‘that from the crimson altar and from the fiery font wert visited with secret light — that wert searched by the effulgence in the angel’s eye — were these indeed thy children? Poms  
30 of life, that, from the burials of centuries, rose again to

the voice of perfect joy, could it be *ye* that had wrapped me in the reflux of panic?' What ailed me, that I should fear when the triumphs of earth were advancing? Ah! Pariah<sup>o</sup> heart within me, that couldst never hear the sound of joy without sullen whispers of treachery in ambush, <sup>5</sup> that, from six years old, didst never hear the promise of perfect love, without seeing aloft amongst the stars fingers as of a man's hand, writing the secret legend — '*Ashes to ashes, dust to dust*' — wherefore shouldst *thou* not fear, though all men should rejoice? Lo! as I looked back for <sup>10</sup> seventy leagues through the mighty cathedral, and saw the quick and the dead that sang together to God, together that sang to the generations of man — ah! raving, as of torrents that opened on every side trepidation, as of female and infant steps that fled — ah! rushing, as of <sup>15</sup> wings that chase! But I heard a voice from heaven, which said — 'Let there be no reflux of panic — let there be no more fear, and no more sudden death! Cover them with joy as the tides cover the shore!' *That* heard the children of the choir, *that* heard the children of the grave <sup>20</sup> All the hosts of jubilation made ready to move Like armies that ride in pursuit, they moved with one step Us, that, with laurelled heads were passing from the cathedral through its eastern gates, they overtook, and, as with a garment, they wrapped us round with thunders <sup>25</sup> that overpowered our own As brothers we moved together, to the skies we rose — to the dawn that advanced — to the stars that fled, rendering thanks to God in the highest — that, having hid his face through one generation behind thick clouds of War, once again was ascending — <sup>30</sup> was ascending from Waterloo — in the visions of Peace rendering thanks for thee, young girl! whom having over-

shadowed with his ineffable passion of death — suddenly did God relent, suffered thy angel to turn aside his arm, and even in thee, sister unknown ! shown to me for a moment only to be hidden for ever, found an occasion to glorify his goodness A thousand times, amongst the phantoms of sleep, has he shown thee to me, standing before the golden dawn, and ready to enter its gates — with the dreadful word going before thee — with the armies of the grave behind thee, shown thee to me, sinking, rising, fluttering, fainting, but then suddenly reconciled, adoring a thousand times has he followed thee in the worlds of sleep — through storms, through desert seas, through the darkness of quicksands, through fugues and the persecution of fugues, through dreams, and the dreadful resurrections that are in dreams — only that at the last, with one motion of his victorious arm, he might record and emblazon the endless resurrections of his love !

#### A HAPPY HOME

I HAVE said already that, on a subject so important to us all as happiness, we should listen with pleasure to any man's experience or experiments, even though he were but a ploughboy, who cannot be supposed to have ploughed very deep in such an intractable soil as that of human pains and pleasures, or to have conducted his researches upon any very enlightened principles But I, who have taken happiness, both in a solid and a liquid shape, both boiled and unboiled, both East Indian and Turkish — who have conducted my experiments upon this interesting subject with a sort of galvanic battery, and have, for the general benefit of the world, inoculated myself, as it were,

with the poison of eight thousand drops of laudanum per day (and for the same reason as a French surgeon inoculated himself lately with a cancer, an English one, twenty years ago, with plague, and a third, who was also English, with hydrophobia), I, it will be admitted, must surely now know what happiness is, if anybody does. And therefore I will here lay down an analysis of happiness, and, as the most interesting mode of communicating it, I will give it, not didactically, but wrapped up and involved in a picture of one evening, as I spent every evening during the intercalary year,<sup>o</sup> when laudanum, though taken daily, was to me no more than the elixir of pleasure.

Let there be a cottage, standing in a valley<sup>o</sup>, eighteen miles from any town, no spacious valley, but about two miles long by three-quarters-of-a-mile in average width, — the benefit of which provision is, that all the families resident within its circuit will compose, as it were, one larger household, personally familiar to your eye, and more or less interesting to your affections. Let the mountains be real mountains, between three and four thousand feet high, and the cottage a real cottage, not (as a witty author has it) 'a cottage with a double coach-house', let it be, in fact (for I must abide by the actual scene), a white cottage, embowered with flowering shrubs, so chosen as to unfold a succession of flowers upon the walls and clustering around the windows, through all the months of spring, summer, and autumn, beginning, in fact, with May roses, and ending with jasmine. Let it, however, *not* be spring, nor summer, nor autumn, but winter, in its sternest shape. This is a most important point in the science of happiness. And I am surprised to see people overlook it, as if it were actually matter of

congratulation that winter is going, or, if coming, is not likely to be a severe one. On the contrary, I put up a petition, annually, for as much snow, hail, frost, or storm of one kind or other, as the skies can possibly afford. Surely everybody is aware of the divine pleasures which attend a winter fireside — candles at four o'clock, warm hearth-rugs, tea, a fair tea-maker, shutters closed, curtains flowing in ample draperies on the floor, whilst the wind and rain are raging audibly without,

10       And at the doors and windows seem to call,  
           As heaven and earth they would together mell,  
           Yet the least entrance find they none at all,  
           Whence sweeter grows our rest secure in massy hall  
                                           *Castle of Indolence* °

15   All these are items in the description of a winter evening which must surely be familiar to everybody born in a high latitude. And it is evident that most of these delicacies cannot be ripened, without weather stormy or inclement in some way or other. I am not '*particular*' whether  
 20 it be snow, or black frost, or wind so strong that (as Mr Anti-slavery Clarkson° says) 'you may lean your back against it like a post'. I can put up even with rain, provided that it rains cats and dogs, or, as sailors say, 'great guns and marlinespikes', but something of the sort  
 25 I must have, and if I have it not, I think myself in a manner ill-used, for why am I called on to pay so heavily for winter in coals, candles, etc., if I am not to have the article good of its kind! No: a Canadian winter for my money, or a Russian one, where every man is but a co-proprietor  
 30 with the north wind in the fee-simple of his own ears. Indeed, so great an epicure am I in this matter that I



cannot relish a winter night fully, if it be much past St Thomas's Day,<sup>o</sup> and have degenerated into disgusting tendencies towards vernal indications in fact, it must be divided by a thick wall of black nights from all return of light and sunshine Start, therefore, at the first week 5 of November thence to the end of January, Christmas Eve being the meridian line, you may compute the period when happiness is in season, which in my judgment, enters the room with the tea-tray For tea, though ridiculed by those who are naturally coarse in their nervous 10 sensibilities, or are become so from wine-drinking, and are not susceptible of influence from so refined a stimulant, will always be the favorite beverage of the intellectual, and, for my part, I would have joined Dr Johnson in a *bellum internecinum*<sup>o</sup> against Jonas Hanway<sup>o</sup>, or any other 15 impious person who should have presumed to disparage it But here, to save myself the trouble of too much verbal description, I will introduce a painter, and give him directions for the rest of the picture Painters do not like white cottages, unless a good deal weather-stained, 20 but, as the reader now understands that it is a winter night, his services will not be required except for the *inside* of the house

Paint me, then, a room seventeen feet by twelve, and not more than seven and a half feet high This, reader, is 25 somewhat ambitiously styled, in my family, the drawing room, but, being contrived, 'a double debt to pay,' it is also, and more justly, termed the library, for it happens that books are the only article of property in which I am richer than my neighbors. Of these I have about five 30 thousand, collected gradually since my eighteenth year Therefore, painter, put as many as you can into this room.

Make it populous with books, and, furthermore, paint me a good fire, and furniture plain and modest, befitting the unpretending cottage of a scholar And near the fire paint me a tea-table, and (as it is clear that no creature can  
5 come to see one on such a stormy night) place only two cups and saucers on the tea-tray, and, if you know how to paint such a thing, symbolically or otherwise, paint me an eternal tea-pot — eternal *a parte ante*,<sup>o</sup> and *a parte post*, for I usually drink tea from eight o'clock at  
10 night to four in the morning And, as it is very unpleasant to make tea, or to pour it out for one's self, paint me a lovely young woman sitting at the table Paint her arms like Aurora's and her smiles like Hebe's, but no, dear M ——<sup>o</sup>! not even in jest let me insinuate that thy  
15 power to illuminate my cottage rests upon a tenure so perishable as mere personal beauty, or that the witchcraft of angelic smiles lies within the empire of any earthly pencil Pass, then, my good painter, to something more within its power, and the next article brought forward  
20 should naturally be myself — a picture of the Opium-eater, with his 'little golden receptacle of the pernicious drug' lying beside him on the table As to the opium, I have no objection to see a picture of *that*; you may paint it, if you choose, but I apprise you that no 'little'  
25 receptacle would, even in 1816, answer *my* purpose, who was at a distance from the 'stately Pantheon'<sup>o</sup> and all druggists (mortal or otherwise) No you may as well paint the real receptacle, which was not of gold, but of glass, and as much like a sublunary wine-decanter as  
30 possible. In fact, one day, by a series of happily-conceived experiments, I discovered that it *was* a decanter Into this you may put a quart of ruby-colored laudanum,

that, and a book of German metaphysics placed by its side, will sufficiently attest my being in the neighborhood, but, as to myself, there I demur. I admit that, naturally, I ought to occupy the foreground of the picture, that, being the hero of the piece, or (if you choose) the criminal at the bar, my body should be had into court. This seems reasonable, but why should I confess on this point to a painter? or why confess it at all? If the public (into whose private ear I am confidentially whispering my Confessions, and not into any painter's) should chance to have framed some agreeable picture for itself of the Opium-eater's exterior — should have ascribed to him, romantically, an elegant person or a handsome face — why should I barbarously tear from it so pleasing a delusion? — pleasing both to the public and to me. No, paint me, if at all, according to your own fancy, and since a painter's fancy should teem with beautiful creations, I cannot fail, in that way, to be a gainer. And now, reader, we have run through all the ten categories of my condition, as it stood about 1816–17, up to the middle of which latter year I judge myself to have been a happy man, and the elements of that happiness I have endeavored to place before you, in the above sketch of the interior of a scholar's library, in a cottage among the mountains, on a stormy winter evening, rain driving vindictively and with malice aforethought against the windows, and darkness such that you cannot see your own hand when held up against the sky.

## WILLIAM HAZLITT

### ON GOING A JOURNEY

ONE of the pleasantest things in the world is going a journey, but I like to go by myself I can enjoy society in a room, but out of doors, nature is company enough for me I am then never less alone than when alone

5            "The fields his study, nature was his book " °

I cannot see the wit of walking and talking at the same time When I am in the country, I wish to vegetate like the country I am not for criticising hedge-rows and black cattle I go out of town in order to forget the town  
10 and all that is in it There are those who for this purpose go to watering-places, and carry the metropolis with them I like more elbow-room, and fewer incumbrances I like solitude, when I give myself up to it, for the sake of solitude, nor do I ask for

15                            "—— a friend in my retreat,  
Whom I may whisper, solitude is sweet " °

The soul of a journey is liberty, perfect liberty, to think, feel, do, just as one pleases We go a journey chiefly to be free of all impediments and of all inconveniences, to

leave ourselves behind, much more to get rid of others  
It is because I want a little breathing-space to muse on  
indifferent matters, where Contemplation

“May plume her feathers and let grow her wings,  
That in the various bustle of resort  
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair’d,” ° 5

that I absent myself from the town for a while, without  
feeling at a loss the moment I am left by myself Instead  
of a friend in a post-chaise or in a Tilbury, to exchange  
good things with and vary the same stale topics over 10  
again, for once let me have a truce with impertinence  
Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green  
turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a  
three hours' march to dinner — and then to thinking!  
It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths 15  
I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy From the point of  
yonder rolling cloud, I plunge into my past being, and  
revel there, as the sun-burnt Indian plunges headlong  
into the wave that wafts him to his native shore Then  
long-forgotten things, like “sunken wrack and sumless 20  
treasures,” ° burst upon my eager sight, and I begin to  
feel, think, and be myself again Instead of an awkward  
silence, broken by attempts at wit or dull commonplaces,  
mine is that undisturbed silence of the heart which alone  
is perfect eloquence No one likes puns, alliterations, 25  
antitheses, argument, and analysis better than I do, but I  
sometimes had rather be without them “Leave, oh,  
leave me to my repose!” ° I have just now other business  
in hand, which would seem idle to you, but is with me  
“very stuff o’ the conscience” ° Is not this wild rose 30  
sweet without a comment? Does not this daisy leap to

my heart set in its coat of emerald? Yet if I were to explain to you the circumstance that has so endeared it to me, you would only smile. Had I not better then keep it to myself, and let it serve me to brood over, from  
5 here to yonder craggy point, and from thence onward to the far-distant horizon? I should be but bad company all that way, and therefore prefer being alone. I have heard it said that you may, when the moody fit comes on, walk or ride on by yourself, and indulge your reveries  
10 But this looks like a breach of manners, a neglect of others, and you are thinking all the time that you ought to rejoin your party. "Out upon such half-faced fellowship," say I. I like to be either entirely to myself, or entirely at the disposal of others, to talk or be silent, to walk or  
15 sit still, to be sociable or solitary. I was pleased with an observation of Mr Cobbett's,<sup>o</sup> that "he thought it a bad French custom to drink our wine with our meals, and that an Englishman ought to do only one thing at a time." So I cannot talk and think, or indulge in melancholy  
20 musing and lively conversation by fits and starts. "Let me have a companion of my way," says Sterne,<sup>o</sup> "were it but to remark how the shadows lengthen as the sun declines." It is beautifully said, but in my opinion, this continual comparing of notes interferes with the involun-  
25 tary impression of things upon the mind, and hurts the sentiment. If you only hint what you feel in a kind of dumb show, it is insipid. If you have to explain it, it is making a toil of a pleasure. You cannot read the book of nature without being perpetually put to the trouble of  
30 translating it for the benefit of others. I am for this synthetical method on a journey in preference to the analytical. I am content to lay in a stock of ideas then,

and to examine and anatomize them afterwards I want to see my vague notions float like the down of the thistle before the breeze, and not to have them entangled in the briars and thorns of controversy For once, I like to have it all my own way, and this is impossible unless you are 5 alone, or in such company as I do not covet I have no objection to argue a point with any one for twenty miles of measured road, but not for pleasure If you remark the scent of a bean-field crossing the road, perhaps your fellow-traveller has no smell If you point to a distant 10 object, perhaps he is short-sighted, and has to take out his glass to look at it There is a feeling in the air, a tone in the color of a cloud which hits your fancy, but the effect of which you are unable to account for There is then no sympathy, but an uneasy craving after it, and a 15 dissatisfaction which pursues you on the way, and in the end probably produces ill-humor Now, I never quarrel with myself, and take all my own conclusions for granted till I find it necessary to defend them against objections It is not merely that you may not be of accord on the 20 objects and circumstances that present themselves before you — these may recall a number of objects, and lead to associations too delicate and refined to be possibly communicated to others Yet these I love to cherish, and sometimes still fondly clutch them, when I can escape 25 from the throng to do so To give way to our feelings before company seems extravagance or affectation, and, on the other hand, to have to unravel this mystery of our being at every turn, and to make others take an equal interest in it (otherwise the end is not answered), is a task 30 to which few are competent We must “give it an understanding, but no tongue.”” My old friend Coleridge,

however, could do both. He could go on in the most delightful explanatory way over hill and dale a summer's day, and convert a landscape into a didactic poem or a Pindaric ode. "He talked far above singing"<sup>o</sup>. If I could so clothe my ideas in sounding and flowing words, I might perhaps wish to have some one with me to admire the swelling theme, or I could be more content, were it possible for me still to hear his echoing voice in the woods of All-Foxden. They had "that fine madness in them" which our first poets had," and if they could have been caught by some rare instrument, would have breathed such strains as the following —

"— Here be woods as green  
 As any, air likewise as fresh and sweet  
 As when smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet  
 Face of the curled streams, with flow'rs as many  
 As the young spring gives, and as choice as any,  
 Here be all new delights, cool streams and wells,  
 Arbors o'ergrown with woodbines, caves and dells,  
 Choose where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and sing,  
 Or gather rushes, to make many a ring  
 For thy long fingers, tell thee tales of love,  
 How the pale Phoebe, hunting in a grove,  
 First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes  
 She took eternal fire that never dies,  
 How she conveyed him softly in a sleep,  
 His temples bound with poppy, to the steep  
 Head of old Latmos, where she stoops each night,  
 Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,  
 To kiss her sweetest " °

Had I words and images at command like these, I would attempt to wake the thoughts that lie slumbering on golden ridges in the evening clouds but at the sight of nature my fancy, poor as it is, droops and closes up its leaves, like



flowers at sunset I can make nothing out on the spot — I must have time to collect myself

In general, a good thing spoils out-of-door prospects it should be reserved for Table-talk Lamb is for this reason, I take it, the worst company in the world out of 5 doors, because he is the best within I grant there is one subject on which it is pleasant to talk on a journey, and that is, what one shall have for supper when we get to our inn at night The open air improves this sort of conversation or friendly altercation, by setting a keener edge on 10 appetite Every mile of the road heightens the flavor of the viands we expect at the end of it How fine it is to enter some old town, walled and turreted, just at approach of nightfall, or to come to some straggling village, with the lights streaming through the surrounding gloom, and then, 15 after inquiring for the best entertainment that the place affords, to "take one's ease at one's inn!" ° These eventful moments in our lives' history are too precious, too full of solid, heartfelt happiness to be frittered and dribbled away in imperfect sympathy I would have them all to 20 myself, and drain them to the last drop they will do to talk of or to write about afterwards What a delicate speculation it is, after drinking whole goblets of tea,

"The cups that cheer, but not inebriate," °

and letting the fumes ascend into the brain, to sit con- 25 sidering what we shall have for supper — eggs and a rasher, a rabbit smothered in onions, or an excellent veal cutlet! Sancho° in such a situation once fixed on cow-heel, and his choice, though he could not help it, is not to be disparaged Then, in the intervals of pictured scenery and 30 Shandean° contemplation, to catch the preparation and

the stir in the kitchen *Procul, O procul este profani!*  
("Avaunt! avaunt! ye unhallowed") These hours are  
sacred to silence and to musing, to be treasured up in the  
memory, and to feed the source of smiling thoughts here-  
5 after I would not waste them in idle talk, or if I must  
have the integrity of fancy broken in upon, I would rather  
it were by a stranger than a friend. A stranger takes his  
hue and character from the time and place, he is a part of  
the furniture and costume of an inn. If he is a Quaker, or  
10 from the West Riding of Yorkshire, so much the better.  
I do not even try to sympathise with him, and he breaks  
no squares. I associate nothing with my travelling com-  
panion but present objects and passing events. In his  
ignorance of me and my affairs, I in a manner forgot  
15 myself. But a friend reminds one of other things, rips  
up old grievances, and destroys the abstraction of the  
scene. He comes in ungraciously between us and our  
imaginary character. Something is dropped in the course  
of conversation that gives a hint of your profession and  
20 pursuits, or from having someone with you that knows  
the less sublime portions of your history, it seems that  
other people do. You are no longer a citizen of the  
world, but your "unhoused free condition is put into  
circumspection and confine"<sup>o</sup>. The *incognito* of an inn  
25 is one of its striking privileges—"lord of one's self,  
uncumbered with a name." Oh! it is great to shake off  
the trammels of the world and of public opinion—to  
lose our importunate, tormenting, everlasting personal  
identity in the elements of nature, and become the creature  
30 of the moment, clear of all ties—to hold to the universe  
only by a dish of sweetbreads, and to owe nothing but  
the score of the evening—and no longer seeking for

applause and meeting with contempt, to be known by no other title than *the Gentleman in the parlor*! One may take one's choice of all characters in this romantic state of uncertainty as to one's real pretensions, and become indefinitely respectable and negatively right-worshipful. We baffle prejudice and disappoint conjecture, and from being so to others, begin to be objects of curiosity and wonder even to ourselves. We are no more those hackneyed common-places that we appear in the world, an inn restores us to the level of nature, and quits scores with society! I have certainly spent some enviable hours at inns — sometimes when I have been left entirely to myself, and have tried to solve some metaphysical problem, as once at Witham Common, where I found out the proof that likeness is not a case of the association of ideas — at other times, when there have been pictures in the room, as at St Neot's (I think it was), where I first met with Gribelin's engravings of the Cartoons, into which I entered at once, and at a little inn on the borders of Wales, where there happened to be hanging some of Westall's drawings, which I compared triumphantly (for a theory that I had, not for the admired artist) with the figure of a girl who had ferried me over the Severn, standing up in a boat between me and the twilight — at other times I might mention luxuriating in books, with a peculiar interest in this way, as I remember sitting up half the night to read *Paul and Virginia*, which I picked up at an inn at Bridgewater, after being drenched in the rain all day, and at the same place I got through two volumes of Madame d'Arblay's *Camilla*. It was on the 10th of April 1798 that I sat down to a volume of the *New Elise*, at the inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken. The letter

I chose was that in which St Preux describes his feelings as he first caught a glimpse from the heights of the Jura of the Pays de Vaud, which I had brought with me as a *bon bouche*° to crown the evening with. It was my birthday, and I had for the first time come from a place in the neighborhood to visit this delightful spot. The road to Llangollen turns off between Chirk and Wrexham, and on passing a certain point, you come all at once upon the valley, which opens like an amphitheatre, broad, barren hills rising in majestic state on either side, with "green upland swells that echo to the bleat of flocks" below, and the river Dee babbling over its stony bed in the midst of them. The valley at this time "glittered green with sunny showers," and a budding ash-tree dipped its tender branches in the chiding stream. How proud, how glad I was to walk along the high road that overlooks the delicious prospect, repeating the lines which I have just quoted from Mr Coleridge's poems! But besides the prospect which opened beneath my feet, another also opened to my inward sight, a heavenly vision, on which were written, in letters large as Hope could make them, these four words, LIBERTY, GENIUS, LOVE, VIRTUE, which have since faded into the light of common day, or mock my idle gaze.

"The beautiful is vanished, and returns not" °

Still I would return some time or other to this enchanted spot, but I would return to it alone. What other self could I find to share that influx of thoughts, of regret, and delight, the fragments of which I could hardly conjure up to myself, so much have they been broken and defaced. I could stand on some tall rock, and overlook the precipice of years that separates me from what I then was. I was

at that time going shortly to visit the poet whom I have above named Where is he now? Not only I myself have changed, the world, which was then new to me, has become old and incorrigible Yet will I turn to thee in thought, O sylvan Dee, in joy, in youth and gladness as thou then wert, and thou shalt always be to me the river of Paradise, where I will drink of the waters of life freely!

There is hardly anything that shows the short-sightedness or capriciousness of the imagination more than travelling does With change of place we change our ideas, nay, our opinions and feelings We can by an effort indeed transport ourselves to old and long-forgotten scenes, and then the picture of the mind revives again, but we forget those that we have just left It seems that we can think but of one place at a time The canvas of the fancy is but of a certain extent, and if we paint one set of objects upon it, they immediately efface every other We cannot enlarge our conceptions, we only shift our point of view The landscape bares its bosom to the enraptured eye, we take our fill of it, and seem as if we could form no other image of beauty or grandeur We pass on, and think no more of it, the horizon that shuts it from our sight also blots it from our memory like a dream In travelling through a wild, barren country, I can form no idea of a woody and cultivated one It appears to me that all the world must be barren, like what I see of it In the country we forget the town, and in town we despise the country "Beyond Hyde Park," says Sir Fopling Flutter, "all is a desert" All that part of the map that we do not see before us is blank. The world in our conceit of it is not much bigger than a nutshell It is not one prospect expanded into another, county joined to county,

kingdom to kingdom, land to seas, making an image voluminous and vast, — the mind can form no larger idea of space than the eye can take in at a single glance. The rest is a name written in a map, a calculation of arithmetic.

5 For instance, what is the true signification of that immense mass of territory and population, known by the name of China to us? An inch of pasteboard on a wooden globe, of no more account than a China orange! Things near us are seen of the size of life; things at a distance are

10 diminished to the size of the understanding. We measure the universe by ourselves and even comprehend the texture of our own being only piecemeal. In this way, however, we remember an infinity of things and places. The mind is like a mechanical instrument that plays a great

15 variety of tunes, but it must play them in succession. One idea recalls another, but it at the same time excludes all others. In trying to renew old recollections, we cannot as it were unfold the whole web of our existence; we must pick out the single threads. So in coming to a place

20 where we have formerly lived, and with which we have intimate associations, every one must have found that the feeling grows more vivid the nearer we approach the spot, from the mere anticipation of the actual impression. We remember circumstances, feelings, persons, faces, names

25 that we had not thought of for years, but for the time all the rest of the world is forgotten! — To return to the question I have quitted above —

I have no objection to go to see ruins, aqueducts, pictures, in company with a friend or a party, but rather the

30 contrary, for the former reason reversed. They are intelligible matters, and will bear talking about. The sentiment here is not tacit, but communicable and overt. Salisbury

Plain is barren of criticism, but Stonehenge° will bear a discussion antiquarian, picturesque, and philosophical. In setting out on a party of pleasure, the first consideration always is where we shall go to in taking a solitary ramble, the question is what we shall meet with by the way 5  
 "The mind is its own place°," nor are we anxious to arrive at the end of our journey. I can myself do the honors indifferently well to works of art and curiosity. I once took a party° to Oxford with no mean *éclat* — showed them that seat of the Muses at a distance 10

"With glistening spires and pinnacles adorn'd"° —

descanted on the learned air that breathes from the grassy quadrangles and stone walls of halls and cottages — was at home in the Bodleian°, and at Blenheim° quite superseded the powdered Cicerone that attended us, and that 15 pointed in vain with his wand to commonplace beauties in matchless pictures. As another exception to the above reasoning, I should not feel confident in venturing on a journey in a foreign country without a companion. I should want at intervals to hear the sound of my own 20 language. There is an involuntary antipathy in the mind of an Englishman to foreign manners and notions that requires the assistance of social sympathy to carry it off. As the distance from home increases, this relief, which was at first a luxury, becomes a passion and an appetite 25. A person would almost feel stifled to find himself in the deserts of Arabia without friends and countrymen. There must be allowed to be something in the view of Athens or old Rome that claims the utterance of speech, and I own that the Pyramids are too mighty for any single 30 contemplation. In such situations, so opposite to all

one's ordinary train of ideas, one seems a species by one's-self, a limb torn off from society, unless one can meet with instant fellowship and support. Yet I did not feel this want or craving very pressing once, when I first set  
5 my foot on the laughing shores of France. Calais was peopled with novelty and delight. The confused, busy murmur of the place was like oil and wine poured into my ears, nor did the Mariners' Hymn, which was sung from the top of an old crazy vessel in the harbor, as the sun  
10 went down, send an alien sound into my soul. I only breathed the air of general humanity. I walked over "the vine-covered hills and gay regions of France," erect and satisfied, for the image of man was not cast down and chained to the foot of arbitrary thrones. I was at no loss  
15 for language, for that of all the great schools of painting was open to me. The whole is vanished like a shade. Pictures, heroes, glory, freedom, all are fled. nothing remains but the Bourbons and the French people! There is undoubtedly a sensation in travelling into foreign  
20 parts that is to be had nowhere else. but it is more pleasing at the time than lasting. It is too remote from our habitual associations to be a common topic of discourse or reference, and, like a dream of another state of existence, does not piece into our daily modes of life. It is an ani-  
25 mated but a momentary hallucination. It demands an effort to exchange our actual for our ideal identity, and to feel the pulse of our old transports revive very keenly, we must "jump" all our present comforts and connections. Our romantic and itinerant character is not to be  
30 domesticated. Dr. Johnson remarked how little foreign travel added to the facilities of conversation in those who had been abroad. In fact, the time we have spent there



is both delightful, and, in one sense, instructive, but it appears to be cut out of our substantial, downright existence, and never to join kindly on to it. We are not the same, but another, and perhaps more enviable individual, all the time we are out of our own country. We are lost to ourselves as well as our friends. So the poet somewhat quaintly sings,

“Out of my country and myself I go”

Those who wish to forget painful thoughts, do well to absent themselves for a while from the ties and objects that recall them. but we can be said only to fulfil our destiny in the place that gave us birth. I should on this account like well enough to spend the whole of my life in travelling abroad, if I could anywhere borrow another life to spend afterwards at home!

15

#### OF PERSONS ONE WOULD WISH TO HAVE SEEN

“Come like shadows — so depart”

LAMB it was, I think, who suggested this subject, as well as the defence of Guy Faux,<sup>o</sup> which I urged him to execute. As, however, he would undertake neither, I suppose I must do both, a task for which he would have been much fitter, no less from the temerity than the felicity of his pen —

“Never so sure our rapture to create  
As when it touch'd the brink of all we hate”<sup>o</sup>

Compared with him, I shall, I fear, make but a common-place piece of business of it, but I should be loth the idea was entirely lost, and, besides, I may avail myself

of some hints of his in the progress of it I am sometimes, I suspect, a better reporter of the ideas of other people than expounder of my own I pursue the one too far into paradox or mysticism, the others I am not bound to follow farther than I like, or than seems fair and reasonable

On the question being started, Ayrton° said, "I suppose the two first persons you would choose to see would be the two greatest names in English literature, Sir Isaac Newton° and Mr Locke°?" In this Ayrton, as usual, reckoned without his host Every one burst out a-laughing at the expression on Lamb's face, in which impatience was restrained by courtesy "Yes, the greatest names," he stammered out hastily, "but they were not persons — not persons" "Not persons," said Ayrton, looking wise and foolish at the same time, afraid his triumph might be premature "That is," rejoined Lamb, "not characters, you know By Mr Locke and Sir Isaac Newton, you mean the *Essay on the Human Understanding*, and the *Principia*, which we have to this day Beyond their contents there is nothing personally interesting in the men But what we want to see any one *bodily* for, is when there is something peculiar, striking in the individuals, more than we can learn from their writings, and yet are curious to know I dare say Locke and Newton were very like Kneller's° portraits of them But who could paint Shakespeare?" — "Ay," retorted Ayrton, "there it is; then I suppose you would prefer seeing him and Milton instead?" — "No," said Lamb, "neither I have seen so much of Shakespeare on the stage and on book-stalls, in frontispieces and on mantelpieces, that I am quite tired of the everlasting repetition; and as to Mil-

ton's face, the impressions that have come down to us of it I do not like, it is too starched and puritanical, and I should be afraid of losing some of the manna of his poetry in the leaven of his countenance and the precisian's band and gown" — "I shall guess no more,"<sup>5</sup> said Ayrton "Who is it, then, you would like to see 'in his habit as he lived,'<sup>10</sup> if you had your choice of the whole range of English literature?" Lamb then named Sir Thomas Browne<sup>o</sup> and Fulke Greville,<sup>o</sup> the friend of Sir Philip Sidney,<sup>o</sup> as the two worthies whom he should<sup>10</sup> feel the greatest pleasure to encounter on the floor of his apartment in their nightgown and slippers, and to exchange friendly greeting with them. At this Ayrton laughed outright, and conceived Lamb was jesting with him, but as no one followed his example, he thought<sup>15</sup> there might be something in it, and waited for an explanation in a state of whimsical suspense. Lamb then (as well as I can remember a conversation that passed twenty years ago — how time slips!) went on as follows "The reason why I pitch upon these two authors is, that<sup>20</sup> their writings are riddles, and they themselves the most mysterious of personages. They resemble the soothsayers of old, who dealt in dark hints and doubtful oracles, and I should like to ask them the meaning of what no mortal but themselves, I should suppose, can fathom<sup>25</sup> There is Dr Johnson. I have no curiosity, no strange uncertainty about him; he and Boswell together have pretty well let me into the secret of what passed through his mind. He and other writers like him are sufficiently explicit. my friends, whose repose I should be tempted<sup>30</sup> to disturb (were it in my power), are implicit, inextricable, inscrutable

"When I look at that obscure but gorgeous prose composition, the *Urn-burial*, I seem to myself to look into a deep abyss, at the bottom of which are hid pearls and rich treasure, or it is like a stately labyrinth of doubt  
 5 and withering speculation, and I would invoke the spirit of the author to lead me through it. Besides, who would not be curious to see the lineaments of a man who, having himself been twice married, wished that mankind were propagated like trees! As to Fulke Greville, he is like  
 10 nothing but one of his own 'Prologues spoken by the ghost of an old king of Ormus,' a truly formidable and inviting personage. his style is apocalyptical, cabalistical, a knot worthy of such an apparition to untie, and for the unravelling a passage or two, I would stand the brunt  
 15 of an encounter with so portentous a commentator!" —  
 "I am afraid, in that case," said Ayrton, "that if the mystery were once cleared up, the merit might be lost," and turning to me, whispered a friendly apprehension, that while Lamb continued to admire these old crabbed  
 20 authors, he would never become a popular writer. Dr Donne<sup>o</sup> was mentioned as a writer of the same period, with a very interesting countenance, whose history was singular, and whose meaning was often quite as *uncomeatable*, without a personal citation from the dead,  
 25 as that of any of his contemporaries. The volume was produced, and while some one was expatiating on the exquisite simplicity and beauty of the portrait prefixed to the old edition,<sup>o</sup> Ayrton got hold of the poetry, and exclaiming "What have we here?" read the following

30

"Here lies a She-Sun and a He-Moon there —  
 She gives the best light to his spear  
 Or each is both, and all, and so  
 They unto one another nothing owe " °

There was no resisting this, till Lamb, seizing the volume, turned to the beautiful "Lines to his Mistress," dissuading her from accompanying him abroad, and read them with suffused features and a faltering tongue

" By our first strange and fatal interview,	5
By all desires which thereof did ensue,	
By our long starving hopes, by that remorse	
Which my words' masculine perswasive force	
Begot in thee, and by the memory	
Of hurts, which spies and rivals threatned me,	10
I calmly beg But by thy father's wrath,	
By all paines which want and divorcement hath,	
I conjure thee, and all the oathes which I	
And thou have sworne to seale joynt constancy	
Here I unsweare, and overswear them thus —	15
Thou shalt not love by wayes so dangerous	
Temper, O fair love! love's impetuous rage,	
Be my true mistris still, not my fagn'd Page,	
I'll goe, and, by thy kinde leave, leave behinde	
Thee! onely worthy to nurse it in my minde	20
Thurst to come backe, O, if thou die before,	
My soule, from other lands to thee shall soare	
Thy (else almighty) beautie cannot move	
Rage from the seas, nor thy love teach them love,	
Nor tame wild Boreas' harshnesse thou hast reade	25
How roughly hee in peeces shivered	
Fair Orithea, whom he swore he lov'd	
Fall ill or good, 'tis madnesse to have prov'd	
Dangers unurg'd Feed on this flattery,	
That absent lovers one in th' other be	30
Dissemble nothing, not a boy; nor change	
Thy bodie's habite, nor minde, be not strange	
To thyselfe onely All will spie in thy face	
A blushing, womanly, discovering grace	
Richly-cloath'd apes are call'd apes, and as soone	35
Eclips'd as bright, we call the moone the moon	
Men of France, changeable camelions,	
Spittles of diseases, shops of fashions,	

Love's fuellers, and the rightest company  
 Of players, which upon the world's stage be,  
 Will quickly know thee  
 O stay here! for for thee  
 5 England is onely a worthy gallerie,  
 To walke in expectation, till from thence  
 Our greatest King call thee to his presence  
 When I am gone, dreame me some happinesse,  
 Nor let thy lookes our long-hid love confesse,  
 10 Nor praise, nor dispraise me, nor blesse, nor curse  
 Openly love's force, nor in bed fright thy nurse  
 With midnight's startings, crying out, Oh, oh,  
 Nurse, oh, my love is slaine, I saw him goe  
 O'er the white Alpes alone, I saw him, I,  
 15 Assail'd, fight, taken, stabb'd, bleed, fall, and die  
 Augure me better chance, except dread Jove  
 Thinke it enough for me to have had thy love "

Someone then inquired of Lamb if we could not see  
 from the window the Temple-walk<sup>o</sup> in which Chaucer  
 20 used to take his exercise, and on his name being put to  
 the vote, I was pleased to find that there was a general  
 sensation in his favor in all but Ayrton, who said some-  
 thing about the ruggedness of the metre, and even ob-  
 jected to the quaintness of the orthography I was vexed  
 25 at this superficial gloss, pertinaciously reducing every-  
 thing to its own trite level, and asked "if he did not  
 think it would be worth while to scan the eye that had  
 first greeted the Muse in that dim twilight and early  
 dawn of English literature, to see the head round which  
 30 the visions of fancy must have played like gleams of in-  
 spiration or a sudden glory, to watch those lips that  
 'lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came'<sup>o</sup> — as by a  
 miracle, or as if the dumb should speak? Nor was it  
 alone that he had been the first to tune his native tongue  
 35 (however imperfectly to modern ears); but he was him-

self a noble, manly character, standing before his age and striving to advance it, a pleasant humorist withal, who has not only handed down to us the living manners of his time, but had, no doubt, store of curious and quaint devices, and would make as hearty a companion as mine<sup>5</sup> host of the Tabard<sup>o</sup>. His interview with Petrarch<sup>o</sup> is<sup>6</sup> fraught with interest. Yet I would rather have seen Chaucer in company with the author of the *Decameron*,<sup>o</sup> and have heard them exchange their best stories together — the *Squire's Tale* against the story of the *Falcon*, the<sup>10</sup> *Wife of Bath's Prologue* against the *Adventures of Friar Albert*. How fine to see the high mysterious brow which learning then wore, relieved by the gay, familiar tone of men of the world, and by the courtesies of genius! Surely, the thoughts and feelings which passed through the minds<sup>15</sup> of these great revivers of learning, these Cadmuses<sup>o</sup> who sowed the teeth of letters, must have stamped an expression on their features as different from the moderns as their books, and well worth the perusal. Dante," I continued, "is as interesting a person as his own Ugolino, one whose<sup>20</sup> lineaments curiosity would as eagerly devour in order to penetrate his spirit, and the only one of the Italian poets I should care much to see. There is a fine portrait of Amosto<sup>o</sup> by no less a hand than Titian's, light, Moonish, spirited, but not answering our idea. The same artist's<sup>25</sup> large colossal profile of Peter Aretine<sup>o</sup> is the only likeness of the kind that has the effect of conversing with 'the mighty dead'<sup>o</sup>, and this is truly spectral, ghastly, necromantic." Lamb put it to me if I should like to see Spenser as well as Chaucer, and I answered, without<sup>30</sup> hesitation, "No, for that his beauties were ideal, visionary, not palpable or personal, and therefore connected

with less curiosity about the man His poetry was the essence of romance, a very halo round the bright orb of fancy, and the bringing in the individual might dissolve the charm No tones of voice could come up to the  
 5 mellifluous cadence of his verse, no form but of a winged angel could vie with the airy shapes he has described He was (to my apprehension) rather a 'creature of the element, that lived in the rainbow and played in the plighted clouds,'<sup>o</sup> than an ordinary mortal Or if he  
 10 did appear, I should wish it to be as a mere vision, like one of his own pageants, and that he should pass by unquestioned like a dream or sound —

'—— *That* was Arion crown'd  
 So went he playing on the wat'ry plain''<sup>o</sup>

15 Captain Burney<sup>o</sup> muttered something about Columbus, and Martin Burney hinted at the Wandering Jew<sup>o</sup>, but the last was set aside as spurious, and the first made over to the New World

"I should like," said Mrs Reynolds,<sup>o</sup> "to have seen  
 20 Pope talk with Patty Blount<sup>o</sup>, and I *have* seen Goldsmith" Every one turned round to look at Mrs Reynolds, as if by so doing they could get a sight at Goldsmith

"Where," asked a harsh, croaking voice, "was Dr  
 25 Johnson in the years 1745-46? He did not write anything that we know of, nor is there any account of him in Boswell during those two years Was he in Scotland with the Pretender<sup>o</sup>? He seems to have passed through the scenes in the Highlands in company with Boswell,  
 30 many years after, 'with lack-lustre eye,'<sup>o</sup> yet as if they were familiar to him, or associated in his mind with in-



terests that he durst not explain. If so, it would be an additional reason for my liking him, and I would give something to have seen him seated in the tent with the youthful Majesty of Britain, and penning the Proclamation to all true subjects and adherents of the legitimate Government."

"I thought," said Ayrton, turning short round upon Lamb, "that you of the Lake School<sup>o</sup> did not like Pope?" — "Not like Pope! My dear sir, you must be under a mistake — I can read him over and over for ever!" — <sup>10</sup> "Why, certainly, the *Essay on Man* must be allowed to be a masterpiece" — "It may be so, but I seldom look into it" — "Oh! then it's his Satires you admire?" — "No, not his Satires, but his friendly Epistles and his compliments" — "Compliments! I did not know he ever <sup>15</sup> made any" — "The finest," said Lamb, "that were ever paid by the wit of man. Each of them is worth an estate for life — nay, is an immortality. There is that superb one to Lord Cornbury

'Despise low joys, low gains,  
Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains,  
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains' 20

Was there ever more artful insinuation of idolatrous praise?  
And then that noble apotheosis of his friend Lord Mansfield  
(however little deserved), when, speaking of the House of <sup>25</sup> Lords, he adds.

'Conspicuous scene! another yet is nigh,  
(More silent far) where kings and poets lie,  
Where Murray (long enough his country's pride)  
Shall be no more than Tully or than Hyde!' 30

And with what a fine turn of indignant flattery he addresses Lord Bolingbroke

'Why rail they then, if but one wreath of mine,  
Oh! all-accomplish'd St John, deck thy shrine?'

5 Or turn," continued Lamb, with a slight hectic on his cheek and his eye glistening, "to his list of early friends

10 'But why then publish? Granville the polite,  
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write,  
Well-natured Garth inflamed with early praise,  
And Congreve loved, and Swift endured my lays  
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,  
Ev'n mitred Rochester would nod the head,  
And St John's self (great Dryden's friend before)  
Received with open arms one poet more  
15 Happy my studies, if by these approved'  
Happier their author, if by these beloved'  
From these the world will judge of men and books,  
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks' "

20 Here his voice totally failed him, and throwing down the book, he said, "Do you think I would not wish to have been friends with such a man as this?"

"What say you to Dryden?" — "He rather made a show of himself, and courted popularity in that lowest temple of fame, a coffee-shop, so as in some measure to  
25 vulgarise one's idea of him Pope, on the contrary, reached the very *beau ideal* of what a poet's life should be, and his fame while living seemed to be an emanation from that which was to circle his name after death He was so far enviable (and one would feel proud to have  
30 witnessed the rare spectacle in him) that he was almost the only poet and man of genius who met with his reward on this side of the tomb, who realised in friends, fortune,

the esteem of the world, the most sanguine hopes of a youthful ambition, and who found that sort of patronage from the great during his lifetime which they would be thought anxious to bestow upon him after his death Read Gay's<sup>o</sup> verses to him on his supposed return from 5 Greece, after his translation of Homer was finished, and say if you would not gladly join the bright procession that welcomed him home, or see it once more land at Whitehall stairs" — "Still," said Mrs Reynolds, "I would rather have seen him talking with Patty Blount, 10 or riding by in a coronet-coach with Lady Mary Wortley Montague<sup>o</sup>!"

Erasmus Phillips,<sup>o</sup> who was deep in a game of piquet at the other end of the room, whispered to Martin Burney to ask if Junius<sup>o</sup> would not be a fit person to invoke from 15 the dead "Yes," said Lamb, "provided he would agree to lay aside his mask"

We were now at a stand for a short time, when Fielding was mentioned as a candidate, only one, however, seconded the proposition "Richardson?" — "By all 20 means, but only to look at him through the glass door of his back shop, hard at work upon one of his novels (the most extraordinary contrast that ever was presented between an author and his works), not to let him come 25 behind his counter, lest he should want you to turn customer, or to go upstairs with him, lest he should offer to read the first manuscript of *Sir Charles Grandison*, which was originally written in eight-and-twenty volumes octavo, or get out the letters of his female correspondents, to prove that Joseph Andrews was low" 30

There was but one statesman in the whole of English history that any one expressed the least desire to see —

Oliver Cromwell, with his fine, frank, rough, pimply face, and wily policy, and one enthusiast, John Bunyan, the immortal author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. It seemed that if he came into the room, dreams would follow him, and that each person would nod under his golden cloud, "nigh-sphered in heaven,"<sup>o</sup> a canopy as strange and stately as any in Homer

Of all persons near our own time, Garrick's name was received with the greatest enthusiasm, who was proposed by Barron Field. He presently superseded both Hogarth and Handel,<sup>o</sup> who had been talked of, but then it was on condition that he should act in tragedy and comedy, in the play and the farce, *Lear*<sup>o</sup> and *Wildair*<sup>o</sup> and *Abel Dragger*<sup>o</sup>. What a *sight for sore eyes* that would be! Who would not part with a year's income at least, almost with a year of his natural life, to be present at it? Besides, as he could not act alone, and recitations are unsatisfactory things, what a troop he must bring with him — the silver-tongued Barry, and Quin, and Shuter and Weston, and Mrs Clive and Mrs Pritchard, of whom I have heard my father speak as so great a favorite when he was young. This would indeed be a revival of the dead, the restoring of art, and so much the more desirable, as such is the lurking scepticism mingled with our overstrained admiration of past excellence, that though we have the speeches of Burke, the portraits of Reynolds, the writings of Goldsmith, and the conversation of Johnson, to show what people could do at that period, and to confirm the universal testimony to the merits of Garrick, yet, as it was before our time, we have our misgivings, as if he was probably, after all, little better than a *Bartlemy-fair*<sup>o</sup> actor, dressed out to play *Macbeth* in a scarlet coat and

laced cocked-hat For one, I should like to have seen and heard with my own eyes and ears Certainly, by all accounts, if any one was ever moved by the true histrionic *æstus*,<sup>o</sup> it was Garrick When he followed the Ghost in *Hamlet*, he did not drop the sword, as most actors do, 5 behind the scenes, but kept the point raised the whole way round, so fully was he possessed with the idea, or so anxious not to lose sight of his part for a moment Once at a splendid dinner-party at Lord ——'s, they suddenly missed Garrick, and could not imagine what 10 was become of him, till they were drawn to the window by the convulsive screams and peals of laughter of a young negro boy, who was rolling on the ground in an ecstasy of delight to see Garrick mimicking a turkey-cock in the courtyard, with his coat-tail stuck out behind, 15 and in a seeming flutter of feathered rage and pride Of our party only two persons present had seen the British Roscius<sup>o</sup>, and they seemed as willing as the rest to renew their acquaintance with their old favorite

We were interrupted in the hey-day and mid-career of 20 this fanciful speculation, by a grumbler in a corner, who declared it was a shame to make all this rout about a mere player and farce-writer, to the neglect and exclusion of the fine old dramatists, the contemporaries and rivals of Shakespeare Lamb said he had anticipated this ob- 25 jection when he had named the author<sup>o</sup> of *Mustapha* and *Alaham*, and, out of caprice, insisted upon keeping him to represent the set, in preference to the wild, hare-brained enthusiast, Kit Marlowe, to the sexton of St Ann's, Webster, with his melancholy yew trees and death's- 30 heads, to Decker, who was but a garrulous proser, to the voluminous Heywood, and even to Beaumont and

Fletcher, whom we might offend by complimenting the wrong author on their joint productions Lord Brooke, on the contrary, stood quite by himself, or, in Cowley's words, was "a vast species alone"<sup>o</sup> Some one hinted at the circumstance of his being a lord, which rather startled Lamb, but he said a *ghost* would perhaps dispense with strict etiquette, on being regularly addressed by his title Ben Jonson divided our suffrages pretty equally Some were afraid he would begin to traduce Shakespeare, who was not present to defend himself "If he grows disagreeable," it was whispered aloud, "there is Godwin<sup>o</sup> can match him" At length, his romantic visit to Drummond of Hawthornden was mentioned, and turned the scale in his favor

Lamb inquired if there was any one that was hanged that I would choose to mention? And I answered, Eugene Aram<sup>o</sup> The name of the "Admirable Crichton"<sup>o</sup> was suddenly started as a splendid example of *waste* talents, so different from the generality of his countrymen This choice was mightily approved by a North-Briton present, who declared himself descended from that prodigy of learning and accomplishment, and said he had family plate in his possession as vouchers for the fact, with the initials A C — *Admirable Crichton*! Hunt laughed, or rather roared, as heartily at this as I should think he has done for many years

The last-named Mitre-courtier<sup>1</sup> then wished to know whether there were any metaphysicians to whom one might be tempted to apply the wizard spell? I replied, there were only six in modern times deserving the name — Hobbes, Berkeley, Butler, Hartley, Hume, Leibnitz;

<sup>1</sup> Lamb at this time occupied chambers in Mitre Court, Temple.

and perhaps Jonathan Edwards, a Massachusetts man<sup>1</sup> As to the French, who talked fluently of having *created* this science, there was not a tittle in any of their writings that was not to be found literally in the authors I had mentioned [Horne Tooke, who might have a claim to<sup>5</sup> come in under the head of Grammar, was still living] None of these names seemed to excite much interest, and I did not plead for the reappearance of those who might be thought best fitted by the abstracted nature of their studies for the present spiritual and disembodied state,<sup>10</sup> and who, even while on this living stage, were nearly divested of common flesh and blood As Ayrton, with an uneasy, fidgety face, was about to put some question about Mr Locke and Dugald Stewart, he was prevented by Martin Burney, who observed, "If J—— was here,<sup>15</sup> he would undoubtedly be for having up those profound and redoubted scholasts, Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scotus" I said this might be fair enough in him who had read, or fancied he had read, the original works, but I did not see how we could have any right to call up these<sup>20</sup> authors to give an account of themselves in person till we had looked into their writings

By this time it should seem that some rumor of our

<sup>1</sup> Bacon is not included in this list, nor do I know where he should come in It is not easy to make room for him and his reputation together This great and celebrated man in some of his works recommends it to pour a bottle of claret into the ground of a morning, and to stand over it, inhaling the perfumes So he sometimes enriched the dry and barren soil of speculation with the fine aromatic spirit of his genius His *Essays* and his *Advancement of Learning* are works of vast depth and scope of observation The last, though it contains no positive discoveries, is a noble chart of the human intellect, and a guide to all future inquirers

whimsical deliberation had got wind, and had disturbed the *irritable genus* in their shadowy abodes, for we received messages from several candidates that we had just been thinking of Gray declined our invitation, 5 though he had not yet been asked, Gay offered to come, and bring in his hand the Duchess of Bolton, the original Polly, Steele and Addison left their cards as Captain Sentry and Sir Roger de Coverley, Swift came in and sat down without speaking a word, and quitted the room 10 as abruptly, Otway<sup>o</sup> and Chatterton<sup>o</sup> were seen lingering on the opposite side of the Styx, but could not muster enough between them to pay Charon his fare, Thomson fell asleep in the boat, and was rowed back again, and Burns sent a low fellow, one John Barleycorn,<sup>o</sup> an old 15 companion of his, who had conducted him to the other world, to say that he had during his lifetime been drawn out of his retirement as a show, only to be made an exciseman of, and that he would rather remain where he was He desired, however, to shake hands by his representative — the hand, thus held out, was in a burning 20 fever, and shook prodigiously

The room was hung round with several portraits of eminent painters While we were debating whether we should demand speech with these masters of mute elo- 25 quence, whose features were so familiar to us, it seemed that all at once they glided from their frames, and seated themselves at some little distance from us There was Leonardo, with his majestic beard and watchful eye, having a bust of Archimedes before him, next him was 30 Raphael's graceful head turned round to the Fornarina<sup>o</sup>; and on his other side was Lucretia Borgia, with calm, golden locks, Michael Angelo had placed the model of



St Peter's on the table before him, Correggio had an angel at his side, Titian was seated with his mistress between himself and Giorgione, Guido was accompanied by his own Aurora, who took a dice-box from him, Claude held a mirror in his hand, Rubens patted a beautiful panther (led in by a satyr) on the head, Vandyke appeared as his own Paris, and Rembrandt was hid under furs, gold chains, and jewels, which Sir Joshua eyed closely, holding his hand so as to shade his forehead. Not a word was spoken, and as we rose to do them homage, they still presented the same surface to the view. Not being *bond-fide* representations of living people, we got rid of the splendid apparitions by signs and dumb show. As soon as they had melted into thin air, there was a loud noise at the outer door, and we found it was Giotto, Cimabue, and Ghirlandajo, who had been raised from the dead by their earnest desire to see their illustrious successors —

"Whose names on earth  
In Fame's eternal records live for aye!"

20

Finding them gone, they had no ambition to be seen after them, and mournfully withdrew. "Egad!" said Lamb, "these are the very fellows I should like to have had some talk with, to know how they could see to paint when all was dark around them."

25

"But shall we have nothing to say," interrogated G J——, "to the *Legend of Good Women*?" — "Name, name, Mr J——," cried Hunt in a boisterous tone of friendly exultation, "name as many as you please, without reserve or fear of molestation!" J—— was perplexed between so many amiable recollections, that the

name of the lady of his choice expired in a pensive whiff of his pipe, and Lamb impatiently declared for the Duchess of Newcastle ° Mrs Hutchinson ° was no sooner mentioned, than she carried the day from the Duchess  
5 We were the less solicitous on this subject of filling up the posthumous lists of Good Women, as there was already one in the room ° as good, as sensible, and in all respects as exemplary, as the best of them could be for their lives! “I should like vastly to have seen Ninon  
10 de l’Enclos,” ° said that incomparable person, and this immediately put us in mind that we had neglected to pay honor due to our friends on the other side of the Channel Voltaire, the patriarch of levity, and Rousseau, the father of sentiment, Montaigne and Rabelais (great  
15 in wisdom and in wit), Molière and that illustrious group that are collected round him (in the print of that subject) to hear him read his comedy of the *Tartuffe* at the house of Ninon, Racine, La Fontaine, Rochefoucault, St Evremont, etc

20 “There is one person,” said a shrill, querulous voice, “I would rather see than all these — Don Quixote!”

“Come, come!” said Hunt, “I thought we should have no heroes, real or fabulous What say you, Mr Lamb? Are you for eking out your shadowy list with  
25 such names as Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Tamerlane, ° or Ghengis Khan °?” — “Excuse me,” said Lamb, “on the subject of characters in active life, plotters and disturbers of the world, I have a crotchet of my own, which I beg leave to reserve” — “No, no! come out with your  
30 worthies!” — “What do you think of Guy Fawkes and Judas Iscariot?” Hunt turned an eye upon him like a wild Indian, but cordial and full of smothered glee. “Your

most exquisite reason<sup>o</sup>!" was echoed on all sides, and Ayrton thought that Lamb had now fairly entangled himself "Why, I cannot but think," retorted he of the wistful countenance, "that Guy Fawkes, that poor, fluttering, annual scarecrow of straw and rags, is an ill-<sub>5</sub> used gentleman I would give something to see him sitting pale and emaciated, surrounded by his matches and his bariels of gunpowder, and expecting the moment that was to transport him to Paradise for his heroic self-devotion, but if I say any more, there is that fellow <sub>10</sub> Godwin will make something of it And as to Judas Iscariot, my reason is different I would fain see the face of him who, having dipped his hand in the same dish with the Son of Man, could afterwards betray him I have no conception of such a thing, nor have I ever <sub>15</sub> seen any picture (not even Leonardo's very fine one) that gave me the least idea of it" — "You have said enough, Mr Lamb, to justify your choice"

"Oh! ever right, Menenius — ever right<sup>o</sup>!"

"There is only one other person I can ever think of <sub>20</sub> after this," continued Lamb, but without mentioning a name that once put on a semblance of mortality "If Shakespeare was to come into the room, we should all rise up to meet him, but if that person was to come into it, we should all fall down and try to kiss the hem of <sub>25</sub> his garment!"

As a lady present seemed now to get uneasy at the turn the conversation had taken, we rose up to go. The morning broke with that dim, dubious light by which Giotto, Cimabue, and Ghirlandaio must have seen to <sub>30</sub> paint their earliest works, and we parted to meet again and renew similar topics at night, the next night, and the

night after that, till that night overspread Europe which saw no dawn The same event, in truth, broke up our little Congress that broke up the great one But that was to meet again our deliberations have never been  
5 resumed.

## ON NICKNAMES

*Hae nugae in seria ducunt* °

THIS is a more important subject than it seems at first sight It is as serious in its results as it is contemptible in the means by which these results are brought  
10 about Nicknames, for the most part, govern the world. The history of politics, of religion, of literature, of morals, and of private life, is too often little less than the history of nicknames What are one-half the convulsions of the civilized world—the frequent overthrow of states and  
15 kingdoms—the shock and hostile encounters of mighty continents—the battles by sea and land—the intestine commotions—the feuds of the Vitelli and Orsini, ° of the Guelphs and Ghibellines °—the civil wars in England ° and the League ° in France—the jealousies and heart-  
20 burnings of cabinets and councils—the uncharitable proscriptions of creeds and sects, Turk, Jew, Pagan, Papist and Puritan, Quaker, and Methodist—the persecutions and massacres—the burnings, tortures, imprisonments, and lingering deaths, inflicted for a different  
25 profession of faith—but so many illustrations of the power of this principle? Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*, ° and Neal's *History of the Puritans*, ° are comments on the same text The fires in Smithfield ° were fanned by nicknames, and a nickname set its seal on the unopened

dungeons of the Holy Inquisition Nicknames are the talismans and spells that collect and set in motion all the combustible part of men's passions and prejudices, which have hitherto played so much more successful a game, and done their work so much more effectually than reason, in all the grand concerns and petty details of human life, and do not yet seem tired of the task assigned them Nicknames are the convenient, portable tools by which they simplify the process of mischief, and get through their job with the least time and trouble These<sup>10</sup> worthless, unmeaning, irritating, envenomed words of reproach are the established signs by which the different compartments of society are ticketed, labelled, and marked out for each other's hatred and contempt They are to be had, ready cut and dry, of all sorts and sizes,<sup>15</sup> wholesale and retail, for foreign exportation or for home consumption, and for all occasions in life "The priest calls the lawyer a cheat, the lawyer beknaves the divine"<sup>20</sup> The Frenchman hates the Englishman because he is an Englishman, and the Englishman hates the Frenchman<sup>20</sup> for as good a reason The Whig hates the Tory, and the Tory the Whig The Dissenter hates the Church of England man, and the Church of England man hates the Dissenter, as if they were of a different species, because they have a different designation The Mussulman calls<sup>25</sup> the worshipper of the Cross "Christian dog," spits in his face, and kicks him from the pavement, by virtue of a nickname, and the Christian retorts the indignity upon the Infidel and the Jew by the same infallible rule of right In France they damn Shakespeare in the lump,<sup>30</sup> by calling him a *barbare*, and we talk of Racine's *verbiage* with inexpressible contempt and self-complacency

Among ourselves, an anti-Jacobin critic denounces a Jacobin<sup>o</sup> poet and his friends, at a venture, as ‘infidels and fugitives, who have left their wives destitute, and their children fatherless’ — whether they have wives  
5 and children or not. The unenlightened savage makes a meal of his enemy’s flesh, after reproaching him with the name of his tribe, because he is differently tattooed, and the literary cannibal cuts up the character of his opponent by the help of a nickname<sup>o</sup>. The jest of all this is, that a  
10 party nickname is always a relative term, and has its countersign, which has just the same force and meaning, so that both must be perfectly ridiculous and insignificant. A Whig implies a Tory, there must be “Malcontents” as well as “Malignants”<sup>oo</sup>, Jacobins and anti-Jacobins,  
15 English and French. These sorts of *noms-de-guerre* derive all their force from their contraries. Take away the meaning of the one, and you take the sting out of the other. They could not exist but upon the strength of mutual and irreconcilable antipathies, there must be no  
20 love lost between them. What is there in the names themselves to give them a preference over each other? “Sound them, they do become the mouth as well, weigh them, they are as heavy, conjure with them, one will raise a spirit as soon as the other”<sup>oo</sup>. If there were not  
25 fools and madmen who hated both, there could not be fools and madmen bigoted to either. I have heard an eminent character boast that he had done more to produce the late war<sup>o</sup> by nicknaming Buonaparte “the Corsican,” than all the state papers and documents on the subject  
30 put together. And yet Mr Southey asks triumphantly, “Is it to be supposed that it is England, *our* England, to whom that war was owing?” As if, in a dispute between

two countries, the conclusive argument, which lies in the pronoun *our*, belonged only to one of them I like Shakespeare's version° of the matter better. —

Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,  
Are they not but in Britain? I' the world's volume 5  
*Our* Britain seems as of it, but not in 't,  
In a great pool a swan's nest, prithee, think  
There's livers out of Britain

In all national disputes, it is common to appeal to the numbers on your side as decisive on the point If every- 10  
body in England thought the late war right, everybody  
in France thought it wrong There were ten millions on  
one side of the question (or rather of the water), and  
thirty millions on the other side — that's all I remem- 15  
ber some one arguing, in justification of our Ministers  
interfering without occasion, "That governments would  
not go to war for nothing", to which I answered "Then  
they could not go to war at all, for, at that rate, neither  
of them could be in the wrong, and yet both of them must  
be in the right, which was absurd" The only meaning 20  
of these vulgar nicknames and party distinctions, where  
they are urged most violently and confidently, is that  
others differ from you in some particular or other (whether  
it be opinion, dress, clime, or complexion), which you  
highly disapprove of, forgetting that, by the same rule, 25  
they have the very same right to be offended at you  
because you differ from them Those who have reason  
on their side do not make the most obstinate and grievous  
appeals to prejudice and abusive language I know but  
of one exception to this general rule, and that is where 30  
the things that excite disgust are of such a kind that  
they cannot well be gone into without offence to decency

and good manners, but it is equally certain in this case, that those who are most shocked at the things are not those who are most forward to apply the names. A person will not be fond of repeating a charge, or adverting  
5 to a subject, that inflicts a wound on his own feelings, even for the sake of wounding the feelings of another. A man should be very sure that he himself is not what he has always in his mouth. The greatest prudes have been often accounted the greatest hypocrites, and a satirist is at best  
10 but a suspicious character. The loudest and most unblushing invectives against vice and debauchery will as often proceed from a desire to inflame and pamper the passions of the writer, by raking into a nauseous subject, as from a wish to excite virtuous indignation against it in  
15 the public mind, or to reform the individual. To familiarize the mind to gross ideas is not the way to increase your own or the general repugnance to them. But to return to the subject of nicknames.

The use of this figure of speech is, that it excites a  
20 strong idea without requiring any proof. It is a shorthand, compendious mode of getting at a conclusion, and never troubling yourself or anybody else with the formalities of reasoning or the dictates of common sense. It is superior to all evidence, for it does not rest upon any,  
25 and operates with the greatest force and certainty in proportion to the utter want of probability. Belief is only a stray impression, and the malignity or extravagance of the accusation passes for a proof of the crime. "Brevity is the soul of wit"<sup>o</sup>, and of all eloquence a nickname is  
30 the most concise, of all arguments the most unanswerable. It gives carte-blanche to the imagination, throws the reins on the neck of the passions, and suspends the use of the



understanding altogether. It does not stand upon ceremony, on the nice distinctions of right and wrong. It does not wait the slow processes of reason, or stop to unravel the wit of sophistry. It takes everything for granted that serves for nourishment for the spleen. It is instantaneous in its operations. There is nothing to interpose between the effect and it. It is passion without proof, and action without thought—"the unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations." It does not, as Mr. Burke expresses it, "leave the will puzzled, undecided, and sceptical in the moment of action." It is a word and a blow. The "No Popery" cry raised a little while ago let loose all the lurking spite and prejudice which had lain rankling in the proper receptacles for them for above a century, without any knowledge of the past history of the country which had given rise to them, or any reference to their connexion with present circumstances, for the knowledge of the one would have prevented the possibility of their application to the other. Facts present a tangible and definite idea to the mind, a train of causes and consequences, accounting for each other, and leading to a positive conclusion—but no farther. But a nickname is tied down to no such limited service, it is a disposable force, that is almost always perverted to mischief. It clothes itself with all the terrors of uncertain abstraction, and there is no end of the abuse to which it is liable but the cunning of those who employ, or the credulity of those who are gulled by it. It is a reserve of the ignorance, bigotry, and intolerance of weak and vulgar minds, brought up where reason fails, and always ready, at a moment's warning, to be applied to any, the most absurd purposes. If you bring

specific charges against a man, you thereby enable him to meet and repel them, if he thinks it worth his while, but a nickname baffles reply, by the very vagueness of the inferences from it, and gives increased activity to the  
5 confused, dim, and imperfect notions of dislike connected with it, from their having no settled ground to rest upon. The mind naturally irritates itself against an unknown object of fear or jealousy, and makes up for the blindness of its zeal by an excess of it. We are eager to indulge  
10 our hasty feelings to the utmost, lest, by stopping to examine, we should find that there is no excuse for them. The very consciousness of the injustice we may be doing another makes us only the more loud and bitter in our invectives against him. We keep down the admonitions  
15 of returning reason, by calling up a double portion of gratuitous and vulgar spite. The will may be said to act with most force *in vacuo*<sup>o</sup>, the passions are the most ungovernable when they are blindfolded. That malignity is always the most implacable which is accompanied with  
20 a sense of weakness, because it is never satisfied of its own success or safety. A nickname carries the weight of the pride, the indolence, the cowardice, the ignorance, and the ill nature of mankind on its side. It acts by mechanical sympathy on the nerves of society. Any one  
25 who is without character himself may make himself master of the reputation of another by the application of a nickname, as, if you do not mind soiling your fingers, you may always throw dirt on another. No matter how undeserved the imputation, it will stick, for, though  
30 it is sport to the bystanders to see you bespattered, they will not stop to see you wipe out the stains. You are not heard in your own defence, it has no effect, it does

not tell, excites no sensation, or it is only felt as a disappointment of their triumph over you. Their passions and prejudices are inflamed by the charge, "As rage with rage doth sympathize"<sup>10</sup>, by vindicating yourself, you merely bring them back to common sense, which is a very sober, mawkish state. *Give a dog an ill name and hang him*, is a proverb. "A nickname is the heaviest stone that the devil can throw at a man." It is a bug-bear to the imagination, and, though we do not believe in it, it still haunts our apprehensions. Let a nickname<sup>10</sup> be industriously applied to our dearest friend, and let us know that it is ever so false and malicious, yet it will answer its end, it connects the person's name and idea with an ugly association, and you think of them with pain together, or it requires an effort of indignation or magnanimity<sup>15</sup> on your part to disconnect them, it becomes an uneasy subject, a sore point, and you will sooner desert your friend, or join in the conspiracy against him, than be constantly forced to repel charges without truth or meaning, and have your penetration or character called<sup>20</sup> in question by a rascal. Nay, such is the unaccountable construction of language and of the human mind, that the affixing the most innocent or praiseworthy appellation to any individual, or set of individuals, *as a nickname*, has all the effect of the most opprobrious epithets. Thus<sup>25</sup> the cant name, "the Talents," was successfully applied as a stigma to the Whigs at one time, it held them up to ridicule, and made them obnoxious to public feeling, though it was notorious to everybody that the Whig leaders were "the Talents," and that their adversaries<sup>30</sup> nicknamed them so from real hatred and pretended derision. Call a man short by his Christian name, as

Tom or Dick such-a-one, or by his profession (however respectable), as Canning<sup>o</sup> pelted a noble lord with his left-off title of Doctor, and you undo him for ever, if he has a reputation to lose. Such is the tenaciousness of spite and ill nature, or the jealousy of public opinion, even this will be peg enough to hang doubtful innuendos, weighty dilemmas upon. "With so small a web as this will I catch so great a fly as Cassio"<sup>o</sup> The public do not like to see their favorites treated with impertinent familiarity, it lowers the tone of admiration very speedily. It implies that some one stands in no great awe of their idol, and he perhaps may know as much about the matter as they do. It seems as if a man whose name, with some contemptuous abbreviation, is always dinned in the public ear, was distinguished for nothing else. By repeating a man's name in this manner you may soon make him sick of it, and of his life too. Children do not like to be *called out of their names* it is questioning their personal identity. There are political writers who have fairly worried their readers into conviction by abuse and nicknames. People surrender their judgments to escape the persecution of their style, and the disgust and indignation which their incessant violence and vulgarity excite, at last make you hate those who are the objects of it. *Causa causae causa causati*<sup>o</sup> They make people sick of a subject by making them sick of their arguments.

A parrot may be taught to call names, and if the person who keeps the parrot has a spite to his neighbors, he may give them a great deal of annoyance without much wit, either in the employer or the puppet. The insignificance of the instrument has nothing to do with the efficacy of the means. Hotspur would have had "a

*startling* taught to speak nothing but Mortimer,"<sup>o</sup> in the ears of his enemy Nature, it is said, has given arms to all creatures the most proper to defend themselves, and annoy others to the lowest she has given the use of nicknames

There are some *queer, odd, amusing, surpr* droll instances of the effect of proper names combined with circumstances. A young student had come up to London from Cambridge, and went in the evening and planted himself in the pit of the play-house. He had not been seated long, when in one of the 10 front boxes near him he discovered one of his college tutors, with whom he felt an immediate and strong desire to claim acquaintance, and accordingly called out, in a low and respectful voice, "Dr Topping!" The appeal was, however, ineffectual. He then repeated in a louder 15 tone, but still in an under key, so as not to excite the attention of any one but his friend, "Dr Topping!" The Doctor took no notice. He then grew more impatient, and repeated "Dr Topping, Dr Topping!" 20 two or three times pretty loud, to see whether the Doctor did not or would not hear him. Still the Doctor remained immovable. The joke began at length to get round, and one or two persons, as he continued his invocation of the Doctor's name, joined in with him, these were reinforced by others calling out, "Dr Topping, Dr Topping!" 25 on all sides, so that he could no longer avoid perceiving it, and at length the whole pit rose and roared, "Dr Topping!" with loud and repeated cries, and the Doctor was forced to retire precipitately, frightened at the sound of his own name 30

The calling people by their Christian or surname is a proof of affection, as well as of hatred. They are gener-

ally the best of good fellows with whom their friends take this sort of liberty *Diminutives* are titles of endearment Dr Johnson's calling Goldsmith "Goldy" did equal honor to both It showed the regard he had for him  
5 This familiarity may perhaps imply a certain want of formal respect, but formal respect is not necessary to, if it is consistent with, cordial friendship Titles of honor are the reverse of nicknames, they convey the idea of respect, as the others do of contempt, but they  
10 equally mean little or nothing Junius's<sup>o</sup> motto, *Stat nominis umbra*,<sup>o</sup> is a very significant one, it might be extended farther A striking instance of the force of names, standing by themselves, is in the respect felt towards Michael Angelo<sup>o</sup> in this country We know  
15 nothing of him but his name It is an abstraction of fame and greatness Our admiration of him supports itself, and our idea of his superiority seems self-evident, because it is attached to his name only.

## RALPH WALDO EMERSON

### SELF-RELIANCE

I READ the other day some verses written by an eminent painter<sup>o</sup> which were original and not conventional. The soul always hears an admonition in such lines, let the subject be what it may. The sentiment they instil is of more value than any thought they may contain. 5 To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart is true for all men, — that is genius. Speak your latent conviction, and it shall be the universal sense, for the inmost in due time becomes the outmost, and our first thought is rendered 10 back to us by the trumpets of the Last Judgment. Familiar as the voice of the mind is to each, the highest merit we ascribe to Moses, Plato, and Milton is that they set at naught books and traditions, and spoke not what men, but what *they* thought. A man should learn 15 to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the lustre of the firmament of bards and sages. Yet he dismisses without notice his thought, because it is his. In every work of genius we recognize our own rejected thoughts, they 20 come back to us with a certain alienated majesty. Great works of art have no more affecting lesson for us than this. They teach us to abide by our spontaneous impres-

sion with good-humored inflexibility then most when the whole cry of voices is on the other side Else to-morrow a stranger will say with masterly good sense precisely what we have thought and felt all the time, and we shall  
5 be forced to take with shame our own opinion from another

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance, that imitation is suicide, that he must take himself for bet-  
10 ter for worse as his portion, that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows  
15 what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried Not for nothing one face, one character, one fact, makes much impression on him and another none This sculpture in the memory is not without preestablished harmony The eye was placed where one ray should  
20 fall, that it might testify of that particular ray We but half express ourselves, and are ashamed of that divine idea which each of us represents It may be safely intrusted as proportionate and of good issues, so it be faithfully imparted, but God will not have his work  
25 made manifest by cowards A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best, but what he has said or done otherwise shall give him no peace It is a deliverance which does not deliver In the attempt his genius deserts him, no muse be-  
30 friends, no invention, no hope.

Trust thyself every heart vibrates to that iron string  
Accept the place the divine providence has found for



you, the society of your contemporaries, the connection of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the absolutely trustworthy was seated at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest mind the same transcendent destiny, and not minors and invalids in a protected corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution, but guides, redeemers, and benefactors, obeying the Almighty effort and advancing on Chaos and the Dark. 10

What pretty oracles nature yields us on this text in the face and behavior of children, babes, and even brutes! That divided and rebel mind, that distrust of a sentiment because our arithmetic has computed the strength and means opposed to our purpose, these have not. Their mind being whole, their eye is as yet unconquered, and when we look in their faces we are disconcerted. Infancy conforms to nobody, all conform to it, so that one babe commonly makes four or five out of the adults who prattle and play to it. So God has armed youth and puberty and manhood no less with its own piquancy and charm, and made it enviable and gracious and its claims not to be put by, if it will stand by itself. Do not think the youth has no force, because he cannot speak to you and me. Hark! in the next room his voice is sufficiently clear and emphatic. It seems he knows how to speak to his contemporaries. Bashful or bold then, he will know how to make us seniors very unnecessary. 20 30

The nonchalance of boys who are sure of a dinner, and would disdain as much as a lord to do or say aught

to conciliate one, is the healthy attitude of human nature. A boy is in the pailor what the pit is in the playhouse, independent, irresponsible, looking out from his corner on such people and facts as pass by, he tries and sentences them on their merits, in the swift, summary way of boys, as good, bad, interesting, silly, eloquent, troublesome. He cumbers himself never about consequences, about interests, he gives an independent, genuine verdict. You must court him, he does not court you. But the man is as it were clapped into jail by his consciousness. As soon as he has once acted or spoken with *éclat* he is a committed person, watched by the sympathy or the hatred of hundreds, whose affections must now enter into his account. There is no Lethe for this. Ah, that he could pass again into his neutrality! Who can thus avoid all pledges and, having observed, observe again from the same unaffected, unbiased, unbriable, unaffrighted innocence, — must always be formidable. He would utter opinions on all passing affairs, which being seen to be not private but necessary, would sink like darts into the ear of men and put them in fear.

These are the voices which we hear in solitude, but they grow faint and inaudible as we enter into the world. Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members. Society is a joint-stock company, in which the members agree, for the better securing of his bread to each shareholder, to surrender the liberty and culture of the eater. The virtue in most request is conformity. Self-reliance is its aversion. It loves not realities and creators, but names and customs.

Whoso would be a man, must be a nonconformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hin-

dered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness. Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of your own mind. Absolve you to yourself, and you shall have the suffrage of the world. I remember an answer which when quite young I was prompted to make to a valued adviser who was wont to importune me with the dear old doctrines of the church. On my saying, "What have I to do with the sacredness of traditions, if I live wholly from within?" my friend suggested, — "But these impulses may be from below, not from above." I replied, "They do not seem to me to be such, but if I am the Devil's child, I will live then from the Devil." No law can be sacred to me but that of my nature. Good and bad are but names very readily transferable to that or this, the only right is what is after my constitution, the only wrong what is against it. A man is to carry himself in the presence of all opposition as if every thing were titular and ephemeral but he. I am ashamed to think how easily we capitulate to badges and names, to large societies and dead institutions. Every decent and well-spoken individual affects and sways me more than is right. I ought to go upright and vital, and speak the rude truth in all ways. If malice and vanity wear the coat of philanthropy, shall that pass? If an angry bigot assumes this bountiful cause of Abolition,<sup>o</sup> and comes to me with his last news from Barbadoes, why should I not say to him, "Go love thy infant, love thy wood-chopper, be good-natured and modest; have that grace, and never varnish your hard, uncharitable ambition with this incredible tenderness for black folk a thousand miles off. Thy love afar is spite at home." Rough and graceless would be such

greeting, but truth is handsomer than the affectation of love Your goodness must have some edge to it, — else it is none The doctrine of hatred must be preached, as the counteraction of the doctrine of love, when that  
5 pules and whines I shun father and mother and wife and brother when my genius calls me I would write on the lintels of the door-post, *Whim* I hope it is somewhat better than whim at last, but we cannot spend the day in explanation Expect me not to show cause why  
10 I seek or why I exclude company Then again, do not tell me, as a good man did to-day, of my obligation to put all poor men in good situations Are they *my* poor? I tell thee, thou foolish philanthropist, that I grudge the dollar, the dime, the cent I give to such men as do not  
15 belong to me and to whom I do not belong, There is a class of persons to whom by all spiritual affinity I am bought and sold, for them I will go to prison if need be, but your miscellaneous popular charities, the education at college of fools, the building of meeting-houses  
20 to the vain end to which many now stand, alms to sots, and the thousand-fold Relief Societies, — though I confess with shame I sometimes succumb and give the dollar, it is a wicked dollar, which by and by I shall have the manhood to withhold  
25 Virtues are, in the popular estimate, rather the exception than the rule There is the man *and* his virtues Men do what is called a good action, as some piece of courage or charity, much as they would pay a fine in expiation of daily non-appearance on parade Their works are done  
30 as an apology or extenuation of their living in the world, — as invalids and the insane pay a high board. Their virtues are penances I do not wish to expiate, but to

live My life is for itself and not for a spectacle I much prefer that it should be of a lower strain, so it be genuine and equal, than that it should be glittering and unsteady I wish it to be sound and sweet, and not to need diet and bleeding I ask primary evidence that 5 you are a man, and refuse this appeal from the man to his actions. I know that for myself it makes no difference whether I do or forbear those actions which are reckoned excellent. I cannot consent to pay for a privilege where I have intrinsic right Few and mean as my 10 gifts may be, I actually am, and do not need for my own assurance or the assurance of my fellows any secondary testimony

What I must do is all that concerns me, not what the people think This rule, equally arduous in actual and 15 in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness It is the harder because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion, it is easy 20 in solitude to live after our own, but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

The objection to conforming to usages that have become dead to you is that it scatters your force It loses your 25 time and blurs the impression of your character. If you maintain a dead church, contribute to a dead Bible-society, vote with a great party either for the government or against it, spread your table like base housekeepers, — under all these screens I have difficulty to detect the 30 precise man you are and of course so much force is withdrawn from all your proper life But do your work,

and I shall know you Do your work, and you shall reinforce yourself A man must consider what a blind-man's-buff is this game of conformity If I know your sect I anticipate your argument I hear a preacher announce for his text and topic the expediency of one of the institutions of his church Do I not know beforehand that not possibly can he say a new and spontaneous word? Do I not know that with all this ostentation of examining the grounds of the institution he will do no such thing? Do I not know that he is pledged to himself not to look but at one side, the permitted side, not as a man, but as a parish minister? He is a retained attorney, and these airs of the bench are the emptiest affectation Well, most men have bound their eyes with one or another handkerchief, and attached themselves to some one of these communities of opinion This conformity makes them not false in a few particulars, authors of a few lies, but false in all particulars Their every truth is not quite true Their two is not the real two, their four not the real four, so that every word they say chagrins us and we know not where to begin to set them right Meantime nature is not slow to equip us in the prison-uniform of the party to which we adhere We come to wear one cut of face and figure, and acquire by degrees the gentlest asinine expression There is a mortifying experience in particular, which does not fail to wreak itself also in the general history, I mean the "foolish face of praise," the forced smile which we put on in company where we do not feel at ease, in answer to conversation which does not interest us The muscles, not spontaneously moved but moved by a low usurping wilfulness, grow tight about the outline of the face, with the most disagreeable sensation.

For nonconformity the world whips you with its displeasure. And therefore a man must know how to estimate a sour face. The by-standers look askance on him in the public street or in the friend's parlor. If this aversion had its origin in contempt and resistance like his own he might well go home with a sad countenance, but the sour faces of the multitude, like their sweet faces, have no deep cause, but are put on and off as the wind blows and a newspaper directs. Yet is the discontent of the multitude more formidable than that of the senate and the college. It is easy enough for a firm man who knows the world to brook the rage of the cultivated classes. Their rage is decorous and prudent, for they are timid, as being very vulnerable themselves. But when to their feminine rage the indignation of the people is added, when the ignorant and the poor are aroused, when the unintelligent brute force that lies at the bottom of society is made to growl and mow, it needs the habit of magnanimity and religion to treat it godlike as a trifle of no concernment.

The other terror that scares us from self-trust is our consistency, a reverence for our past act or word because the eyes of others have no other data for computing our orbit than our past acts, and we are loth to disappoint them.

But why should you keep your head over your shoulder? Why drag about this corpse of your memory, lest you contradict somewhat you have stated in this or that public place? Suppose you should contradict yourself, what then? It seems to be a rule of wisdom never to rely on your memory alone, scarcely even in acts of pure memory, but to bring the past for judgment into the

thousand-eyed present, and live ever in a new day In your metaphysics you have denied personality to the Deity, yet when the devout motions of the soul come, yield to them heart and life, though they should clothe God with shape and color Leave your theory, as Joseph<sup>o</sup> his coat in the hand of the harlot, and flee

- A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do
- 10 He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall Speak what you think now in hard words and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict every thing you said to-day — “Ah, so you shall be sure to be misunderstood” —
- 15 Is it so bad then to be misunderstood? Pythagoras<sup>o</sup> was misunderstood, and Socrates,<sup>o</sup> and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton,<sup>o</sup> and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood
- 20 I suppose no man can violate his nature All the sallies of his will are rounded in by the law of his being, as the inequalities of Andes and Himmaleh<sup>o</sup> are insignificant in the curve of the sphere Nor does it matter how you gauge and try him A character is like an
- 25 acrostic or Alexandrian stanza<sup>o</sup>, — read it forward, backward, or across, it still spells the same thing In this pleasing contrite wood-life which God allows me, let me record day by day my honest thought without prospect or retrospect, and, I cannot doubt, it will be found sym-
- 30 metrical, though I mean it not and see it not My book should smell of pines and resound with the hum of insects The swallow over my window should interweave



that thread or straw he carries in his bill into my web also We pass for what we are Character teaches above our wills Men imagine that they communicate their virtue or vice only by overt actions, and do not see that virtue or vice emit a breath every moment 5

There will be an agreement in whatever variety of actions, so they be each honest and natural in their hour For of one will, the actions will be harmonious, however unlike they seem These varieties are lost sight of at a little distance, at a little height of thought 10 One tendency unites them all The voyage of the best ship is a zigzag line of a hundred tacks See the line from a sufficient distance, and it straightens itself to the average tendency Your genuine action will explain itself and will explain your other genuine actions Your 15 conformity explains nothing Act singly, and what you have already done singly will justify you now Greatness appeals to the future If I can be firm enough to-day to do right and scorn eyes, I must have done so much right before as to defend me now Be it how it 20 will, do right now Always scorn appearances and you always may The force of character is cumulative All the foregone days of virtue work their health into this What makes the majesty of the heroes of the senate and the field, which so fills the imagination? The consciousness of a train of great days and victories behind They 25 shed a united light on the advancing actor He is attended as by a visible escort of angels That is it which throws thunder into Chatham's<sup>o</sup> voice, and dignity into Washington's port, and America into Adams's eye 30 Honor is venerable to us because it is no ephemera It is always ancient virtue We worship it to-day because

it is not of to-day We love it and pay it homage because it is not a trap for our love and homage, but is self-dependent, self-derived, and therefore of an old immaculate pedigree, even if shown in a young person

- 5 I hope in these days we have heard the last of conformity and consistency Let the words be gazetted and ridiculous henceforward Instead of the gong for dinner, let us hear a whistle from the Spartan fife Let us never bow and apologize more A great man is coming to eat at  
10 my house I do not wish to please him, but I wish that he should wish to please me I will stand here for humanity, and though I would make it kind, I would make it true Let us affront and reprimand the smooth mediocrity and squalid contentment of the times, and hurl in  
15 the face of custom and trade and office, the fact which is the upshot of all history, that there is a great responsible Thinker and Actor working wherever a man works, that a true man belongs to no other time or place, but is the centre of things Where he is there is nature He  
20 measures you and all men and all events Ordinarily, every body in society reminds us of somewhat else, or of some other person Character, reality, reminds you of nothing else, it takes place of the whole creation The man must be so much that he must make all circumstances  
25 indifferent Every true man is a cause, a country, and an age, requires infinite spaces and numbers and time fully to accomplish his design, — and posterity seems to follow his steps as a train of clients A man Cæsar is born, and for ages after we have a Roman Empire Christ  
30 is born, and millions of minds so grow and cleave to his genius that he is confounded with virtue and the possible of man An institution is the lengthened shadow of one

man, as Monachism, of the Hermit Antony, the Reformation, of Luther, Quakerism, of Fox, Methodism, of Wesley, Abolition, of Clarkson Scipio, Milton called "the height of Rome", and all history resolves itself very easily into the biography of a few stout and earnest persons

Let a man then know his worth, and keep things under his feet Let him not peep or steal, or skulk up and down with the air of a charity-boy, a bastard, or an interloper in the world which exists for him But the man in the street, finding no worth in himself which corresponds to the force which built a tower or sculptured a marble god, feels poor when he looks on these To him a palace, a statue, or a costly book have an alien and forbidding air, much like a gay equipage, and seem to say like that, "Who are you, Sir?" Yet they all are his, suitors for his notice, petitioners to his faculties that they will come out and take possession The picture waits for my verdict, it is not to command me, but I am to settle its claims to praise That popular fable of the sot who was picked up dead-drunk in the street, carried to the duke's house, washed and dressed and laid in the duke's bed, and, on his waking, treated with all obsequious ceremony like the duke, and assured that he had been insane, owes its popularity to the fact that it symbolizes so well the state of man, who is in the world a sort of sot, but now and then wakes up, exercises his reason and finds himself a true prince

Our reading is mendicant and sycophantic In history our imagination plays us false Kingdom and lordship, power and estate, are a gaudier vocabulary than private John and Edward in a small house and common day's

work, but the things of life are the same to both, the sum total of both is the same. Why all this deference to Alfred and Scanderbeg and Gustavus<sup>o</sup>? Suppose they were virtuous, did they wear out virtue? As  
5 great a stake depends on your private act to-day as followed their public and renowned steps. When private men shall act with original views, the lustre will be transferred from the actions of kings to those of gentlemen.

The world has been instructed by its kings, who have  
10 so magnetized the eyes of nations. It has been taught by this colossal symbol the mutual reverence that is due from man to man. The joyful loyalty with which men have everywhere suffered the king, the noble, or the  
15 great proprietor to walk among them by a law of his own, make his own scale of men and things and reverse theirs, pay for benefits not with money but with honor, and represent the law in his person, was the hieroglyphic by which they obscurely signified their consciousness of their own right and comeliness, the right of every man.

20 The magnetism which all original action exerts is explained when we inquire the reason of self-trust. Who is the Trustee? What is the aboriginal Self, on which a universal reliance may be grounded? What is the nature and power of that science-baffling star, without parallax,<sup>o</sup>  
25 without calculable elements, which shoots a ray of beauty even into trivial and impure actions, if the least mark of independence appear? The inquiry leads us to that source, at once the essence of genius, of virtue, and of life, which we call Spontaneity or Instinct. We denote  
30 this primary wisdom as Intuition, whilst all later teachings are tuition. In that deep force, the last fact behind which analysis cannot go, all things find their common

origin For the sense of being which in calm hours rises, we know not how, in the soul, is not diverse from things, from space, from light, from time, from man, but one with them and proceeds obviously from the same source whence their life and being also proceed 5 We first share the life by which things exist and afterwards see them as appearances in nature and forget that we have shared their cause Here is the fountain of action and of thought Here are the lungs of that inspiration which giveth man wisdom and which cannot 10 be denied without impiety and atheism We lie in the lap of immense intelligence, which makes us receivers of its truth and organs of its activity When we discern justice, when we discern truth, we do nothing of ourselves, but allow a passage to its beams If we ask whence 15 this comes, if we seek to pry into the soul that causes, all philosophy is at fault Its presence or its absence is all we can affirm Every man discriminates between the voluntary acts of his mind and his involuntary perceptions, and knows that to his involuntary perceptions a 20 perfect faith is due He may err in the expression of them, but he knows that these things are so, like day and night, not to be disputed My wilful actions and acquisitions are but roving, — the idlest reverie, the faintest native emotion, command my curiosity and respect 25 Thoughtless people contradict as readily the statement of perceptions as of opinions, or rather much more readily, for they do not distinguish between perception and notion. They fancy that I choose to see this or that thing But perception is not whimsical, but fatal. If I see a trait, 30 my children will see it after me, and in course of time all mankind, — although it may chance that no one has

seen it before me For my perception of it is as much a fact as the sun

The relations of the soul to the divine spirit are so pure that it is profane to seek to interpose helps It must be that when God speaketh he should communicate, not one thing, but all things, should fill the world with his voice, should scatter forth light, nature, time, souls, from the centre of the present thought, and new date and new create the whole Whenever a mind is simple and receives a divine wisdom, old things pass away, — means, teachers, texts, temples fall, it lives now, and absorbs past and future into the present hour All things are made sacred by relation to it, — one as much as another All things are dissolved to their centre by their cause, and in the universal miracle petty and particular miracles disappear If therefore a man claims to know and speak of God and carries you backward to the phraseology of some old mouldered nation in another country, in another world, believe him not Is the acorn better than the oak which is its fulness and completion? Is the parent better than the child into whom he has cast his ripened being? Whence then this worship of the past? The centuries are conspirators against the sanity and authority of the soul Time and space are but physiological colors which the eye makes, but the soul is light where it is, is day, where it was, is night, and history is an impertinence and an injury if it be any thing more than a cheerful apologue or parable of my being and becoming

Man is timid and apologetic, he is no longer upright; he dares not say "I think," "I am," but quotes some saint or sage He is ashamed before the blade of grass or the blowing rose These roses under my window

make no reference to former roses or to better ones, they are for what they are, they exist with God to-day. There is no time to them. There is simply the rose, it is perfect in every moment of its existence. Before a leaf-bud has burst, its whole life acts, in the full-blown flower there is no more, in the leafless root there is no less. Its nature is satisfied and it satisfies nature in all moments alike. But man postpones or remembers, he does not live in the present, but with reverted eye laments the past, or, heedless of the riches that surround him, stands on tiptoe to foresee the future. He cannot be happy and strong until he too lives with nature in the present, above time.

This should be plain enough. Yet see what strong intellects dare not yet hear God himself unless he speak the phraseology of I know not what David, or Jeremiah, or Paul. We shall not always set so great a price on a few texts, on a few lives. We are like children who repeat by rote the sentences of grandames and tutors, and, as they grow older, of the men of talents and character they chance to see, — painfully recollecting the exact words they spoke; afterwards, when they come into the point of view which those had who uttered these sayings, they understand them and are willing to let the words go; for at any time they can use words as good when occasion comes. If we live truly, we shall see truly. It is as easy for the strong man to be strong, as it is for the weak to be weak. When we have new perception, we shall gladly disburden the memory of its hoarded treasures as old rubbish. When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn.

And now at last the highest truth on this subject remains unsaid, probably cannot be said, for all that we say is the far-off remembering of the intuition. That thought by what I can now nearest approach to say it, is this  
5 When good is near you, when you have life in yourself, it is not by any known or accustomed way, you shall not discern the footprints of any other, you shall not see the face of man, you shall not hear any name, — the way, the thought, the good, shall be wholly strange and  
10 new. It shall exclude example and experience. You take the way from man, not to man. All persons that ever existed are its forgotten ministers. Fear and hope are alike beneath it. There is somewhat low even in hope. In the hour of vision there is nothing that can  
15 be called gratitude, nor properly joy. The soul raised over passion beholds identity and eternal causation, perceives the self-existence of Truth and Right, and calms itself with knowing that all things go well. Vast spaces of nature, the Atlantic Ocean, the South Sea,  
20 long intervals of time, years, centuries, are of no account. This which I think and feel underlay every former state of life and circumstances, as it does underlie my present, and what is called life and what is called death.

Life only avails, not the having lived. Power ceases  
25 in the instant of repose, it resides in the moment of transition from a past to a new state, in the shooting of the gulf, in the darting to an aim. This one fact the world hates, that the soul *becomes*, for that forever degrades the past, turns all riches to poverty, all reputation to a shame, confounds the saint with the rogue,  
30 shoves Jesus and Judas equally aside. Why then do we prate of self-reliance? Inasmuch as the soul is pres-



ent there will be power not confident but agent ° To talk of reliance is a poor external way of speaking Speak rather of that which relies because it works and is Who has more obedience than I masters me, though he should not raise his finger Round him I must revolve by the 5 gravitation of spirits We fancy it rhetoric when we speak of eminent virtue We do not yet see that virtue is Height, and that a man or a company of men, plastic and permeable to principles, by the law of nature must overpower and ride all cities, nations, kings, rich men, 10 poets, who are not

This is the ultimate fact which we so quickly reach on this, as on every topic, the resolution of all into the ever-blessed ONE Self-existence is the attribute of the Supreme Cause, and it constitutes the measure of good by 15 the degree in which it enters into all lower forms All things real are so by so much virtue as they contain Commerce, husbandry, hunting, whaling, war, eloquence, personal weight, are somewhat, and engage my respect as examples of its presence and impure action I see 20 the same law working in nature for conservation and growth Power is, in nature, the essential measure of right Nature suffers nothing to remain in her kingdoms which cannot help itself The genesis and maturation of a planet, its poise and orbit, the bended tree recovering 25 itself from the strong wind, the vital resources of every animal and vegetable, are demonstrations of the self-sufficing and therefore self-relying soul

Thus all concentrates let us not rove, let us sit at home with the cause Let us stun and astonish the in- 30 truding rabble of men and books and institutions by a simple declaration of the divine fact. Bid the invaders

take the shoes from off their feet, for God is here within  
Let our simplicity judge them, and our docility to our  
own law demonstrate the poverty of nature and fortune  
beside our native riches

- 5 But now we are a mob Man does not stand in awe  
of man, nor is his genius admonished to stay at home,  
to put itself in communication with the internal ocean,  
but it goes abroad to beg a cup of water of the urns of  
other men We must go alone I like the silent church  
10 before the service begins, better than any preaching  
How far off, how cool, how chaste the persons look,  
begirt each one with a precinct or sanctuary! So let  
us always sit Why should we assume the faults of our  
friend, or wife, or father, or child, because they sit around  
15 our hearth, or are said to have the same blood? All men  
have my blood and I all men's Not for that will I  
adopt their petulance or folly, even to the extent of being  
ashamed of it But your isolation must not be mechanical,  
but spiritual, that is, must be elevation At times the  
20 whole world seems to be in conspiracy to importune you  
with emphatic trifles Friend, climate, child, sickness,  
fear, want, charity, all knock at once at thy closet door  
and say, — "Come out unto us" But keep thy state,  
come not into their confusion The power men possess to  
25 annoy me I give them by a weak curiosity No man can  
come near me but through my act "What we love that  
we have, but by desire we bereave ourselves of the love"

- If we cannot at once rise to the sanctities of obedience  
and faith, let us at least resist our temptations, let us  
30 enter into the state of war and wake Thor and Woden,  
courage and constancy, in our Saxon breasts This is  
to be done in our smooth times by speaking the truth.

Check this lying hospitality and lying affection Live no longer to the expectation of these deceived and deceiving people with whom we converse Say to them, "O father, O mother, O wife, O brother, O friend, I have lived with you after appearances hitherto Henceforward I am the truth's Be it known unto you that henceforward I obey no law less than the eternal law I will have no covenants but proximities I shall endeavor to nourish my parents, to support my family, to be the chaste husband of one wife, — but these relations I must fill after a new and unprecedented way I appeal from your customs I must be myself I cannot break myself any longer for you, or you If you can love me for what I am, we shall be the happier If you cannot, I will still seek to deserve that you should I will not hide my tastes or aversions I will so trust that what is deep is holy, that I will do strongly before the sun and moon whatever my rejoices me and the heart appoints If you are noble, I will love you, if you are not, I will not hurt you and myself by hypocritical attentions If you are true, but not in the same truth with me, cleave to your companions, I will seek my own I do this not selfishly but humbly and truly It is alike your interest, and mine, and all men's, however long we have dwelt in lies, to live in truth Does this sound harsh to-day? You will soon love what is dictated by your nature as well as mine, and if we follow the truth it will bring us out safe at last "— But so may you give these friends pain. Yes, but I cannot sell my liberty and my power, to save their sensibility Besides, all persons have their moments of reason, when they look out into the region of absolute truth; then will they justify me and do the same thing

The populace think that your rejection of popular standards is a rejection of all standard, and mere anti-nomianism, and the bold sensualist will use the name of philosophy to gild his crimes. But the law of consciousness abides. There are two confessionals, in one or the other of which we must be shriven. You may fulfil your round of duties by clearing yourself in the *direct* or in the *reflex* way. Consider whether you have satisfied your relations to father, mother, cousin, neighbor, town, cat  
10 and dog—whether any of these can upbraid you. But I may also neglect this reflex standard and absolve me to myself. I have my own stern claims and perfect circle. It denies the name of duty to many offices that are called duties. But if I can discharge its debts it enables me to  
15 dispense with the popular code. If any one imagines that this law is lax, let him keep its commandment one day.

And truly it demands something godlike in him who has cast off the common motives of humanity and has ventured to trust himself for a taskmaster. High be  
20 his heart, faithful his will, clear his sight, that he may in good earnest be doctrine, society, law, to himself, that a simple purpose may be to him as strong as iron necessity is to others!

If any man consider the present aspects of what is  
25 called by distinction *society*, he will see the need of these ethics. The sinew and heart of man seem to be drawn out, and we are become timorous, desponding whimperers. We are afraid of truth, afraid of fortune, afraid of death, and afraid of each other. Our age yields no great and  
30 perfect persons. We want men and women who shall renovate life and our social state, but we see that most natures are insolvent, cannot satisfy their own wants,

have an ambition out of all proportion to their practical force and do lean and beg day and night continually Our housekeeping is mendicant, our arts, our occupations, our marriages, our religion we have not chosen, but society has chosen for us We are parlor soldiers We <sup>5</sup> shun the rugged battle of fate, where strength is born

If our young men miscarry in their first enterprises they lose all heart If the young merchant fails, men say he is *ruined* If the finest genius studies at one of our colleges and is not installed in an office within one <sup>10</sup> year afterwards in the cities or suburbs of Boston or New York, it seems to his friends and to himself that he is right in being disheartened and in complaining the rest of his life A sturdy lad from New Hampshire or Vermont, who in turn tries all the professions, who <sup>15</sup> *teams it, farms it, peddles*, keeps a school, preaches, edits a newspaper, goes to Congress, buys a township, and so forth, in successive years, and always like a cat falls on his feet, is worth a hundred of these city dolls He walks abreast with his days and feels no shame in not "studying <sup>20</sup> a profession," for he does not postpone his life, but lives already He has not one chance, but a hundred chances Let a Stoic open the resources of man and tell men they are not leaning willows, but can and must detach themselves, that with the exercise of self-trust, new powers <sup>25</sup> shall appear, that a man is the word made flesh, born to shed healing to the nations, that he should be ashamed of our compassion, and that the moment he acts from himself, tossing the laws, the books, idolatries and customs out of the window, we pity him no more but thank and <sup>30</sup> revere him, — and that teacher shall restore the life of man to splendor and make his name dear to all history

It is easy to see that a greater self-reliance must work a revolution in all the offices and relations of men, in their religion, in their education, in their pursuits; their modes of living, their association, in their property, 5 in their speculative views

1 In what prayers do men allow<sup>o</sup> themselves! That which they call a holy office is not so much as brave and manly Prayer looks abroad and asks for some foreign addition to come through some foreign virtue, 10 and loses itself in endless mazes of natural and supernatural, and mediatorial and miraculous Prayer that craves a particular commodity, anything less than all good, is vicious Prayer is the contemplation of the facts of life from the highest point of view It is the 15 soliloquy of a beholding and jubilant soul It is the spirit of God pronouncing his works good But prayer as a means to effect a private end is meanness and theft It supposes dualism and not unity in nature and consciousness As soon as the man is at one with God, he will 20 not beg He will then see prayer in all action. The prayer of the farmer kneeling in his field to weed it, the prayer of the rower kneeling with the stroke of his oar, are true prayers heard throughout nature, though for cheap ends Caratach, in Fletcher's "Bonduca,"<sup>o</sup> when 25 admonished to inquire the mind of the god Audate, replies, —

"His hidden meaning lies in our endeavors,  
Our valors are our best gods "

Another sort of false prayers are our regrets Dis- 30 content is the want of self-reliance it is infirmity of will Regret calamities if you can thereby help the

sufferer, if not, attend your own work and already the evil begins to be repaired Our sympathy is just as base We come to them who weep foolishly and sit down and cry for company, instead of imparting to them truth and health in rough electric shocks, putting 5 them once more in communication with their own reason The secret of fortune is joy in our hands Welcome evermore to gods and men is the self-helping man For him all doors are flung wide, him all tongues greet, all honors crown, all eyes follow with desire Our love goes 10 out to him and embraces him because he did not need it We solicitously and apologetically caress and celebrate him because he held on his way and scorned our disapprobation The gods love him because men hated him "To the persevering mortal," said Zoroaster,° "the 15 blessed Immortals are swift "

As men's prayers are a disease of the will, so are their creeds a disease of intellect They say with those foolish Israelites,° "Let not God speak to us, lest we die Speak thou, speak any man with us, and we will obey " Every- 20 where I am hindered of meeting God in my brother, because he has shut his own temple doors and recites fables merely of his brother's, or his brother's brother's God Every new mind is a new classification If it prove a mind of uncommon activity and power, a Locke, 25 a Lavoisier, a Hutton, a Bentham, a Fourier,° it imposes its classification on other men, and lo! a new system In proportion to the depth of the thought, and so to the number of the objects it touches and brings within reach of the pupil, is his complacency But chiefly is this 30 apparent in creeds and churches, which are also classifications of some powerful mind acting on the elemental

thought of duty and man's relation to the Highest Such is Calvinism, Quakerism, Swedenborgism The pupil takes the same delight in subordinating everything to the new terminology as a girl who has just learned botany 5 in seeing a new earth and new seasons thereby It will happen for a time that the pupil will find his intellectual power has grown by the study of his master's mind But in all unbalanced minds the classification is idolized, passes for the end and not for a speedily exhaustible 10 means, so that the walls of the system blend to their eye in the remote horizon with the walls of the universe, the luminaries of heaven seem to them hung on the arch their master built They cannot imagine how you aliens have any right to see, — how you can see, "It must be 15 somehow that you stole the light from us" They do not yet perceive that light, unsystematic, indomitable, will break into any cabin, even into theirs Let them chirp awhile and call it their own If they are honest and do well, presently their neat new pinfold will be too strait 20 and low, will crack, will lean, will rot and vanish, and the immortal light, all young and joyful, million-orbed, million-colored, will beam over the universe as on the first morning

2 It is for want of self-culture that the superstition 25 of Travelling, whose idols are Italy, England, Egypt, retains its fascination for all educated Americans They who made England, Italy, or Greece venerable in the imagination, did so by sticking fast where they were, like an axis of the earth In manly hours we feel that 30 duty is our place The soul is no traveller, the wise man stays at home, and when his necessities, his duties, on any occasion call him from his house, or into foreign



lands, he is at home still and shall make men sensible by the expression of his countenance that he goes, the missionary of wisdom and virtue, and visits cities and men like a sovereign and not like an interloper or a valet

I have no churlish objection to the circumnavigation of the globe for the purposes of art, of study, and benevolence, so that the man is first domesticated, or does not go abroad with the hope of finding somewhat greater than he knows. He who travels to be amused, or to get somewhat which he does not carry, travels away from himself, and grows old even in youth among old things. In Thebes, in Palmyra, his will and mind have become old and dilapidated as they. He carries ruins to ruins

Travelling is a fool's paradise. Our first journeys discover to us the indifference of places. At home I dream that at Naples, at Rome, I can be intoxicated with beauty and lose my sadness. I pack my trunk, embrace my friends, embark on the sea and at last wake up in Naples, and there beside me is the stern fact, the sad self, unrelenting, identical, that I fled from. I seek the Vatican and the palaces. I affect to be intoxicated with sights and suggestions, but I am not intoxicated. My giant goes with me wherever I go

3 But the rage of travelling is a symptom of a deeper unsoundness affecting the whole intellectual action. The intellect is vagabond, and our system of education fosters restlessness. Our minds travel when our bodies are forced to stay at home. We imitate, and what is imitation but the travelling of the mind? Our houses are built with foreign taste, our shelves are garnished with foreign ornaments, our opinions, our tastes, our faculties, lean, and follow the Past and the Distant. The soul created

the arts wherever they have flourished. It was in his own mind that the artist sought his model. It was an application of his own thought to the thing to be done and the conditions to be observed. And why need we  
5 copy the Doric or the Gothic model? Beauty, convenience, grandeur of thought and quaint expression are as near to us as to any, and if the American artist will study with hope and love the precise thing to be done by him, considering the climate, the soil, the length of the  
10 day, the wants of the people, the habit and form of the government, he will create a house in which all these will find themselves fitted, and taste and sentiment will be satisfied also.

Insist on yourself, never imitate. Your own gift you  
15 can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation, but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous half possession. That which each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can,  
20 till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakespeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin, or Washington, or Bacon, or Newton? Every great man is a unique. The Scipionism of Scipio is precisely that part  
25 he could not borrow. Shakespeare will never be made by the study of Shakespeare. Do that which is assigned you, and you cannot hope too much or dare too much. There is at this moment for you an utterance brave and grand as that of the colossal chisel of Phidias,<sup>o</sup> or trowel  
30 of the Egyptians, or the pen of Moses or Dante, but different from all these. Not possibly will the soul, all rich, all eloquent, with thousand-cloven tongue, deign

to repeat itself, but if you can hear what these patriarchs say, surely you can reply to them in the same pitch of voice, for the ear and the tongue are two organs of one nature. Abide in the simple and noble regions of thy life, obey thy heart, and thou shalt reproduce the Fore-<sup>5</sup> world again.

4 As our Religion, our Education, our Art look abroad, so does our spirit of society. All men plume themselves on the improvement of society, and no man improves

Society never advances. It recedes as fast on one side <sup>10</sup> as it gains on the other. It undergoes continual changes; it is barbarous, it is civilized, it is christianized, it is rich, it is scientific, but this change is not amelioration. For every thing that is given something is taken. Society acquires new arts and loses old instincts. What a con- <sup>15</sup> trast between the well-clad, reading, writing, thinking American, with a watch, a pencil and a bill of exchange in his pocket, and the naked New Zealander, whose property is a club, a spear, a mat and an undivided twentieth of a shed to sleep under! But compare the health <sup>20</sup> of the two men and you shall see that the white man has lost his aboriginal strength. If the traveller tell us truly, strike the savage with a broad-axe and in a day or two the flesh shall unite and heal as if you struck the blow into soft pitch, and the same blow shall send the <sup>25</sup> white to his grave.

The civilized man has built a coach, but has lost the use of his feet. He is supported on crutches, but lacks so much support of muscle. He has a fine Geneva watch, but he fails of the skill to tell the hour by the sun. <sup>30</sup> A Greenwich nautical almanac he has, and so being sure of the information when he wants it, the man in the

street does not know a star in the sky The solstice he does not observe, the equinox he knows as little, and the whole bright calendar of the year is without a dial in his mind His note-books impair his memory, his  
5 libraries overload his wit, the insurance-office increases the number of accidents, and it may be a question whether machinery does not encumber, whether we have not lost by refinement some energy, by a Christianity, entrenched in establishments and forms, some vigor of  
10 wild virtue For every Stoic was a Stoic, but in Christendom where is the Christian?

There is no more deviation in the moral standard than in the standard of height or bulk No greater men are now than ever were A singular equality may be ob-  
15 served between the great men of the first and of the last ages; nor can all the science, art, religion, and philosophy of the nineteenth century avail to educate greater men than Plutarch's heroes, three or four and twenty centuries ago Not in time is the race progressive Phocion,<sup>o</sup>  
20 Socrates, Anaxagoras, Diogenes,<sup>o</sup> are great men, but they leave no class He who is really of their class will not be called by their name, but will be his own man, and in his turn the founder of a sect The arts and inventions of each period are only its costume and do not invigorate  
25 men. The harm of the improved machinery may compensate its good Hudson and Behring accomplished so much in their fishing-boats as to astonish Parry and Franklin,<sup>o</sup> whose equipment exhausted the resources of science and art Galileo, with an opera-glass, discovered  
30 a more splendid series of celestial phenomena than any one since Columbus found the New World in an undecked boat It is curious to see the periodical disuse

and perishing of means and machinery which were introduced with loud laudation a few years or centuries before. The great genius returns to essential man. We reckoned the improvements of the art of war among the triumphs of science, and yet Napoleon conquered Europe by the bivouac, which consisted of falling back on naked valor and disencumbering it of all aids. The Emperor held it impossible to make a perfect army, says Las Casas,<sup>o</sup> "without abolishing our arms, magazines, commissaries and carriages, until, in imitation of the Roman custom, the soldier should receive his supply of corn, grind it in his hand-mill and bake his bread himself."

Society is a wave. The wave moves onward, but the water of which it is composed does not. The same particle does not rise from the valley to the ridge. Its unity is only phenomenal. The persons who make up a nation to-day, next year die, and their experience dies with them.

And so the reliance on Property, including the reliance on governments which protect it, is the want of self-reliance. Men have looked away from themselves and at things so long that they have come to esteem the religious, learned and civil institutions as guards of property, and they deprecate assaults on these, because they feel them to be assaults on property. They measure their esteem of each other by what each has, and not by what each is. But a cultivated man becomes ashamed of his property, out of new respect for his nature. Especially he hates what he has if he see that it is accidental, — came to him by inheritance, or gift, or crime; then he feels that it is not having, it does not belong to him, has no root in him and merely lies there because no revolution

or no robber takes it away But that which a man is, does always by necessity acquire, and what the man acquires, is living property, which does not wait the beck of rulers, or mobs, or revolutions, or fire, or storm, or bankruptcies, but perpetually renews itself wherever the man breathes "Thy lot or portion of life," said the Caliph Ali, "is seeking after thee, therefore be at rest from seeking after it" Our dependence on these foreign goods leads us to our slavish respect for numbers The political parties meet in numerous conventions, the greater the concourse and with each new uproar of announcement, The delegation from Essex! The Democrats from New Hampshire! The Whigs of Maine! the young patriot feels himself stronger than before by a new thousand of eyes and arms In like manner the reformers summon conventions and vote and resolve in multitude Not so, O friends! will the God deign to enter and inhabit you, but by a method precisely the reverse It is only as a man puts off all foreign support and stands alone that I see him to be strong and to prevail He is weaker by every recruit to his banner Is not a man better than a town? Ask nothing of men, and, in the endless mutation, thou only firm column must presently appear the upholder of all that surrounds thee. He who knows that power is inborn, that he is weak because he has looked for good out of him and elsewhere, and, so perceiving, throws himself unhesitatingly on his thought, instantly rights himself, stands in the erect position, commands his limbs, works miracles; just as a man who stands on his feet is stronger than a man who stands on his head

So use all that is called Fortune Most men gamble with her, and gain all, and lose all, as her wheel rolls.

But do thou leave as unlawful these winnings, and deal with Cause and Effect, the chancellors of God In the Will work and acquire, and thou hast chained the wheel of Chance, and shall sit hereafter out of fear from her rotations A political victory, a rise of rents, the recovery 5 of your sick or the return of your absent friend, or some other favorable event raises your spirits, and you think good days are preparing for you Do not believe it. Nothing can bring you peace but yourself Nothing can bring you peace but the triumph of principles 10

## COMPENSATION

EVER since I was a boy I have wished to write a discourse on Compensation, for it seemed to me when very young that on this subject life was ahead of theology and the people knew more than the preachers taught The documents too from which the doctrine is to be drawn, 15 charmed my fancy by their endless variety, and lay always before me, even in sleep, for they are the tools in our hands, the bread in our basket, the transactions of the street, the farm and the dwelling-house, greetings, relations, debts and credits, the influence of character, the 20 nature and endowment of all men It seemed to me also that in it might be shown men a ray of divinity, the present action of the soul of this world, clean from all vestige of tradition, and so the heart of man might be bathed by an inundation of eternal love, conversing with that which he 25 knows was always and always must be, because it really is now It appeared moreover that if this doctrine could be stated in terms with any resemblance to those bright intuitions in which this truth is sometimes revealed to us,

it would be a star in many dark hours and crooked passages in our journey, that would not suffer us to lose our way

I was lately confirmed in these desires by hearing a sermon at church. The preacher, a man esteemed for his orthodoxy, unfolded in the ordinary manner the doctrine of the Last Judgment. He assumed that judgment is not executed in this world, that the wicked are successful, that the good are miserable, and then urged from reason and from Scripture a compensation to be made to both parties in the next life. No offence appeared to be taken by the congregation at this doctrine. As far as I could observe when the meeting broke up they separated without remark on the sermon.

Yet what was the import of this teaching? What did the preacher mean by saying that the good are miserable in the present life? Was it that houses and lands, offices, wine, horses, dress, luxury, are had by unprincipled men, whilst the saints are poor and despised, and that a compensation is to be made to these last hereafter, by giving them the like gratifications another day, — bank-stock and doubloons, venison and champagne? This must be the compensation intended, for what else? Is it that they are to have leave to pray and praise? to love and serve men? Why, that they can do now. The legitimate inference the disciple would draw was, — “We are to have *such* a good time as the sinners have now,” — or, to push it to its extreme import, — “You sin now, we shall sin by and by, we would sin now, if we could, not being successful we expect our revenge to-morrow.”

The fallacy lay in the immense concession that the bad are successful, that justice is not done now. The blindness of the preacher consisted in deferring to the base



estimate of the market of what constitutes a manly success, instead of confronting and convicting the world from the truth, announcing the presence of the soul, the omnipotence of the will, and so establishing the standard of good and ill, of success and falsehood 5

I find a similar base tone in the popular religious works of the day and the same doctrines assumed by the literary men when occasionally they treat the related topics. I think that our popular theology has gained in decorum, and not in principle, over the superstitions it has displaced. 10 But men are better than their theology. Their daily life gives it the lie. Every ingenuous and aspiring soul leaves the doctrine behind him in his own experience, and all men feel sometimes the falsehood which they cannot demonstrate. For men are wiser than they know. That which 15 they hear in schools and pulpits without afterthought, if said in conversation would probably be questioned in silence. If a man dogmatize in a mixed company on Providence and the divine laws, he is answered by a silence which conveys well enough to an observer the dissatisfaction of the hearer, 20 but his incapacity to make his own statement.

I shall attempt in this and the following chapter<sup>o</sup> to record some facts that indicate the path of the law of Compensation, happy beyond my expectation if I shall truly draw the smallest arc of this circle. 25

Polarity, or action and reaction, we meet in every part of nature, in darkness and light, in heat and cold, in the ebb and flow of waters, in male and female, in the inspiration and expiration of plants and animals, in the equation of quantity and quality in the fluids of the animal 30 body, in the systole and diastole of the heart, in the

undulations of fluids and of sound, in the centrifugal and centripetal gravity, in electricity, galvanism, and chemical affinity Superinduce magnetism at one end of a needle, the opposite magnetism takes place at the other end If  
5 the south attracts, the north repels To empty here, you must condense there An inevitable dualism bisects nature, so that each thing is a half, and suggests another thing to make it whole, as, spirit, matter, man, woman, odd, even, subjective, objective, in, out, upper, under,  
10 motion, rest, yea, nay

Whilst the world is thus dual, so is every one of its parts. The entire system of things gets represented in every particle There is somewhat that resembles the ebb and flow of the sea, day and night, man and woman,  
15 in a single needle of the pine, in a kernel of corn, in each individual of every animal tribe The reaction, so grand in the elements, is repeated within these small boundaries For example, in the animal kingdom the physiologist has observed that no creatures are favorites, but a certain  
20 compensation balances every gift and every defect A surplusage given to one part is paid out of a reduction from another part of the same creature If the head and neck are enlarged, the trunk and extremities are cut short

The theory of the mechanic forces is another example  
25 What we gain in power is lost in time, and the converse The periodic or compensating errors of the planets is another instance The influences of climate and soil in political history is another The cold climate invigorates The barren soil does not breed fevers, crocodiles, tigers or  
30 scorpions

The same dualism underlies the nature and condition of man. Every excess causes a defect, every defect an

excess Every sweet hath its sour, every evil its good Every faculty which is a receiver of pleasure has an equal penalty put on its abuse It is to answer for its moderation with its life For every grain of wit there is a grain of folly For every thing you have missed, you have gained 5 something else, and for every thing you gain, you lose something If riches increase, they are increased that use them If the gatherer gathers too much, Nature takes out of the man what she puts into his chest, swells the estate, but kills the owner Nature hates monopolies 10 and exceptions The waves of the sea do not more speedily seek a level from their loftiest tossing than the varieties of condition tend to equalize themselves There is always some levelling circumstance that puts down the overbearing, the strong, the rich, the fortunate, substantially on 15 the same ground with all others Is a man too strong and fierce for society and by temper and position a bad citizen, — a morose ruffian, with a dash of the pirate in him? — Nature sends him a troop of pretty sons and daughters who are getting along in the dame's classes at the village school, 20 and love and fear for them smooths his grim scowl to courtesy Thus she contrives to intenerate the granite and felspar, takes the boar out and puts the lamb in and keeps her balance true

The farmer imagines power and place are fine things 25 But the President has paid dear for his White House It has commonly cost him all his peace, and the best of his manly attributes To preserve for a short time so conspicuous an appearance before the world, he is content to eat dust before the real masters who stand erect behind 30 the throne Or do men desire the more substantial and permanent grandeur of genius? Neither has this an

immunity He who by force of will or of thought is great and overlooks thousands, has the charges of that eminence With every influx of light comes new danger Has he light? he must bear witness to the light, and always  
5 outrun that sympathy which gives him such keen satisfaction, by his fidelity to new revelations of the incessant soul He must hate father and mother, wife and child Has he all that the world loves and admires and covets? — he must cast behind him their admiration and afflict them by  
10 faithfulness to his truth and become a byword and a hissing

This law writes the laws of cities and nations It is in vain to build or plot or combine against it Things refuse to be mismanaged long *Res nolunt diu male administrari.*<sup>o</sup> Though no checks to a new evil appear,  
15 the checks exist, and will appear If the government is cruel, the governor's life is not safe If you tax too high, the revenue will yield nothing If you make the criminal code sanguinary, juries will not convict If the law is too mild, private vengeance comes in If the government is  
20 a terrific democracy, the pressure is resisted by an overcharge of energy in the citizen, and life glows with a fiercer flame The true life and satisfactions of man seem to elude the utmost rigors or felicities of condition and to establish themselves with great indifferency under all  
25 varieties of circumstances Under all governments the influence of character remains the same, — in Turkey and in New England about alike Under the primeval despots of Egypt, history honestly confesses that man must have been as free as culture could make him

30 These appearances indicate the fact that the universe is represented in every one of its particles. Every thing in nature contains all the powers of nature. Every thing

is made of one hidden stuff, as the naturalist sees one type under every metamorphosis, and regards a horse as a running man, a fish as a swimming man, a bird as a flying man, a tree as a rooted man. Each new form repeats not only the main character of the type, but part for part all the details, all the aims, furtherances, hindrances, energies and whole system of every other. Every occupation, trade, art, transaction, is a compend of the world and a correlative of every other. Each one is an entire emblem of human life, of its good and ill, its trials, its enemies, its course and its end. And each one must somehow accommodate the whole man and recite all his destiny.

The world globes itself in a drop of dew. The microscope cannot find the animalcule which is less perfect for being little. Eyes, ears, taste, smell, motion, resistance, appetite, and organs of reproduction that take hold on eternity, — all find room to consist in the small creature. So do we put our life into every act. The true doctrine of omnipresence is that God reappears with all his parts in every moss and cobweb. The value of the universe contrives to throw itself into every point. If the good is there, so is the evil, if the affinity, so the repulsion, if the force, so the limitation.

Thus is the universe alive. All things are moral. That soul which within us is a sentiment, outside of us is a law. We feel its inspiration, but there in history we can see its fatal strength. "It is in the world, and the world was made by it." Justice is not postponed. A perfect equity adjusts its balance in all parts of life. Ἀεὶ γὰρ εἰ πίνουσιν οἱ Διὸς κύβοι, — The dice of God are always loaded. The world looks like a multiplication-table, or a mathematical equation, which, turn it how you will, bal-

ances itself Take what figure you will, its exact value, nor more nor less, still returns to you Every secret is told, every crime is punished, every virtue rewarded, every wrong redressed, in silence and certainty What we call  
5 retribution is the universal necessity by which the whole appears wherever a part appears If you see smoke, there must be fire If you see a hand or a limb, you know that the trunk to which it belongs is there behind

Every act rewards itself, or in other words integrates  
10 itself, in a twofold manner, first in the thing, or in real nature; and secondly in the circumstance, or in apparent nature Men call the circumstance the retribution The causal retribution is in the thing and is seen by the soul The retribution in the circumstance is seen by the under-  
15 standing; it is inseparable from the thing, but is often spread over a long time and so does not become distinct until after many years The specific stripes may follow late after the offence, but they follow because they accompany it. Crime and punishment grow out of one stem  
20 Punishment is a fruit that unsuspected ripens within the flower of the pleasure which concealed it Cause and effect, means and ends, seed and fruit, cannot be severed, for the effect already blooms in the cause, the end pre-exists in the means, the fruit in the seed

25 Whilst thus the world will be whole and refuses to be parted, we seek to act partially, to sunder, to appropriate; for example, — to gratify the senses we sever the pleasure of the senses from the needs of the character The ingenuity of man has always been dedicated to the  
30 solution of one problem, — how to detach the sensual sweet, the sensual strong, the sensual bright, etc., from the moral sweet, the moral deep, the moral fair, that is, again,

to contrive to cut clean off this upper surface so thin as to leave it bottomless, to get a *one end*, without an *other end* The soul says, "Eat," the body would feast The soul says, "The man and woman shall be one flesh and one soul," the body would join the flesh only The soul says, "Have dominion over all things to the ends of virtue," the body would have the power over things to its own ends

The soul strives amain to live and work through all things It would be the only fact All things shall be added unto it, — power, pleasure, knowledge, beauty The particular man aims to be somebody, to set up for himself, to truck and higgler for a private good, and, in particulars, to ride that he may ride, to dress that he may be dressed, to eat that he may eat, and to govern, that he may be seen Men seek to be great, they would have offices, wealth, power, and fame They think that to be great is to possess one side of nature, — the sweet, without the other side, the bitter

This dividing and detaching is steadily counteracted Up to this day it must be owned no projector has had the smallest success The parted water reunites behind our hand Pleasure is taken out of pleasant things, profit out of profitable things, power out of strong things, as soon as we seek to separate them from the whole We can more halve things and get the sensual good, by itself, than we can get an inside that shall have no outside, or a light without a shadow "Drive out Nature with a fork, she comes running back"

Life invests itself with inevitable conditions, which the unwise seek to dodge, which one and another brags that he does not know, that they do not touch him; — but

the brag is on his lips, the conditions are in his soul If he escapes them in one part they attack him in another more vital part If he has escaped them in form and in the appearance, it is because he has resisted his life and fled  
5 from himself, and the retribution is so much death So signal is the failure of all attempts to make this separation of the good from the bad, that the experiment would not be tried, — since to try it is to be mad, — but for the circumstance that when the disease begins in the will, of  
10 rebellion and separation, the intellect is at once infected, so that the man ceases to see God whole in each object, but is able to see the sensual allurements of an object and not see the sensual hurt, he sees the mermaid's head but not the dragon's tail, and thinks he can cut off that which  
15 he would have from that which he would not have  
"How secret art thou who dwellest in the highest heavens in silence, O thou only great God, sprinkling with an unwearied providence certain penal blindnesses upon such as have unbridled desires!"<sup>o</sup>

20 The human soul is true to these facts in the painting of fable, of history, of law, of proverbs, of conversation It finds a tongue in literature unawares Thus the Greeks called Jupiter, Supreme Mind, but having traditionally ascribed to him many base actions, they involuntarily  
25 made amends to reason by tying up the hands of so bad a god He is made as helpless as a king of England. Prometheus knows one secret which Jove must bargain for; Minerva, another He cannot get his own thunders; Minerva keeps the key of them —

30 "Of all the gods, I only know the keys  
That ope the solid doors within whose vaults  
His thunders sleep"<sup>o</sup>



A plain confession of the in-working of the All and of its moral aim. The Indian mythology ends in the same ethics, and it would seem impossible for any fable to be invented and get any currency which was not moral. Aurora forgot to ask youth for her lover, and though Tithonus is immortal, he is old. Achilles is not quite invulnerable, the sacred waters did not wash the heel by which Thetis held him. Siegfried, in the Nibelungen,<sup>o</sup> is not quite immortal, for a leaf fell on his back whilst he was bathing in the dragon's blood, and that spot which it covered is mortal. And so it must be. There is a crack in every thing God has made. It would seem there is always this vindictive<sup>o</sup> circumstance stealing in at un-awares even into the wild poesy in which the human fancy attempted to make bold holiday and to shake itself free of the old laws, — this back-stroke, this kick of the gun, certifying that the law is fatal, that in nature nothing can be given, all things are sold.

This is that ancient doctrine of Nemesis, who keeps watch in the universe and lets no offence go unchastised. The Furies, they said, are attendants on justice, and if the sun in heaven should transgress his path they would punish him. The poets related that stone walls and iron swords and leathern thongs had an occult sympathy with the wrongs of their owners, that the belt which Ajax gave Hector dragged the Trojan hero over the field at the wheels of the car of Achilles, and the sword which Hector gave Ajax was that on whose point Ajax fell. They recorded that when the Thasians erected a statute to Theagenes, a victor in the games, one of his rivals went to it by night and endeavored to throw it down by repeated blows, until at last he moved it from its pedestal and was crushed to death beneath its fall.

This voice of fable has in it somewhat divine. It came from thought above the will of the writer. That is the best part of each writer which has nothing private in it, that which he does not know, that which flowed out of his constitution and not from his too active invention, that which in the study of a single artist you might not easily find, but in the study of many you would abstract as the spirit of them all. Phidias it is not, but the work of man in that early Hellenic world that I would know. The name and circumstance of Phidias, however convenient for history, embarrass when we come to the highest criticism. We are to see that which man was tending to do in a given period, and was hindered, or, if you will, modified in doing, by the interfering volitions of Phidias, of Dante, of Shakespeare, the organ whereby man at the moment wrought.

Still more striking is the expression of this fact in the proverbs of all nations, which are always the literature of reason, or the statements of an absolute truth without qualification. Proverbs, like the sacred books of each nation, are the sanctuary of the intuitions. That which the droning world, chained to appearances, will not allow the realist to say in his own words, it will suffer him to say in proverbs without contradiction. And this law of laws, which the pulpit, the senate and the college deny, is hourly preached in all markets and workshops by flights of proverbs, whose teaching is as true and as omnipresent as that of birds and flies.

All things are double, one against another. — Tit for tat, an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, blood for blood; measure for measure, love for love — Give, and it shall be given you. — He that watereth shall be watered

himself — What will you have? quoth God, pay for it and take it — Nothing venture, nothing have — Thou shalt be paid exactly for what thou hast done, no more, no less — Who doth not work shall not eat — Harm watch, harm catch — Curses always recoil on the head of him <sup>5</sup> who imprecates them — If you put a chain around the neck of a slave, the other end fastens itself around your own — Bad counsel confounds the adviser. — The Devil is an ass <sup>o</sup>

It is thus written, because it is thus in life Our action <sup>10</sup> is overmastered and characterized above our will by the law of nature We aim at a petty end quite aside from the public good, but our act arranges itself by irresistible magnetism in a line with the poles of the world.

A man cannot speak but he judges himself With <sup>15</sup> his will or against his will he draws his portrait to the eye of his companions by every word Every opinion reacts on him who utters it It is a thread-ball<sup>o</sup> thrown at a mark, but the other end remains in the thrower's bag Or rather it is a harpoon hurled at the whale, unwinding, as it flies, <sup>20</sup> a coil of cord in the boat, and, if the harpoon is not good, or not well thrown, it will go nigh to cut the steersman in twain or to sink the boat

You cannot do wrong without suffering wrong "No man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious to <sup>25</sup> him," said Burke The exclusive in fashionable life does not see that he excludes himself from enjoyment, in the attempt to appropriate it The exclusionist in religion does not see that he shuts the door of heaven on himself, in striving to shut out others. Treat men as pawns and <sup>30</sup> ninepins and you shall suffer as well as they If you leave out their heart, you shall lose your own The senses would

make things of all persons, of women, of children, of the poor. The vulgar proverb, "I will get it from his purse or get it from his skin," is sound philosophy.

All infractions of love and equity in our social relations  
5 are speedily punished. They are punished by fear. Whilst I stand in simple relations to my fellow-man, I have no displeasure in meeting him. We meet as water meets water, or as two currents of air mix, with perfect diffusion and interpenetration of nature. But as soon as there is any  
10 departure from simplicity and attempt at halfness, or good for me that is not good for him, my neighbor feels the wrong, he shrinks from me as far as I have shrunk from him, his eyes no longer seek mine, there is war between us, there is hate in him and fear in me.

15 All the old abuses in society, universal and particular, all unjust accumulations of property and power, are avenged in the same manner. Fear is an instructor of great sagacity and the herald of all revolutions. One thing he teaches, that there is rottenness where he appears.  
20 He is a carrion crow, and though you see not well what he hovers for, there is death somewhere. Our property is timid, our laws are timid, our cultivated classes are timid. Fear for ages has boded and mowed and gibbered over government and property. That obscene bird is not there for  
25 nothing. He indicates great wrongs which must be revised.

Of the like nature is that expectation of change which instantly follows the suspension of our voluntary activity. The terror of cloudless noon, the emerald of Polycrates,<sup>o</sup> the awe of prosperity, the instinct which leads every generous soul to impose on itself tasks of a noble asceticism and  
30 vicarious virtue, are the tremblings of the balance of justice through the heart and mind of man.

Experienced men of the world know very well that it is best to pay scot and lot° as they go along, and that a man often pays dear for a small frugality. The borrower runs in his own debt. Has a man gained any thing who has received a hundred favors and rendered none? Has he 5 gained by borrowing, through indolence or cunning, his neighbor's waies, or horses, or money? There arises on the deed the instant acknowledgment of benefit on the one part and of debt on the other, that is, of superiority and inferiority. The transaction remains in the memory of 10 himself and his neighbor, and every new transaction alters according to its nature their relation to each other. He may soon come to see that he had better have broken his own bones than to have ridden in his neighbor's coach, and that "the highest price he can pay for a thing is to ask 15 for it."

A wise man will extend this lesson to all parts of life, and know that it is the part of prudence to face every claimant and pay every just demand on your time, your talents, or your heart. Always pay, for first or last you must pay 20 your entire debt. Persons and events may stand for a time between you and justice, but it is only a postponement. You must pay at last your own debt. If you are wise you will dread a prosperity which only loads you with more. Benefit is the end of nature. But for every benefit 25 which you receive, a tax is levied. He is great who confers the most benefits. He is base, — and that is the one base thing in the universe, — to receive favors and render none. In the order of nature we cannot render benefits to those from whom we receive them, or only seldom. But the 30 benefit we receive must be rendered again, line for line, deed for deed, cent for cent, to somebody. Beware of too

much good staying in your hand It will fast corrupt and worm worms Pay it away quickly in some sort

Labor is watched over by the same pitiless laws Cheapest, say the prudent, is the dearest labor What we buy in a broom, a mat, a wagon, a knife, is some application of good sense to a common want It is best to pay in your land a skilful gardener, or to buy good sense applied to gardening, in your sailor, good sense applied to navigation, in the house, good sense applied to cooking, sewing, serving, in your agent, good sense applied to accounts and affairs So do you multiply your presence, or spread yourself throughout your estate But because of the dual constitution of things, in labor as in life there can be no cheating The thief steals from himself The swindler swindles himself. For the real price of labor is knowledge and virtue, whereof wealth and credit are signs These signs, like paper money, may be counterfeited or stolen, but that which they represent, namely, knowledge and virtue, cannot be counterfeited or stolen These ends of labor cannot be answered but by real exertions of the mind, and in obedience to pure motives The cheat, the defaulter, the gambler, cannot extort the knowledge of material and moral nature which his honest care and pains yield to the operative The law of nature is, Do the thing, and you shall have the power, but they who do not the thing have not the power

Human labor, through all its forms, from the sharpening of a stake to the construction of a city or an epic, is one immense illustration of the perfect compensation of the universe The absolute balance of Give and Take, the doctrine that every thing has its price, — and if that price is not paid, not that thing but something else is obtained,

and that it is impossible to get anything without its price, — is not less sublime in the columns of a ledger<sup>o</sup> than in the budgets of states, in the laws of light and darkness, in all the action and reaction of nature. I cannot doubt that the high laws which each man sees implicated in those processes with which he is conversant, the stern ethics which sparkle on his chisel-edge, which are measured out by his plumb and foot-rule, which stand as manifest in the footing of the shop-bill as in the history of a state, — do recommend to him his trade, and though seldom named, exalt his business to his imagination.

The league between virtue and nature engages all things to assume a hostile front to vice. The beautiful laws and substances of the world persecute and whip the traitor. He finds that things are arranged for truth and benefit, but there is no den in the wide world to hide a rogue. Commit a crime, and the earth is made of glass. Commit a crime, and it seems as if a coat of snow fell on the ground, such as reveals in the woods the track of every partridge and fox and squirrel and mole. You cannot recall the spoken word, you cannot wipe out the foot-track, you cannot draw up the ladder, so as to leave no inlet or clew. Some damning circumstance always transpires. The laws and substances of nature — water, snow, wind, gravitation — become penalties to the thief.

On the other hand the law holds with equal sureness for all right action. Love, and you shall be loved. All love is mathematically just, as much as the two sides of an algebraic equation. The good man has absolute good, which like fire turns every thing to its own nature, so that you cannot do him any harm, but as the royal armies sent against Napoleon, when he approached cast down

their colors and from enemies became friends, so disasters of all kinds, as sickness, offence, poverty, prove benefactors —

5                   “Winds blow and waters roll  
Strength to the brave and power and deity,  
Yet in themselves are nothing ” °

The good are befriended even by weakness and defect. As no man had ever a point of pride that was not injurious to him, so no man had ever a defect that was not somewhere made useful to him. The stag in the fable admired his horns and blamed his feet, but when the hunter came, his feet saved him, and afterwards, caught in the thicket, his horns destroyed him. Every man in his lifetime needs to thank his faults. As no man thoroughly understands a truth until he has contended against it, so no man has a thorough acquaintance with the hindrances or talents of men until he has suffered from the one and seen the triumph of the other over his own want of the same. Has he a defect of temper that unfits him to live in society? Thereby he is driven to entertain himself alone and acquire habits of self-help, and thus, like the wounded oyster, he mends his shell with pearl.

Our strength grows out of our weakness. The indignation which arms itself with secret forces does not awaken until we are pricked and stung and sorely assailed. A great man is always willing to be little. Whilst he sits on the cushion of advantages, he goes to sleep. When he is pushed, tormented, defeated, he has a chance to learn something, he has been put on his wits, on his manhood, he has gained facts, learns his ignorance, is cured of the insanity of conceit; has got moderation and real skill. The wise man throws himself on the side of his assailants.



It is more his interest than it is theirs to find his weak point. The wound cicatrizes and falls off from him like a dead skin, and when they would triumph, lo! he has passed on invulnerable. Blame is safer than praise. I hate to be defended in a newspaper. As long as all that is said is said 5 against me, I feel a certain assurance of success. But as soon as honeyed words of praise are spoken for me I feel as one that lies unprotected before his enemies. In general, every evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor. As the Sandwich Islander believes that the 10 strength and valor of the enemy he kills passes into himself, so we gain the strength of the temptation we resist.

The same guards which protect us from disaster, defect and enmity, defend us, if we will, from selfishness and fraud. Bolts and bars are not the best of our institutions, 15 nor is shrewdness in trade a mark of wisdom. Men suffer all their life long under the foolish superstition that they can be cheated. But it is as impossible for a man to be cheated by any one but himself, as for a thing to be and not to be at the same time. There is a third silent party 20 to all our bargains. The nature and soul of things takes on itself the guaranty of the fulfilment of every contract, so that honest service cannot come to loss. If you serve an ungrateful master, serve him the more. Put God in your debt. Every stroke shall be repaid. The longer the 25 payment is withholden, the better for you, for compound interest on compound interest is the rate and usage of this exchequer.

The history of persecution is a history of endeavors to cheat nature, to make water run up hill, to twist a rope of 30 sand. It makes no difference whether the actors be many or one, a tyrant or a mob. A mob is a society of bodies

voluntarily bereaving themselves of reason and traversing<sup>o</sup> its work The mob is man voluntarily descending to the nature of the beast Its fit hour of activity is night Its actions are insane, like its whole constitution It persecutes a principle, it would whip a right, it would tar and feather justice, by inflicting fire and outrage upon the houses and persons of those who have these It resembles the prank of boys, who run with fire-engines to put out the ruddy aurora streaming to the stars The inviolate<sup>10</sup> spirit turns their spite against the wrongdoers The martyr cannot be dishonored Every lash inflicted is a tongue of fame, every prison a more illustrious abode, every burned book or house enlightens the world, every suppressed or expunged word reverberates through the<sup>15</sup> earth from side to side Hours of sanity and consideration are always arriving to communities, as to individuals, when the truth is seen and the martyrs are justified

Thus do all things preach the indifferency of circumstances The man is all Every thing has two sides, a<sup>20</sup> good and an evil Every advantage has its tax I learn to be content But the doctrine of compensation is not the doctrine of indifferency The thoughtless say, on hearing these representations, — What boots it to do well? there is one event to good and evil, if I gain any good<sup>25</sup> I must pay for it, if I lose any good I gain some other, all actions are indifferent.

There is a deeper fact in the soul than compensation, to wit, its own nature The soul is not a compensation, but a life. The soul is Under all this running sea of circumstance, whose waters ebb and flow with perfect balance,<sup>30</sup> lies the aboriginal abyss of real Being Essence, or God, is not a relation or a part, but the whole

Being is the vast affirmative, excluding negation, self-balanced, and swallowing up all relations, parts and times within itself. Nature, truth, virtue, are the influx from thence. Vice is the absence or departure of the same. Nothing, Falsehood, may indeed stand as the great Night<sup>5</sup> or shade on which as a background the living universe paints itself forth, but no fact is begotten by it, it cannot work, for it is not. It cannot work any good, it cannot work any harm. It is harm inasmuch as it is worse not to be than to be.

We feel defrauded of the retribution due to evil acts, because the criminal adheres to his vice and contumacy and does not come to a crisis or judgment anywhere in visible nature. There is no stunning confutation of his nonsense before men and angels. Has he therefore outwitted the<sup>15</sup> law? Inasmuch as he carries the malignity and the lie with him he so far deceases from nature. In some manner there will be a demonstration of the wrong to the understanding also, but, should we not see it, this deadly deduction makes square the eternal account.

Neither can it be said, on the other hand, that the gain of rectitude must be bought by any loss. There is no penalty to virtue, no penalty to wisdom, they are proper additions of being. In a virtuous action I properly *am*; in a virtuous act I add to the world, I plant into deserts<sup>25</sup> conquered from Chaos and Nothing and see the darkness receding on the limits of the horizon. There can be no excess to love, none to knowledge, none to beauty, when these attributes are considered in the purest sense. The soul refuses limits, and always affirms an Optimism, never<sup>30</sup> a Pessimism.

His life is a progress, and not a station. His instinct

is trust Our instinct uses "more" and "less" in application to man, of the *presence of the soul*, and not of its absence, the brave man is greater than the coward, the true, the benevolent, the wise, is more a man and not less, 5 than the fool and knave There is no tax on the good of virtue, for that is the incoming of God himself, or absolute existence, without any comparative Material good has its tax, and if it came without desert or sweat, has no root in me, and the next wind will blow it away But all the 10 good of nature is the soul's, and may be had if paid for in nature's lawful coin, that is, by labor which the heart and the head allow I no longer wish to meet a good I do not earn, for example to find a pot of buried gold, knowing that it brings with it new burdens I do not wish more 15 external goods, — neither possessions, nor honors nor powers, nor persons The gain is apparent, the tax is certain But there is no tax on the knowledge that the compensation exists and that it is not desirable to dig up treasure Herein I rejoice with a serene eternal peace I 20 contract the boundaries of possible mischief I learn the wisdom of St Bernard,<sup>o</sup> "Nothing can work me damage except myself, the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault"

In the nature of the soul is the compensation for the 25 inequalities of condition The radical tragedy of nature seems to be the distinction of More and Less How can Less not feel the pain, how not feel indignation or malevolence towards More? Look at those who have less faculty, and one feels sad and knows not well what to make 30 of it He almost shuns their eye, he fears they will upbraid God What should they do? It seems a great injustice But see the facts nearly and these mountainous

inequalities vanish Love reduces them as the sun melts the iceberg in the sea The heart and soul of all men being one, this bitterness of *His* and *Mine* ceases His is mine. I am my brother and my brother is me If I feel overshadowed and outdone by great neighbors, I can yet love, <sup>5</sup> I can still receive, and he that loveth maketh his own the grandeur he loves Thereby I make the discovery that my brother is my guardian, acting for me with the friendliest designs, and the estate I so admired and envied is my own. It is the nature of the soul to appropriate all things Jesus <sup>10</sup> and Shakespeare are fragments of the soul, and by love I conquer and incorporate them in my own conscious domain His virtue, — is not that mine? His wit, — if it cannot be made mine, it is not wit

Such also is the natural history of calamity. The <sup>15</sup> changes which break up at short intervals the prosperity of men are advertisements of a nature whose law is growth Every soul is by this intrinsic necessity quitting its whole system of things, its friends and home and laws and faith, as the shell-fish crawls out of its beautiful but stony case, <sup>20</sup> because it no longer admits of its growth, and slowly forms a new house In proportion to the vigor of the individual these revolutions are frequent, until in some happier mind they are incessant and all worldly relations hang very loosely about him, becoming as it were a transparent fluid <sup>25</sup> membrane through which the living form is seen, and not, as in most men, an indurated heterogeneous fabric of many dates and of no settled character, in which the man is imprisoned Then there can be enlargement, and the man of to-day scarcely recognizes the man of yesterday And <sup>30</sup> such should be the outward biography of man in time, a putting off of dead circumstances day by day, as he renews

his raiment day by day But to us, in our lapsed estate, resting, not advancing, resisting, not cooperating with the divine expansion, this growth comes by shocks

We cannot part with our friends We cannot let our  
5 angels go We do not see that they only go out that archangels may come in We are idolaters of the old We do not believe in the riches of the soul, in its proper eternity and omnipresence We do not believe there is  
10 any force in to-day to rival or recreate that beautiful yesterday We linger in the ruins of the old tent where once we had bread and shelter and organs, nor believe that the spirit can feed, cover, and nerve us again We cannot again find aught so dear, so sweet, so graceful But we sit and weep in vain The voice of the Almighty saith,  
15 "Up and onward for evermore!" We cannot stay amid the ruins Neither will we rely on the new, and so we walk ever with reverted eyes, like those monsters who look backwards

And yet the compensations of calamity are made ap-  
20 parent to the understanding also, after long intervals of time. A fever, a mutilation, a cruel disappointment, a loss of wealth, a loss of friends, seems at the moment unpaid loss, and unpayable But the sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all facts The death of a  
25 dear friend, wife, brother, lover, which seemed nothing but privation, somewhat later assumes the aspect of a guide or genius, for it commonly operates revolutions in our way of life, terminates an epoch of infancy or of youth which was waiting to be closed, breaks up a wonted occu-  
30 pation, or a household, or style of living, and allows the formation of new ones more friendly to the growth of character It permits or constrains the formation of new ac-

quaintances and the reception of new influences that prove of the first importance to the next years, and the man or woman who would have remained a sunny garden-flower, with no room for its roots and too much sunshine for its head, by the falling of the walls and the neglect of the gardener is made the banian of the forest, yielding shade and fruit to wide neighborhoods of men

## ALEXANDER SMITH

### A LARK'S FLIGHT

RIGHTLY or wrongly, during the last twenty or thirty years a strong feeling has grown up in the public mind against the principle, and a still stronger feeling against the practice, of capital punishments. Many people who  
5 will admit that the execution of the murderer may be, abstractly considered, just enough, sincerely doubt whether such execution be expedient, and are in their own minds perfectly certain that it cannot fail to demoralise the spectators. In consequence of this, executions have  
10 become rare, and it is quite clear that many scoundrels, well worthy of the noose, contrive to escape it. When, on the occasion of a wretch being turned off, the spectators are few, it is remarked by the newspapers that the mob is beginning to lose its proverbial cruelty, and to be stirred  
15 by humane pulses, when they are numerous, and especially when girls and women form a majority, the circumstance is noticed and deplored. It is plain enough that, if the newspaper considered such an exhibition beneficial, it would not lament over a few thousand eager witnesses, if  
20 the sermon be edifying, you cannot have too large a congregation, if you teach a moral lesson in a grand, impres-



sive way, it is difficult to see how you can have too many pupils Of course, neither the justice nor the expediency of capital punishments falls to be discussed here This, however, may be said, that the popular feeling against them may not be so admirable a proof of enlightenment as many believe It is true that the spectacle is painful, horrible, but in pain and horror there is often hidden a certain salutariness, and the repulsion of which we are conscious is as likely to arise from debilitation of public nerve, as from a higher reach of public feeling To my own thinking, it is out of this pain and hatefulness that an execution becomes invested with an ideal grandeur It is sheer horror to all concerned — sheriffs, halbertmen, chaplain, spectators, Jack Ketch,<sup>o</sup> and culprit, but out of all this, and towering behind the vulgar and hideous accessories of the scaffold, gleams the majesty of implacable law When every other fine morning a dozen cut-purses were hanged at Tyburn,<sup>o</sup> and when such sights did not run very strongly against the popular current, the spectacle *was* vulgar, and could be of use only to the possible cut-purses congregated around the foot of the scaffold Now, when the law has become so far merciful, when the punishment of death is reserved for the murderer, when he can be condemned only on the clearest evidence, when, as the days draw slowly on to doom, the frightful event impending over one stricken wretch throws its shadow over the heart of every man, woman, and child in the great city, and when the official persons whose duty it is to see the letter of the law carried out perform that duty at the expense of personal pain, a public execution is not vulgar, it becomes positively sublime It is dreadful, of course, but its dreadfulness melts into pure awfulness The

attention is taken off the criminal, and is lost in a sense of the grandeur of justice, and the spectator who beholds an execution, solely as it appears to the eye, without recognition of the idea which towers behind it, must be  
5 a very unspiritual and unimaginative spectator indeed

It is taken for granted that the spectators of public executions — the artisans and country people who take up their stations over-night as close to the barriers as possible, and the wealthier classes who occupy hired windows  
10 and employ opera-glasses — are merely drawn together by a morbid relish for horrible sights. He is a bold man who will stand forward as the advocate of such persons — so completely is the popular mind made up as to their tastes and motives. It is not disputed that the large body of the  
15 mob, and of the occupants of windows, have been drawn together by an appetite for excitement, but it is quite possible that many come there from an impulse altogether different. Just consider the nature of the expected sight — a man in tolerable health probably, in possession of all his  
20 faculties, perfectly able to realise his position, conscious that for him this world and the next are so near that only a few seconds divide them — such a man stands in the seeing of several thousand eyes. He is so peculiarly circumstanced, so utterly lonely — hearing the tolling of his  
25 own death-bell, yet living, wearing the mourning clothes for his own funeral — that he holds the multitude together by a shuddering fascination. The sight is a peculiar one, you must admit, and every peculiarity has its attractions. Your volcano is more attractive than your ordinary mountain. Then consider the unappeasable curiosity as to  
30 death which haunts every human being, and how pathetic what curiosity is, in so far as it suggests our own ignorance

and helplessness, and we see at once that people *may* flock to public executions for other purposes than the gratification of morbid tastes, that they would pluck if they could some little knowledge of what death is, that imaginatively they attempt to reach to it, to touch and 5 handle it through an experience which is not their own. It is some obscure desire of this kind, a movement of curiosity not altogether ignoble, but in some degree pathetic, some rude attempt of the imagination to wrest from the death of the criminal information as to the great secret 10 in which each is profoundly interested, which draws around the scaffold people from the country harvest-fields, and from the streets and alleys of the town. Nothing interests men so much as death. Age cannot wither it, nor custom stale it. "A greater crowd would come to see 15 me hanged," Cromwell is reported to have said when the populace came forth on a public occasion. The Lord Protector was right in a sense of which, perhaps, at the moment he was not aware. Death is greater than official position. When a man has to die, he may safely dispense 20 with stars and ribbands. He is invested with a greater dignity than is held in the gift of kings. A greater crowd *would* have gathered to see Cromwell hanged, but the compliment would have been paid to death rather than to Cromwell. Never were the motions of Charles I so scrutinised as when he stood for a few moments on the scaffold 25 that winter morning° at Whitehall. King Louis was no great orator usually, but when on January 2, 1793, he attempted to speak a few words in the Place de la Revolution, it was found necessary to drown his voice in a harsh 30 roll of soldiers' drums. Not without a meaning do people come forth to see men die. We stand in the valley, they

on the hilltop, and on their faces strikes the light of the other world, and from some sign or signal of theirs we attempt to discover or extract a hint of what it is all like

To be publicly put to death, for whatever reason, must  
5 ever be a serious matter. It is always bitter, but there are degrees in its bitterness. It is easy to die like Stephen<sup>o</sup> with an opened heaven about you, crowded with angel faces. It is easy to die like Balmerino<sup>o</sup> with a chivalrous sigh for the White Rose, and an audible "God bless King  
10 James." Such men die for a cause in which they glory, and are supported thereby, they are conducted to the portals of the next world by the angels, Faith, Pity, Admiration. But it is not easy to die in expiation of a crime like murder, which engirdles you with trembling and horror  
15 even in the loneliest places, which cuts you off from the sympathies of your kind, which reduces the universe to two elements — a sense of personal identity, and a memory of guilt. In so dying, there must be inconceivable bitterness, a man can have no other support than what strength  
20 he may pluck from despair, or from the iron with which nature may have originally braced heart and nerve. Yet, taken as a whole, criminals on the scaffold comport themselves creditably. They look Death in the face when he wears his cruellest aspect, and if they flinch somewhat, they  
25 can at least bear to look. I believe that, for the criminal, execution within the prison walls, with no witnesses save some half-dozen official persons, would be infinitely more terrible than execution in the presence of a curious, glaring mob. The daylight and the publicity are alien elements,  
30 which wean the man a little from himself. He steadies his dizzy brain on the crowd beneath and around him. He has his last part to play, and his manhood rallies to play it

well Nay, so subtly is vanity intertwined with our motives, the noblest and the most ignoble, that I can fancy a poor wretch with the noose dangling at his ear, and with barely five minutes to live, soothed somewhat with the idea that his firmness and composure will earn him the approbation, perhaps the pity, of the spectators He would take with him, if he could, the good opinion of his fellows This composure of criminals puzzles one Have they looked at death so long and closely, that familiarity has robbed it of terror? Has life treated them so harshly, that they are tolerably well pleased to be quit of it on any terms? Or is the whole thing mere blind stupor and delirium, in which thought is paralysed, and the man an automaton? Speculation is useless The fact remains that criminals for the most part die well and bravely It is said that the championship of England was to be decided at some little distance from London on the morning of the day of which Thurtell<sup>c</sup> was executed, and that, when he came out on the scaffold, he inquired privily of the executioner if the result had yet become known Jack Ketch was not aware, and Thurtell expressed his regret that the ceremony in which he was chief actor should take place so inconveniently early in the day. Think of a poor Thurtell forced to take his long journey an hour, perhaps, before the arrival of intelligence so important!

More than twenty years ago I saw two men executed, and the impression then made remains fresh to this day. For this there were many reasons The deed for which the men suffered created an immense sensation They were hanged on the spot where the murder was committed — on a rising ground, some four miles north-east of the city, and as an attempt at rescue was apprehended, there was a

considerable display of military force on the occasion. And when, in the dead silence of thousands, the criminals stood beneath the halters, an incident occurred, quite natural and slight in itself, but when taken in connexion with the business then proceeding, so unutterably tragic, so overwhelming in its pathetic suggestion of contrast, that the feeling of it has never departed, and never will. At the time, too, I speak of, I was very young, the world was like a die newly cut, whose every impression is fresh and vivid.

While the railway which connects two northern capitals was being built, two brothers from Ireland, named Doolan, were engaged upon it in the capacity of navvies. For some fault or negligence, one of the brothers was dismissed by the overseer — a Mr Green — of that particular portion of the line on which they were employed. The dismissed brother went off in search of work, and the brother who remained — Dennis was the Christian name of him — brooded over this supposed wrong, and in his dull, twilighted brain revolved projects of vengeance. He did not absolutely mean to take Green's life, but he meant to thrash him to within an inch of it. Dennis, anxious to thrash Green, but not quite seeing his way to it, opened his mind one afternoon, when work was over, to his friends — fellow-Irishmen and navvies — Messrs Redding and Hickie. These took up Doolan's wrong as their own, and that evening, by the dull light of a bothy<sup>o</sup> fire, they held a rude parliament, discussing ways and means of revenge. It was arranged that Green should be thrashed — the amount of thrashing left an open question, to be decided, unhappily, when the blood was up and the cinder of rage blown into a flame. Hickie's spirit was found not to be a

mounting one, and it was arranged that the active partners in the game should be Doolan and Redding. Doolan, as the aggrieved party, was to strike the first blow, and Redding, as the aggrieved party's particular friend, asked and obtained permission to strike the second. The main 5 conspirators, with a fine regard for the feelings of the weaker Hickie, allowed him to provide the weapons of assault — so that by some slight filament of aid he might connect himself with the good cause. The unambitious Hickie at once applied himself to his duty. He went out 10 and in due time returned with two sufficient iron pokers. The weapons were examined, approved of, and carefully laid aside. Doolan, Redding, and Hickie ate their suppers, and retired to their several couches to sleep, peacefully enough no doubt. About the same time, too, Green, the 15 English overseer, threw down his weary limbs, and entered on his last sleep — little dreaming what the morning had in store for him.

Uprose the sun, and uprose Doolan and Redding, and dressed, and thrust each his sufficient iron poker up the 20 sleeve of his blouse, and went forth. They took up their station on a temporary wooden bridge which spanned the line, and waited there. Across the bridge, as was expected, did Green ultimately come. He gave them good morning; asked, "why they were loafing about?" received no very 25 pertinent answer, perhaps did not care to receive one; whistled — the unsuspecting man! — thrust his hands into his breeches pockets, turned his back on them, and leaned over the railing of the bridge, inspecting the progress of the works beneath. The temptation was really too great. 30 What could wild Irish flesh and blood do? In a moment out from the sleeve of Doolan's blouse came the hidden

poker, and the first blow was struck, bringing Green to the ground. The friendly Redding, who had bargained for the second, and who, naturally enough, was in fear of being cut out altogether, jumped on the prostrate man, and fulfilled his share of the bargain with a will. It was Redding it was supposed who sped the unhappy Green. They overdid their work — like young authors — giving many more blows than were sufficient, and then fled. The works, of course, were that morning in consternation. Redding and Hickie were, if I remember rightly, apprehended in the course of the day. Doolan got off, leaving no trace of his whereabouts.

These particulars were all learned subsequently. The first intimation which we schoolboys received of anything unusual having occurred, was the sight of a detachment of soldiers with fixed bayonets, trousers rolled up over muddy boots, marching past the front of the Cathedral hurriedly home to barracks. This was a circumstance somewhat unusual. We had, of course, frequently seen a couple of soldiers trudging along with sloped muskets, and that cruel glitter of steel which no one of us could look upon quite unmoved, but in such cases, the deserter walking between them in his shirt-sleeves, his pinioned hands covered from public gaze by the loose folds of his greatcoat, explained everything. But from the hurried march of these mud-splashed men nothing could be gathered, and we were left to speculate upon its meaning. Gradually, however, before the evening fell, the rumor of a murder having been committed spread through the city, and with that I instinctively connected the apparition of the file of muddy soldiers. Next day, murder was in every mouth. My schoolfellows talked of it to the detriment of their lessons, it flavored the



tobacco of the fustian artizan as he smoked to work after breakfast, it walked on 'Change amongst the merchants. It was known that two of the persons implicated had been captured, but that the other, and guiltiest, was still at large, and in a few days out on every piece of boarding and blank wall came the "Hue and cry" — describing Doolan like a photograph, to the color and cut of his whiskers, and offering £100 as reward for his apprehension, or for such information as would lead to his apprehension — like a silent, implacable bloodhound following close on the track of the murderer. This terrible broadsheet I read, was certain that *he* had read it also, and fancy ran riot over the ghastly fact. For him no hope, no rest, no peace, no touch of hands gentler than the hangman's, all the world is after him like a roaring prairie of flame! I thought of Doolan, weary, foot-sore, heart-sore, entering some quiet village of an evening, and to quench his thirst, going up to the public well, around which the gossips are talking, and hearing that they were talking of *him*, and seeing from the well itself, it glaring upon him, as if conscious of his presence, with a hundred eyes of vengeance. I thought of him asleep in out-houses, and starting up in wild dreams of the policeman's hand upon his shoulder fifty times ere morning. He had committed the crime of Cain, and the weird of Cain he had to endure. But yesterday innocent, how unimportant, to-day bloody-handed, the whole world is talking of him, and everything he touches, the very bed he sleeps on, steals from him his secret, and is eager to betray!

Doolan was finally captured in Liverpool, and in the Spring Assize the three men were brought to trial. The jury found them guilty, but recommended Hickie to

mercy on account of some supposed weakness of mind on  
his part. Sentence was, of course, pronounced with the  
usual solemnities. They were set apart to die, and when  
snug abed o' nights — for imagination is most mightily  
5 moved by contrast — I crept into their desolate hearts,  
and tasted a misery which was not my own. As already  
said, Hickie was recommended to mercy, and the recom-  
mendation was ultimately in the proper quarter given  
effect to.

10 The evening before the execution has arrived, and the  
reader has now to imagine the early May sunset falling  
pleasantly on the outskirts of the city. The houses look-  
ing out upon an open square or space, have little plots of  
garden-ground in their fronts, in which mahogany-colored  
15 wall-flowers and mealy auriculas are growing. The side  
of this square, along which the City Road stretches north-  
ward, is occupied by a blind asylum, a brick building, the  
bricks painted red and picked out with white, after the  
tidy English fashion, and a high white cemetery wall, over  
20 which peers the spire of the Gothic Cathedral, and beyond  
that, on the other side of the ravine, rising out of a popu-  
lous city of the dead, a stone John Knox<sup>o</sup> looks down on the  
Cathedral, a Bible clutched in his outstretched and menac-  
ing hand. On all this the May sunset is striking, dressing  
25 everything in its warm, pleasant pink, lingering in the  
tufts of foliage that nestle around the asylum, and dipping  
the building itself one half in light, one half in tender shade.  
This open space or square is an excellent place for the  
games of us boys, and "Prisoner's Base" is being carried  
30 out with as much earnestness as the business of life now  
by those of us who are left. The girls, too, have their  
games of a quiet kind, which we hold in huge scorn and

contempt In two files, linked arm-in-arm, they alternately dance towards each other and then retire, singing the while, in their clear, girlish treble, verses, the meaning and pertinence of which time has worn away —

The Campsie Duke's a-riding, a-riding, a-riding,

5

being the oft-recurring "owercome" or refrain All this is going on in the pleasant sunset light, when by the apparition of certain wagons coming up from the city, piled high with blocks and beams, and guarded by a dozen dragoons, on whose brazen helmets the sunset daz<sup>ed</sup>, every game is 10 dismembered, and we are in a moment a mere mixed mob of boys and girls, flocking around to stare and wonder Just at this place something went wrong with one of the wagon wheels, and the procession came to a stop A crowd collected, and we heard some of the grown-up people 15 say that the scaffold was being carried out for the ceremony of to-morrow Then, more intensely than ever, one realized the condition of the doomed men We were at our happy games in the sunset, *they* were entering on their last night on earth After hammering and delay the wheel 20 was put to rights, the sunset died out, wagons and dragoons got into motion and disappeared, and all the night through, whether awake or asleep, I saw the torches burning, and heard the hammers clinking, and witnessed as clearly as if I had been an onlooker, the horrid structure 25 rising, till it stood complete, with a huge cross-beam from which two empty halters hung, in the early morning light.

Next morning the whole city was in commotion. Whether the authorities were apprehensive that a rescue would be attempted, or were anxious merely to strike terror 30 into the hundreds of wild Irishry engaged on the railway,

I cannot say, in any case, there was a display of military force quite unusual. The carriage in which the criminals — Catholics both — and their attendant priests were seated, was guarded by soldiers with fixed bayonets, indeed, the whole regiment then lying in the city was massed in front and behind, with a cold, frightful glitter of steel. Besides the foot soldiers, there were dragoons, and two pieces of cannon, a whole little army, in fact. With a slenderer force battles have been won which have made a mark in history. What did the prisoners think of their strange importance, and of the tramp and hurly-burly all around? When the procession moved out of the city, it seemed to draw with it almost the entire population, and when once the country roads were reached, the crowd spread over the fields on either side, ruthlessly treading down the tender wheat braid. I got a glimpse of the doomed, blanched faces which had haunted me so long, at the turn of the road, where, for the first time, the black cross-beam with its empty halters first became visible to them. Both turned and regarded it with a long, steady look, that done, they again bent their heads attentively to the words of the clergyman. I suppose in that long, eager, fascinated gaze they practically *died* — that for them death had no additional bitterness. When the mound was reached on which the scaffold stood, there was immense confusion. Around it a wide space was kept clear by the military, the cannon were placed in position, out flashed the swords of the dragoons, beneath and around on every side was the crowd. Between two brass helmets I could see the scaffold clearly enough, and when in a little while the men, bareheaded and with their attendants, appeared upon it, the surging crowd became stiffened

with fear and awe And now it was that the incident so simple, so natural, so much in the ordinary course of things, and yet so frightful in its tragic suggestions, took place Be it remembered that the season was early May, that the day was fine, that the wheat-fields were clothing <sup>5</sup> themselves in the green of the young crop, and that around the scaffold, standing on a sunny mound, a wide space was kept clear When the men appeared beneath the beam, each under his proper halter, there was a dead silence — every one was gazing too intently to whisper <sup>10</sup> to his neighbor even Just then, out of the grassy space at the foot of the scaffold, in the dead silence audible to all, a lark rose from the side of its nest, and went singing upward in its happy flight O heaven! how did that song translate itself into dying ears? Did it bring in one wild <sup>15</sup> burning moment father, and mother, and poor Irish cabin, and prayers said at bed-time, and the smell of turf fires, and innocent sweethearting, and rising and setting suns? Did it — but the dragoon's horse has become restive, and his brass helmet bobs up and down and blots everything, <sup>20</sup> and there is a sharp sound, and I feel the great crowd heave and swing, and hear it torn by a sharp shiver of pity, and the men whom I saw so near but a moment ago are at immeasurable distance, and have solved the great enigma — and the lark has not yet finished his flight you can see <sup>25</sup> and hear him yonder in the fringe of a white May cloud

This ghastly lark's flight, when the circumstances are taken into consideration, is, I am inclined to think, more terrible than anything of the same kind which I have encountered in books The artistic uses of contrast <sup>30</sup> background and accompaniment, are well known to nature and the poets. Joy is continually worked on sorrow,

sorrow on joy, riot is framed in peace, peace in riot  
Lear and the Fool always go together Trafalgar is being  
fought while Napoleon is sitting on horseback watching  
the Austrian army laying down its arms at Ulm ° In  
5 Hood's poem, ° it is when looking on the released school-  
boys at their games that Eugene Aram remembers he is a  
murderer. And these two poor Irish laborers could not  
die without hearing a lark singing in their ears It is  
Nature's fashion She never quite goes along with us  
10 She is sombre at weddings, sunny at funerals, and she  
frowns on ninety-nine out of a hundred picnics

There is a stronger element of terror in this incident of  
the lark than in any story of a similar kind I can remember

A good story is told of an Irish gentleman — still  
15 known in London society — who inherited the family  
estates and the family banshee ° The estates he lost — no  
uncommon circumstance in the history of Irish gentle-  
men, — but the banshee, who expected no favors, stuck to  
him in his adversity, and crossed the channel with him,  
20 making herself known only on occasions of death-beds and  
sharp family misfortunes The gentleman had an ear,  
and, seated one night at the opera, the *keen* — heard  
once or twice before on memorable occasions — thrilled  
through the dim of the orchestra and the passion of the  
25 singers He hurried home of course, found his immediate  
family well, but on the morrow a telegram arrived with the  
announcement of a brother's death Surely of all super-  
stitions that is the most imposing which makes the other  
world interested in the events which befall our mortal lot  
30 For the mere pomp and pride of it, your ghost is worth a  
dozen retainers, and it is entirely inexpensive The pe-  
culiarly and supernatural worth of this story lies in the

idea of the old wail piercing through the sweet entanglement of stringed instruments and extinguishing Grisi °  
Modern circumstances and luxury crack, as it were, and reveal for a moment misty and aboriginal time big with portent There is a ridiculous Scotch story in which one 5  
gruesome touch lives A clergyman's female servant was seated in the kitchen one Saturday night reading the Scriptures, when she was somewhat startled by hearing at the door the tap and voice of her sweetheart Not expect- 10  
ing him, and the hour being somewhat late, she opened it in astonishment, and was still more astonished to hear him on entering abuse Scripture-reading He behaved altogether in an unprecedented manner, and in many ways terrified the poor girl Ultimately he knelt before her, and laid his head on her lap You can fancy her consternation 15  
when glancing down she discovered that, *instead of hair, the head was covered with the moss of the moorland* By a sacred name she adjured him to tell who he was, and in a moment the figure was gone It was the Fiend, of course — diminished sadly since Milton saw him bridge chaos°— 20  
fallen from worlds to kitchen-wenchs But just think how in the story, in half-pity, in half-terror, the popular feeling of homelessness, of being outcast, of being unsheltered as waste and desert places, has incarnated itself in that strange covering of the head It is a true super- 25  
natural touch One other story I have heard in the misty Hebrides A Skye gentleman was riding along an empty moorland road All at once, as if it had sprung from the ground, the empty road was crowded by a funeral procession Instinctively he drew his horse to a side to let it 30  
pass, which it did without sound of voice, without tread of foot Then he knew it was an apparition Staring on it,

he knew every person who either bore the corpse or who walked behind as mourners. There were the neighboring proprietors at whose houses he dined, there were the members of his own kirk-session, there were the men to whom  
5 he was wont to give good morning when he met them on the road or at market. Unable to discover his own image in the throng, he was inwardly marvelling whose funeral it *could* be, when the troop of spectres vanished, and the road was empty as before. Then, remembering  
10 that the coffin had an invisible occupant, he cried out, "It is my funeral!" and, with all his strength taken out of him, rode home to die. All these stories have their own touches of terror, yet I am inclined to think that my lark rising from the scaffold foot, and singing to two such  
15 auditors, is more terrible than any one of them.



## WALTER PATER

### THE CHILD IN THE HOUSE

As Florian Deleal walked, one hot afternoon, he overtook by the wayside a poor aged man, and, as he seemed weary with the road, helped him on with the burden which he carried, a certain distance. And as the man told his story, it chanced that he named the place, a little place in the neighborhood of a great city, where Florian had passed his earliest years, but which he had never since seen, and, the story told, went forward on his journey comforted. And that night, like a reward for his pity, a dream of that place came to Florian, a dream which did for him the office of the finer sort of memory, bringing its object to mind with a great clearness, yet, as sometimes happens in dreams, raised a little above itself, and above ordinary retrospect. The true aspect of the place, especially of the house there in which he had lived as a child, the fashion of its doors, its hearths, its windows, the very scent upon the air of it, was with him in sleep for a season, only, with tints more musically blent on wall and floor, and some finer light and shadow running in and out along its curves and angles, and with all its little carvings dantier. He awoke with a sigh at the thought of almost thirty years which lay between him and

that place, yet with a flutter of pleasure still within him at the fair light, as if it were a smile, upon it. And it happened that this accident of his dream was just the thing needed for the beginning of a certain design he then had in view, the noting, namely, of some things in the story of his spirit — in that process of brain-building by which we are, each one of us, what we are. With the image of the place so clear and favorable upon him, he fell to thinking of himself therein, and how his thoughts had grown up to him. In that half-spiritualised house he could watch the better, over again, the gradual expansion of the soul which had come to be there — of which indeed, through the law which makes the material objects about them so large an element in children's lives, it had actually become a part, inward and outward being woven through and through each other into one inextricable texture — half, tint and trace and accident of homely color and form, from the wood and the bricks, half, mere soul-stuff, floated thither from who knows how far. In the house and garden of his dream he saw a child moving, and could divide the main streams at least of the winds that had played on him, and study so the first stage in that mental journey.

The *old house*, as when Florian talked of it afterwards he always called it, (as all children do, who can recollect a change of home, soon enough but not too soon to mark a period in their lives) really was an old house; and an element of French descent in its inmates — descent from Watteau,<sup>o</sup> the old court-painter, one of whose gallant pieces still hung in one of the rooms — might explain, together with some other things, a noticeable trimness ~~and~~ comely whiteness about everything there — the

curtains, the couches, the paint on the walls with which the light and shadow played so delicately, might explain also the tolerance of the great poplar in the garden, a tree most often despised by English people, but which French people love, having observed a certain fresh way <sup>5</sup> its leaves have of dealing with the wind, making it sound, in never so slight a stirring of the air, like running water

The old-fashioned, low wainscoting went round the rooms, and up the staircase with carved balusters and shadowy angles, landing half-way up at a broad window, <sup>10</sup> with a swallow's nest below the sill, and the blossom of an old pear tree showing across it in late April, against the blue, below which the perfumed juice of the find of fallen fruit in autumn was so fresh. At the next turning came the closet which held on its deep shelves the best china <sup>15</sup> Little angel faces and reedy flutings stood out round the fireplace of the children's room. And on the top of the house, above the large attic, where the white mice ran in the twilight — an infinite, unexplored wonderland of childish treasures, glass beads, empty scent-bottles still <sup>20</sup> sweet, thrum of colored silks, among its lumber — a flat space of roof, railed round, gave a view of the neighboring steeples, for the house, as I said, stood near a great city, which sent up heavenwards, over the twisting weather-vanes, not seldom, its beds of rolling cloud and smoke, <sup>25</sup> touched with storm or sunshine. But the child of whom I am writing did not hate the fog because of the crimson lights which fell from it sometimes upon the chimneys, and the whites which gleamed through its openings, on summer mornings, on turret or pavement. For it is false to suppose <sup>30</sup> that a child's sense of beauty is dependent on any choiceness, or special fineness, in the objects which present them-

selves to it, though this indeed comes to be the rule with most of us in later life, earlier, in some degree, we see inwardly, and the child finds for itself, and with unstinted delight, a difference for the sense, in those whites and reds through the smoke on very homely buildings, and in the gold of the dandelions at the road-side, just beyond the houses, where not a handful of earth is virgin and untouched, in the lack of better ministries to its desire of beauty

- 10 This house then stood not far beyond the gloom and rumors of the town, among high garden-wall, bright all summer-time with Golden-rod, and brown-and-golden Wall-flower — *Flos Parietis*, as the children's Latin-reading father taught them to call it, while he was with them
- 15 Tracing back the threads of his complex spiritual habit, as he was used in after years to do, Florian found that he owed to the place many tones of sentiment afterwards customary with him, certain inward lights under which things most naturally presented themselves to him The
- 20 coming and going of travellers to the town along the way, the shadow of the streets, the sudden breath of the neighboring gardens, the singular brightness of bright weather there, its singular darknesses which linked themselves in his mind to certain engraved illustrations in the
- 25 old big Bible at home, the coolness of the dark, cavernous shops round the great church, with its giddy winding stair up to the pigeons and the bells — a citadel of peace in the heart of the trouble — all this acted on his childish fancy, so that ever afterwards the like aspects and inci-
- 30 dents never failed to throw him into a well-recognised imaginative mood, seeming actually to have become a part of the texture of his mind. Also, Florian could

trace home to this point a pervading preference in himself for a kind of comeliness and dignity, an *urbanity* literally, in modes of life, which he connected with the pale people of towns, and which made him susceptible to a kind of exquisite satisfaction in the trimness and well-considered grace of certain things and persons he afterwards met with, here and there, in his way through the world

So the child of whom I am writing lived on there quietly, things without thus ministering to him, as he sat daily at the window with the birdcage hanging below it, and his mother taught him to read, wondering at the ease with which he learned, and at the quickness of his memory. The perfume of the little flowers of the lime-tree fell through the air upon them like rain, while time seemed to move ever more slowly to the murmur of the bees in it, till it almost stood still on June afternoons. How insignificant, at the moment, seem the influences of the sensible things which are tossed and fall and lie about us, so, or so, in the environment of early childhood. How indelibly, as we afterwards discover, they affect us, with what capricious attractions and associations they figure themselves on the white paper, the smooth wax, of our ingenuous souls, as "with lead in the rock for ever," giving form and feature, and as it were assigned house-room in our memory, to early experiences of feeling and thought, which abide with us ever afterwards, thus, and not otherwise. The realities and passions, the rumors of the greater world without, steal in upon us, each by its own special little passage-way, through the wall of custom about us, and never afterwards quite detach themselves from this or that accident, or trick, in the mode of their first entrance to us. Our susceptibilities, the

discovery of our powers, manifold experiences — our various experiences of the coming and going of bodily pain, for instance — belong to this or the other well-remembered place in the material habitation — that little white room  
5 with the window across which the heavy blossoms could beat so peevishly in the wind, with just that particular catch or throb, such a sense of teasing in it, on gusty mornings, and the early habitation thus gradually becomes a sort of material shrine or sanctuary of sentiment, a  
10 system of visible symbolism interweaves itself through all our thoughts and passions, and irresistibly, little shapes, voices, accidents — the angle at which the sun in the morning fell on the pillow — become parts of the great chain wherewith we are bound

15 Thus far, for Florian, what all this had determined was a peculiarly strong sense of home — so forcible a motive with all of us — prompting to us our customary love of the earth, and the larger part of our fear of death, that revulsion we have from it, as from something strange,  
20 untried, unfriendly, though life-long imprisonment, they tell you, and final banishment from home is a thing bitterer still, the looking forward to but a short space, a mere childish *gouter*° and dessert of it, before the end, being so great a resource of effort to pilgrims and wayfarers, and  
25 the soldier in distant quarters, and lending, in lack of that, some power of solace to the thought of sleep in the home churchyard, at least — dead cheek by dead cheek, and with the rain soaking in upon one from above

So powerful is this instinct, and yet accidents like those  
30 I have been speaking of so mechanically determine it, its essence being indeed the early familiar, as constituting our ideal, or typical conception, of rest and security Out

of so many possible conditions, just this for you and that for me, brings ever the unmistakeable realisation of the delightful *chez soi* °, this for the Englishman, for me and you, with the closely-drawn white curtain and the shaded lamp, that, quite other, for the wandering Arab, who folds 5 his tent every morning, and makes his sleeping-place among haunted runs or in old tombs

With Florian then the sense of home became singularly intense, his good fortune being that the special character of his home was in itself so essentially home-like As 10 after many wanderings I have come to fancy that some parts of Surrey and Kent are, for Englishmen, the true landscape, true home-counties, by right, partly, of a certain earthy warmth in the yellow of the sand below their gorse-bushes, and of a certain grey-blue mist after 15 rain, in the hollows of the hills there, welcome to fatigued eyes, and never seen farther south, so I think that the sort of house I have described, with precisely those proportions of red-brick and green, and with a just perceptible 20 monotony in the subdued order of it, for its distinguishing note, is for Englishmen at least typically home-like And so for Florian that general human instinct was reinforced by this special home-likeness in the place his wandering soul had happened to light on, as, in the second degree, its body and earthly tabernacle; the sense of harmony 25 between his soul and its physical environment became, for a time at least, like perfectly played music, and the life led there singularly tranquil and filled with a curious sense of self-possession The love of security, of an habitually undisputed standing-ground or sleeping-place, 30 came to count for much in the generation and correcting of his thoughts, and afterwards as a salutary principle of

restraint in all his wanderings of spirit The wistful yearning towards home, in absence from it, as the shadows of evening deepened, and he followed in thought what was doing there from hour to hour, interpreted to him much of  
5 a yearning and regret he experienced afterwards, towards he knew not what, out of strange ways of feeling and thought in which, from time to time, his spirit found itself alone, and in the tears shed in such absences there seemed always to be some soul-subduing foretaste of what his  
10 last tears might be

And the sense of security could hardly have been deeper, the quiet of the child's soul being one with the quiet of its home, a place "inclosed" and "sealed" But upon this assured place, upon the child's assured soul which  
15 resembled it, there came floating in from the larger world without, as at windows left ajar unknowingly, or over the high garden walls, two streams of impressions, the sentiments of beauty and pain — recognitions of the visible, tangible, audible loveliness of things, as a very real and  
20 somewhat tyrannous element in them — and of the sorrow of the world, of grown people and children and animals, as a thing not to be put by in them From this point he could trace two predominant processes of mental change in him — the growth of an almost diseased sensibility to the  
25 spectacle of suffering, and, parallel with this, the rapid growth of a certain capacity of fascination by bright color and choice form — the sweet curvings, for instance, of the lips of those who seemed to him comely persons, modulated in such delicate unison to the things they said  
30 or sang, — marking early the activity in him of a more than customary sensuousness, "the lust of the eye," as the Preacher<sup>o</sup> says, which might lead him, one day, how far!



Could he have foreseen the weariness of the way! In music sometimes the two sorts of impressions came together, and he would weep, to the surprise of older people. Tears of joy too the child knew, also to older people's surprise, real tears, once, of relief from long-strung childish expectation, when he found returned at evening, with new roses in her cheeks, the little sister who had been to a place where there was a wood, and brought back for him a treasure of fallen acorns, and black crow's feathers, and his peace at finding her again near him mingled all night with some intimate sense of the distant forest, the rumor of its breezes, with the glossy blackbirds aslant and the branches lifted in them, and of the perfect nicety of the little cups that fell. So those two elementary apprehensions of the tenderness and of the color in things grew apace in him, and were seen by him afterwards to send their roots back into the beginnings of life.

Let me note first some of the occasions of his recognition of the element of pain in things — incidents, now and again, which seemed suddenly to awake in him the whole force of that sentiment which Goethe<sup>o</sup> had called the *Weltschmerz*,<sup>o</sup> and in which the concentrated sorrow of the world seemed suddenly to be heavy upon him. A book lay in an old book-case, of which he cared to remember one picture — a woman sitting, with hands bound behind her, the dress, the cap, the hair, folded with a simplicity which touched him strangely, as if not by her own hands, but with some ambiguous care at the hands of others — Queen Marie Antoinette,<sup>o</sup> on her way to execution — we all remember David's<sup>o</sup> drawing, meant merely to make her ridiculous. The face that had been so high had learned to be mute and resistless, but out of its very resistlessness,

seemed now to call on men to have pity, and forbear, and he took note of that, as he closed the book, as a thing to look at again, if he should at any time find himself tempted to be cruel. Again, he would never quite forget the appeal  
5 in the small sister's face, in the garden under the lilacs, terrified at a spider lighted on her sleeve. He could trace back to the look then noted a certain mercy he conceived always for people in fear, even of little things, which seemed to make him, though but for a moment, capable  
10 of almost any sacrifice of himself. Impressible, susceptible persons, indeed, who had had their sorrows, lived about him, and this sensibility was due in part to the tacit influence of their presence, enforcing upon him habitually the fact that there are those who pass their days, as a  
15 matter of course, in a sort of "going quietly".<sup>o</sup> Most poignantly of all he could recall, in unfading minutest circumstance, the cry on the stair,<sup>o</sup> sounding bitterly through the house, and struck into his soul for ever, of an aged woman, his father's sister, come now to announce  
20 his death in distant India, how it seemed to make the aged woman like a child again, and, he knew not why, but this fancy was full of pity to him. There were the little sorrows of the dumb animals too — of the white angora, with a dark tail like an ermine's, and a face like a  
25 flower, who fell into a lingering sickness, and became quite delicately human in its valetudinarianism, and came to have a hundred different expressions of voice — how it grew worse and worse, till it began to feel the light too much for it, and at last, after one wild morning of pain,  
30 the little soul flickered away from the body, quite worn to death already, and now but feebly retaining it.

So he wanted another pet, and as there were starlings

about the place, which could be taught to speak, one of them was caught, and he meant to treat it kindly, but in the night its young ones could be heard crying after it, and the responsive cry of the mother-bird towards them, and at last, with the first light, though not till after some 5 debate with himself, he went down and opened the cage, and saw a sharp bound of the prisoner up to her nestlings, and therewith came the sense of remorse, — that he too was become an accomplice in moving, to the limit of his small power, the springs and handles of that great machine 10 in things, constructed so ingeniously to play pain-fugues on the delicate nerve-work of living creatures

I have remarked how, in the process of our brain-building, as the house of thought in which we live gets itself together, like some airy bird's-nest of floating thistle- 15 down and chance straws, compact at last, little accidents have their consequence, and thus it happened that, as he walked one evening, a garden gate, usually closed, stood open; and lo! within, a great red hawthorn in full flower, embossing heavily the bleached and twisted trunk and 20 branches, so aged that there were but few green leaves thereon — a plumage of tender, crimson fire out of the heart of the dry wood. The perfume of the tree had now and again reached him, in the currents of the wind, over the wall, and he had wondered what might be behind it, and was now 25 allowed to fill his arms with the flowers — flowers enough for all the old blue-china pots along the chimney-piece, making *fête* in the children's room. Was it some periodic moment in the expansion of soul within him, or mere trick of heat in the heavily-laden summer air? But the beauty 30 of the thing struck home to him feverishly, and in dreams all night he lortered along a magic roadway of crimson

flowers, which seemed to open ruddily in thick, fresh masses about his feet, and fill softly all the little hollows in the banks on either side. Always afterwards, summer by summer, as the flowers came on, the blossom of the red hawthorn still seemed to him absolutely the reddest of all things, and the goodly crimson, still alive in the works of old masters or old Flemish tapestries, called out always from afar the recollection of the flame in those perishing little petals, as it pulsed gradually out of them, kept long in the drawers of an old cabinet. Also then, for the first time, he seemed to experience a passionateness in his relation to fair outward objects, an inexplicable excitement in their presence, which disturbed him, and from which he half longed to be free. A touch of regret or desire mingled all night with the remembered presence of the red flowers, and their perfume in the darkness about him, and the longing for some undivided, entire possession of them was the beginning of a revelation to him, growing ever clearer, with the coming of the gracious summer guise of fields and trees and persons in each succeeding year, of a certain, at times seemingly exclusive, predominance in his interests, of beautiful physical things, a kind of tyranny of the senses over him.

In later years he came upon philosophies which occupied him much in the estimate of the proportion of the sensuous and the ideal elements in human knowledge, the relative parts they bear in it, and, in his intellectual scheme, was led to assign very little to the abstract thought, and much to its sensible vehicle or occasion. Such metaphysical speculation did but reinforce what was instinctive in his way of receiving the world, and for him, everywhere, that sensible vehicle or occasion became, perhaps only too

surely, the necessary concomitant of any perception of things, real enough to be of any weight or reckoning, in his house of thought. There were times when he could think of the necessity he was under of associating all thoughts to touch and sight, as a sympathetic link between himself and actual, feeling, living objects, a protest in favor of real men and women against mere grey, unreal abstractions, and he remembered gratefully how the Christian religion, hardly less than the religion of the ancient Greeks, translating so much of its spiritual verity into things that may be seen, condescends in part to sanction this infirmity, if so it be, of our human existence, wherein the world of sense is so much with us, and welcomed this thought as a kind of keeper and sentinel over his soul therein. But certainly, he came more and more to be unable to care for, or think of soul but as in an actual body, or of any world but that wherein are water and trees, and where men and women look, so or so, and press actual hands. It was the trick even his pity learned, fastening those who suffered in anywise to his affections by a kind of sensible attachments. He would think of Julian, fallen into incurable sickness, as spoiled in the sweet blossom of his skin like pale amber, and his honey-like hair, of Cecil, early dead, as cut off from the lilies, from golden summer days, from women's voices, and then what comforted him a little was the thought of the turning of the child's flesh to violets in the turf above him. And thinking of the very poor, it was not the things which most men care most for that he yearned to give them, but fairer roses, perhaps, and power to taste quite as they will, at their ease and not task-burdened, a certain desirable, clear light in the new morning, through which

sometimes he had noticed them, quite unconscious of it, on their way to their early toil

So he yielded himself to these things, to be played upon by them like a musical instrument, and began to note with  
5 deepening watchfulness, but always with some puzzled, unutterable longing in his enjoyment, the phases of the seasons and of the growing or waning day, down even to the shadowy changes wrought on bare wall or ceiling —  
the light cast up from the snow, bringing out their darkest  
10 angles, the brown light in the cloud, which meant rain, that almost too austere clearness, in the protracted light of the lengthening day, before warm weather began, as if it lingered but to make a severer workday, with the school-books opened earlier and later, that beam of June  
15 sunshine, at last, as he lay awake before the time, a way of gold-dust across the darkness, all the humming, the freshness, the perfume of the garden seemed to lie upon it — and coming in one afternoon in September, along the red gravel walk, to look for a basket of yellow crab-apples  
20 left in the cool, old parlor, he remembered it the more, and how the colors struck upon him, because a wasp on one bitten apple stung him, and he felt the passion of sudden, severe pain. For this too brought its curious reflexions, and, in relief from it, he would wonder over it — how it  
25 had then been with him — puzzled at the depth of the charm or spell over him, which lay, for a little while at least, in the mere absence of pain, once, especially, when an older boy taught him to make flowers of sealing-wax, and he had burnt his hand badly at the lighted  
30 taper, and been unable to sleep. He remembered that also afterwards, as a sort of typical thing — a white ~~vision~~ of heat about him, clinging closely, through the

languid scent of the ointments put upon the place to make it well

Also, as he felt this pressure upon him of the sensible world, then, as often afterwards, there would come another sort of curious questioning how the last impressions of eye and ear might happen to him, how they would find him — the scent of the last flower, the soft yellowness of the last morning, the last recognition of some object of affection, hand or voice, it could not be but that the latest look of the eyes, before their final closing, would be 10 strangely vivid, one would go with the hot tears, the cry, the touch of the wistful bystander, impressed how deeply on one! or would it be, perhaps, a mere frail retiring of all things, great or little, away from one, into a level distance?

For with this desire of physical beauty mingled itself 15 early the fear of death — the fear of death intensified by the desire of beauty. Hitherto he had never gazed upon dead faces, as sometimes, afterwards, at the Morgue in Paris, or in that fair cemetery at Munich, where all the dead must go and lie in state before burial, behind glass windows, 20 among the flowers and incense and holy candles — the aged clergy with their sacred ornaments, the young men in their dancing-shoes and spotless white linen — after which visits, those waxen, resistless faces would always live with him for many days, making the broadest sunshine sickly. The child had heard indeed of the death of his father, and how, in the Indian station, a fever had taken him, so that though not in action he had yet died as a soldier, and hearing of the “resurrection of the just,” he could think of him as still abroad in the world, some- 30 how, for his protection — a grand, though perhaps rather terrible figure, in beautiful soldier’s things, like the figure

in the picture of Joshua's Vision in the Bible — and of that, round which the mourners moved so softly, and afterwards with such solemn singing, as but a worn-out garment left at a deserted lodging. So it was, until on a  
5 summer day he walked with his mother through a fair churchyard. In a bright dress he rambled among the graves, in the gay weather, and so came, in one corner, upon an open grave for a child — a dark space on the brilliant grass — the black mould lying heaped up round  
10 it, weighing down the little jewelled branches of the dwarf rose-bushes in flower. And therewith came, full-grown, never wholly to leave him, with the certainty that even children do sometimes die, the physical horror of death, with its wholly selfish recoil from the association of lower  
15 forms of life, and the suffocating weight above. No benign, grave figure in beautiful soldier's things any longer abroad in the world for his protection! only a few poor, piteous bones, and above them, possibly, a certain sort of figure he hoped not to see. For sitting one day in  
20 the garden below an open window, he heard people talking, and could not but listen, how, in a sleepless hour, a sick woman had seen one of the dead sitting beside her, come to call her hence, and from the broken talk evolved with much clearness the notion that not all those dead people  
25 had really departed to the churchyard, nor were quite so motionless as they looked, but led a secret, half-fugitive life in their old homes, quite free by night, though sometimes visible in the day, dodging from room to room, with no great goodwill towards those who shared the place  
30 with them. All night the figure sat beside him in the reveries of his broken sleep, and was not quite gone in the morning — an odd, irreconcilable new member of



the household, making the sweet familiar chambers unfriendly and suspect<sup>o</sup> by its uncertain presence. He could have hated the dead he had pitied so, for being thus. Afterwards he came to think of those poor, home-returning ghosts, which all men have fancied to themselves — the *revenants* — pathetically, as crying, or beating with vain hands at the doors, as the wind came, their cries distinguishable in it as a wilder inner note. But, always making death more unfamiliar still, that old experience would ever, from time to time, return to him, even in the living he sometimes caught its likeness, at any time or place, in a moment, the faint atmosphere of the chamber of death would be breathed around him, and the image with the bound chin, the quaint smile, the straight, stiff feet, shed itself across the air upon the bright carpet, amid the gayest company, or happiest communing with himself.

To most children the sombre questionings to which impressions like these attach themselves, if they come at all, are actually suggested by religious books, which therefore they often regard with much secret distaste, and dismiss, as far as possible, from their habitual thoughts as a too depressing element in life. To Florian such impressions, these misgivings as to the ultimate tendency of the years, of the relationship between life and death, had been suggested spontaneously in the natural course of his mental growth by a strong innate sense for the soberer tones in things, further strengthened by actual circumstances, and religious sentiment, that system of biblical ideas in which he had been brought up, presented itself to him as a thing that might soften and dignify, and light up as with a "lively hope," a melancholy already deeply

settled in him. So he yielded himself easily to religious impressions, and with a kind of mystical appetite for sacred things, the more as they came to him through a saintly person<sup>o</sup> who loved him tenderly, and believed that this early pre-occupation with them already marked the child out for a saint. He began to love, for their own sakes, church lights, holy days, all that belonged to the comely order of the sanctuary, the secrets of its white linen, and holy vessels, and fonts of pure water, and its hieratic purity and simplicity became the type of something he desired always to have about him in actual life. He pored over the pictures in religious books, and knew by heart the exact mode in which the wrestling angel<sup>o</sup> grasped Jacob, how Jacob looked in his mysterious sleep,<sup>o</sup> how the bells and pomegranates were attached to the hem of Aaron's vestment,<sup>o</sup> sounding sweetly as he glided over the turf of the holy place. His way of conceiving religion came then to be in effect what it ever afterwards remained — a sacred history indeed, but still more a sacred ideal, a transcendent version or representation, under intenser and more expressive light and shade, of human life and its familiar or exceptional incidents, birth, death, marriage, youth, age, tears, joy, rest, sleep, waking — a mirror, towards which men might turn away their eyes from vanity and dullness, and see themselves therein as angels, with their daily meat and drink, even, become a kind of sacred transaction — a complementary strain or burden, applied to our every-day existence, whereby the stray snatches of music in it re-set themselves, and fall into the scheme of some higher and more consistent harmony. A place adumbrated itself in his thoughts, wherein those sacred personalities which are at once the reflex and the pattern

of our nobler phases of life, housed themselves, and this region in his intellectual scheme all subsequent experience did but tend still further to realise and define. Some ideal, hieratic persons he would always need to occupy it and keep a warmth there. And he could hardly understand those who felt no such need at all, finding themselves quite happy without such heavenly companionship, and sacred double of their life, beside them.

Thus a constant substitution of the typical for the actual took place in his thoughts. Angels might be met by the way, under English elm or beech-tree, mere messengers seemed like angels, bound on celestial errands; a deep mysticity brooded over real meetings and partings, marriages were made in heaven, and deaths also, with hands of angels thereupon, to bear soul and body quietly asunder, each to its appointed rest. All the acts and accidents of daily life borrowed a sacred color and significance, the very colors of things became themselves weighty with meanings like the sacred stuffs of Moses' tabernacle,<sup>o</sup> full of penitence or peace. Sentiment, congruous in the first instance only with those divine transactions, the deep, effusive unction of the House of Bethany,<sup>o</sup> was assumed as the due attitude for the reception of our every-day existence, and for a time he walked through the world in a sustained, not unpleasurable awe, generated by the habitual recognition, beside every circumstance and event of life, of its celestial correspondent.

Sensibility — the desire of physical beauty — a strange biblical awe, which made any reference to the unseen act on him like solemn music — these qualities the child took away with him, when, at about the age of twelve years, he left the old house, and was taken to live in an-

other place. He had never left home before, and, anticipating much from this change, had long dreamed over it, jealously counting the days till the time fixed for departure should come, had been a little careless about others even, 5 in his strong desire for it — when Lewis fell sick, for instance, and they must wait still two days longer. At last the morning came, very fine, and all things — the very pavement with its dust, at the roadside — seemed to have a white, pearl-like lustre in them. They were 10 to travel by a favorite road on which he had often walked a certain distance, and on one of those two prisoner days, when Lewis was sick, had walked farther than ever before, in his great desire to reach the new place. They had started and gone a little way when a pet bird was found 15 to have been left behind, and must even now — so it presented itself to him — have already all the appealing fierceness and wild self-pity at heart of one left by others to perish of hunger in a closed house, and he returned to fetch it, himself in hardly less stormy distress. But 20 as he passed in search of it from room to room, lying so pale, with a look of meekness in their denudation, and at last through that little, stripped white room, the aspect of the place touched him like the face of one dead, and a clinging back towards it came over him, so intense 25 that he knew it would last long, and spoiling all his pleasure in the realisation of a thing so eagerly anticipated. And so, with the bird found, but himself in an agony of home-sickness, thus capriciously sprung up within him, he was driven quickly away, far into the rural distance, 30 so fondly speculated on, of that favorite country-road.

## ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

### A PLEA FOR GAS LAMPS <sup>1</sup>

CITIES given, the problem was to light them. How to conduct individual citizens about the burgess-warren,<sup>o</sup> when once heaven had withdrawn its leading luminary? or — since we live in a scientific age — when once our spinning planet has turned its back upon the sun? The 5 moon, from time to time, was doubtless very helpful, the stars had a cheery look among the chimney-pots, and a cresset here and there, on church or citadel, produced a fine pictorial effect, and, in places where the ground lay unevenly, held out the right hand of conduct 10 to the benighted. But sun, moon, and stars abstracted or concealed, the night-faring inhabitant had to fall back — we speak on the authority of old prints — upon stable lanterns, two stories in height. Many holes, drilled in the conical turret-roof of this vagabond Pharos,<sup>o</sup> let up 15 spouts of dazzlement into the bearer's eyes, and as he paced forth in the ghostly darkness, carrying his own sun by a ring about his finger, day and night swung to and fro and up and down about his footsteps. Blackness haunted his path, he was beleaguered by goblins as he 20

<sup>1</sup> By permission of Messrs Charles Scribner's Sons, Stevenson's authorized publishers in America

went, and, curfew being struck, he found no light but that he travelled in throughout the township

Closely following on this epoch of migratory lanterns in a world of extinction, came the era of oil-lights, hard  
5 to kindle, easy to extinguish, pale and wavering in the hour of their endurance Rudely puffed the winds of heaven, roguishly clomb up the all-destructive urchin, and, lo! in a moment might re-established her void empire, and the cit groped along the wall, suppered but bedless,  
10 occult from guidance, and sorrily wading in the kennels As if gamesome winds and gamesome youths were not sufficient, it was the habit to sling these feeble luminaries from house to house above the fairway There, on invisible cordage, let them swing! And suppose some  
15 crane-necked general to go speeding by on a tall charger, spurring the destiny of nations, red-hot in expedition, there would indubitably be some effusion of military blood, and oaths, and a certain crash of glass, and while the chieftain rode forward with a purple coxcomb, the  
20 street would be left to original darkness, unpiloted, unvoyageable, a province of the desert night

The conservative, looking before and after, draws from each contemplation the matter for content Out of the age of gas lamps he glances back slightly at the mirk  
25 and glummer in which his ancestors wandered, his heart waxes jocund at the contrast, nor do his lips refrain from a stave, in the highest style of poetry, lauding progress and the golden mean When gas first spread along a city, mapping it forth about evenfall for the eye of ob-  
30 servant birds, a new age had begun for sociality and corporate pleasure-seeking, and begun with proper circumstance, becoming its own birthright. The work of

Prometheus° had advanced by another stride Mankind and its supper parties were no longer at the mercy of a few miles of sea-fog, sundown no longer emptied the promenade, and the day was lengthened out to every man's fancy The city-folk had stars of their own; 5 biddable, domesticated stars

It is true that these were not so steady, nor yet so clear, as their originals, nor indeed was their lustre so elegant as that of the best wax candles But then the gas stars, being nearer at hand, were more practically efficacious 10 than Jupiter himself It is true, again, that they did not unfold their rays with the appropriate spontaneity of the planets, coming out along the firmament one after another, as the need arises But the lamplighters took to their heels every evening, and ran with a good heart 15 It was pretty to see man thus emulating the punctuality of heaven's orbs, and though perfection was not absolutely reached, and now and then an individual may have been knocked on the head by the ladder of the flying functionary, yet people commended his zeal in a proverb, 20 and taught their children to say, "God bless the lamp-lighter!" And since his passage was a piece of the day's programme, the children were well pleased to repeat the benediction, not, of course, in so many words, which would have been improper, but in some chaste circum- 25 locution, suitable for infant lips

God bless him, indeed! For the term of his twilight diligence is near at hand; and for not much longer shall we watch him speeding up the street and, at measured intervals, knocking another luminous hole into the dusk 30 The Greeks would have made a noble myth of such an one, how he distributed starlight, and, as soon as the

need was over, re-collected it, and the little bull's-eye, which was his instrument, and held enough fire to kindle a whole parish, would have been fitly commemorated in the legend. Now, like all heroic tasks, his labors draw towards apotheosis, and in the light of victory himself shall disappear. For another advance has been effected. Our tame stars are to come out in future, not one by one, but all in a body and at once. A sedate electrician somewhere in a back office touches a spring  
 10 — and behold! from one end to another of the city, from east to west, from the Alexandra to the Crystal Palace,<sup>o</sup> there is light! *Fiat Lux*,<sup>o</sup> says the sedate electrician. What a spectacle, on some clear, dark nightfall, from the edge of Hampstead Hill, when in a moment, in the twink-  
 15 ling of an eye,<sup>o</sup> the design of the monstrous city flashes into vision — a glittering hieroglyph many square miles in extent, and when, to borrow and debase an image, all the evening street-lamps burst together into song! Such is the spectacle of the future, preluded the other  
 20 day by the experiment in Pall Mall. Star-rise by electricity, the most romantic flight of civilization; the compensatory benefit for an innumerable array of factories and bankers' clerks. To the artistic spirit exercised about Thirlmere,<sup>o</sup> here is a crumb of consolation, con-  
 25 solatory, at least, to such of them as look out upon the world through seeing eyes, and contentedly accept beauty where it comes.

But the conservative, while lauding progress, is ever timid of innovation, his is the hand upheld to counsel  
 30 pause, his is the signal advising slow advance. The word *electricity* now sounds the note of danger. In Paris, at the mouth of the Passage des Princes, in the place



before the Opera portico, and in the Rue Drouot at the *Figaro*<sup>o</sup> office, a new sort of urban star now shines out nightly, horrible, unearthly, obnoxious to the human eye, a lamp for a nightmare! Such a light as this should shine only on murders and public crime, or along the corridors of lunatic asylums, a horror to heighten horror. To look at it only once is to fall in love with gas, which gives a warm domestic radiance fit to eat by Mankind, you would have thought, might have remained content with what Prometheus stole for them and not gone fishing the profound heaven with kites to catch and domesticate the wildfire of the storm. Yet here we have the levin brand at our doors, and it is proposed that we should henceforward take our walks abroad in the glare of permanent lightning. A man need not be very superstitious if he scruple to follow his pleasures by the light of the Terror that Flieeth, nor very epicurean if he prefer to see the face of beauty more becomingly displayed. That ugly blinding glare may not improperly advertise the home of slanderous *Figaro*, which is a back-shop to the infernal regions, but where soft joys prevail, where people are convoked to pleasure and the philosopher looks on smiling and silent, where love and laughter and deifying wine abound, there, at least, let the old mild lustre shine upon the ways of man.

25

WALKING TOURS<sup>1</sup>

It must not be imagined that a walking tour, as some would have us fancy, is merely a better or worse way of

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seeing the country There are many ways of seeing landscape quite as good, and none more vivid, in spite of canting dilettantes, than from a railway train But landscape on a walking tour is quite accessory He who  
5 is indeed of the brotherhood does not voyage in quest of the picturesque, but of certain jolly humors — of the hope and spirit with which the march begins at morning, and the peace and spiritual repletion of the evening's rest He cannot tell whether he puts his knapsack on, or takes  
10 it off, with more delight The excitement of the departure puts him in key for that of the arrival Whatever he does is not only a reward in itself, but will be further rewarded in the sequel, and so pleasure leads on to pleasure in an endless chain It is this that so few can  
15 understand, they will either be always lounging or always at five miles an hour; they do not play off the one against the other, prepare all day for the evening, and all evening for the next day And, above all, it is here that your overwalker fails of comprehension His heart rises against  
20 those who drink their curaçoa in liqueur glasses, when he himself can swill it in a brown john He will not believe that the flavor is more delicate in the smaller dose He will not believe that to walk this unconscionable distance is merely to stupefy and brutalize himself, and  
25 come to his inn, at night, with a sort of frost on his five wits, and a starless night of darkness in his spirit Not for him the mild luminous evening of the temperate walker! He has nothing left of man but a physical need for bedtime and a double nightcap, and even his  
30 pipe, if he be a smoker, will be savorless and disenchanted It is the fate of such an one to take twice as much trouble as is needed to obtain happiness, and miss the happiness

in the end, he is the man of the proverb, in short, who goes further and fares worse

Now, to be properly enjoyed, a walking tour should be gone upon alone. If you go in a company, or even in pairs, it is no longer a walking tour in anything but <sup>5</sup> name, it is something else and more in the nature of a picnic. A walking tour should be gone upon alone, because freedom is of the essence, because you should be able to stop and go on, and follow this way or that, as the freak takes you, and because you must have your <sup>10</sup> own pace, and neither trot alongside a champion walker, nor mince in time with a girl. And then you must be open to all impressions and let your thoughts take color from what you see. You should be as a pipe for any wind to play upon. "I cannot see the wit," says Hazlitt, <sup>15</sup> "of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country I wish to vegetate like the country" — which is the gist of all that can be said upon the matter. There should be no cackle of voices at your elbow, to jar on the meditative silence of the morning. And so <sup>20</sup> long as a man is reasoning he cannot surrender himself to that fine intoxication that comes of much motion in the open air, that begins in a sort of dazzle and sluggishness of the brain, and ends in a peace that passes comprehension. <sup>25</sup>

During the first day or so of any tour there are moments of bitterness, when the traveler feels more than coldly toward his knapsack, when he is half in a mind to throw it bodily over the hedge, and, like Christian<sup>o</sup> on a similar occasion, "give three leaps and go on singing." And yet <sup>30</sup> it soon acquires a property of easiness<sup>o</sup>. It becomes magnetic, the spirit of the journey enters into it. And

no sooner have you passed the straps over your shoulder than the lees of sleep are cleared from you, you pull yourself together with a shake, and fall at once into your stride And surely, of all possible moods, this, in which a man  
5 takes the road, is the best Of course, if he *will* keep thinking of his anxieties, if he *will* open the merchant Abudah's chest<sup>o</sup> and walk arm-in-arm with the hag — why wherever he is, and whether he walk fast or slow, the chances are that he will not be happy And so much  
10 the more shame to himself! There are perhaps thirty men setting forth at that same hour, and I would lay a large wager there is not another dull face among the thirty It would be a fine thing to follow, in a coat of darkness, one after another of these wayfarers, some  
15 summer morning, for the first few miles upon the road This one, who walks fast, with a keen look in his eyes, is all concentrated in his own mind, he is up at his loom, weaving and weaving, to set the landscape to words This one peers about, as he goes, among the grasses, he  
20 waits by the canal to watch the dragon-flies, he leans on the gate of the pasture, and cannot look enough upon the complacent kine And here comes another, talking, laughing, and gesticulating to himself His face changes from time to time, as indignation flashes from his eyes  
25 or anger clouds his forehead He is composing articles, delivering orations, and conducting the most impassioned interviews, by the way A little farther on, and it is as like as not he will begin to sing And well for him, supposing him to be no great master in that art, if he stumble  
30 across no stolid peasant at a corner, for on such occasion, I scarcely know which is the more troubled, or whether it is worse to suffer the confusion of your troubador, or

the unfeigned alarm of your clown. A sedentary population, accustomed, besides, to the strange mechanical bearing of the common tramp, can in no wise explain to itself the gaiety of these passers-by. I knew one man who was arrested as a runaway lunatic, because, although a full-grown person with a red beard, he skipped as he went like a child. And you would be astonished if I were to tell you all the grave and learned heads who have confessed to me that, when on walking tours, they sang — and sang very ill — and had a pair of red ears when, as described above, the inauspicious peasant plumped into their arms from round a corner. And here, lest you think I am exaggerating, is Hazlitt's own confession, from his essay *On Going a Journey*, which is so good that there should be a tax levied on all who have not read it.

"Give me the clear blue sky over my head," says he, "and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner — and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy."

Bravo! After that adventure of my friend with the policeman, you would not have cared, would you, to publish that in the first person? But we have no bravery nowadays, and, even in books, must all pretend to be dull and foolish as our neighbors. It was not so with Hazlitt. And notice how learned he is (as, indeed, throughout the essay) in the theory of walking tours. He is none of your athletic men in purple stockings, who walk their fifty miles a day. Three hours' march is his ideal. And then he must have a winding road, the epicure!

Yet there is one thing I object to in these words of his, one thing in the great master's practice that seems to me not wholly wise. I do not approve of that leaping and running. Both of these hurry the respiration, they both  
5 shake up the brain out of its glorious open-air confusion, and they both break the pace. Uneven walking is not so agreeable to the body, and it distracts and irritates the mind. Whereas, when once you have fallen into an equable stride, it requires no conscious thought from you  
10 to keep it up, and yet it prevents you from thinking earnestly of anything else. Like knitting, like the work of a copying clerk, it gradually neutralizes and sets to sleep the serious activity of the mind. We can think of this or that, lightly and laughingly, as a child thinks, or as we  
15 think in a morning doze, we can make puns or puzzle out acrostics, and trifle in a thousand ways with words and rimes, but when it comes to honest work, when we come to gather ourselves together for an effort, we may sound the trumpet as loud and long as we please, the  
20 great barons of the mind will not rally to the standard, but sit, each one, at home, warming his hands over his own fire and brooding on his own private thought!

In the course of a day's walk, you see, there is much variance in the mood. From the exhilaration of the  
25 start, to the happy phlegm of the arrival, the change is certainly great. As the day goes on, the traveler moves from the one extreme toward the other. He becomes more and more incorporated with the material landscape, and the open-air drunkenness grows upon him with great  
30 strides, until he posts along the road, and sees everything about him, as in a cheerful dream. The first is certainly brighter, but the second stage is more peaceful. A man

does not make so many articles toward the end, nor does he laugh aloud, but the purely animal pleasures, the sense of physical wellbeing, the delight of every inhalation, of every time the muscles tighten down the thigh, console him for the absence of the others, and bring him 5 to his destination still content

Nor must I forget to say a word on bivouacs. You come to a milestone on a hill, or some place where deep ways meet under trees, and off goes the knapsack, and down you sit to smoke a pipe in the shade. You sink into 10 yourself, and the birds come round and look at you, and your smoke dissipates upon the afternoon under the blue dome of heaven, and the sun lies warm upon your feet, and the cool air visits your neck and turns aside your open shirt. If you are not happy, you must have an evil 15 conscience. You may dally as long as you like by the roadside. It is almost as if the millennium were arrived, when we shall throw our clocks and watches over the housetop, and remember time and seasons no more. Not to keep hours for a lifetime is, I was going to say, 20 to live for ever. You have no idea, unless you have tried it, how endlessly long is a summer's day, that you measure out only by hunger, and bring to an end only when you are drowsy. I know a village where there are hardly any clocks, where no one knows more of the days of the 25 week than by a sort of instinct for the fête on Sundays, and where only one person can tell you the day of the month, and she is generally wrong; and if people were aware how slow Time journeyed in that village, and what armfuls of spare hours he gives, over and above the bar- 30 gain, to its wise inhabitants, I believe there would be a stampede out of London, Liverpool, Paris, and a variety

of large towns, where the clocks lose their heads, and shake the hours out each one faster than the other, as though they were all in a wager. And all these foolish pilgrims would each bring his own misery along with him, in a watch-pocket! It is to be noticed, there were no clocks and watches in the much-vaunted days before the flood. It follows, of course, there were no appointments, and punctuality was not yet thought upon. "Though ye take from a covetous man all his treasure," says Milton, "he has yet one jewel left, ye cannot deprive him of his covetousness." And so I would say of a modern man of business, you may do what you will for him, put him in Eden, give him the elixir of life — he has still a flaw at heart, he still has his business habits. Now, there is no time when business habits are more mitigated than on a walking tour. And so during these halts, as I say, you will feel almost free.

But it is at night, and after dinner, that the best hour comes. There are no such pipes to be smoked as those that follow a good day's march, the flavor of the tobacco is a thing to be remembered, it is so dry and aromatic, so full and so fine. If you wind up the evening with grog, you will own there was never such grog, at every sip a jocund tranquillity spreads about your limbs, and sits easily in your heart. If you read a book — and you will never do so save by fits and starts — you find the language strangely racy and harmonious, words take a new meaning, single sentences possess the ear for half an hour together, and the writer endears himself to you, at every page, by the nicest coincidence of sentiment. It seems as if it were a book you had written yourself in a dream. To all we have read on such occasions we look with special



favor "It was on the 10th of April, 1798," says Hazlitt, with amorous precision, "that I sat down to a volume of the *New Héloïse*, at the Inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of sherry and a cold chicken" I should wish to quote more, for though we are mighty fine fellows nowadays, we cannot write like Hazlitt And, talking of that, a volume of Hazlitt's essays would be a capital pocket-book on such a journey, so would a volume of Heine's° songs, and for *Tristram Shandy*° I can pledge a fair experience. 10

If the evening be fine and warm, there is nothing better in life than to lounge before the inn door in the sunset, or lean over the parapet of the bridge, to watch the weeds and the quick fishes It is then, if ever, that you taste Jovialty to the full significance of that audacious word 15 Your muscles are so agreeably slack, you feel so clean and so strong and so idle, that whether you move or sit still, whatever you do is done with pride and a kingly sort of pleasure You fall in talk with any one, wise or foolish, drunk or sober And it seems as if a hot walk purged 20 you, more than of anything else, of all narrowness and pride, and left curiosity to play its part freely, as in a child or a man of science You lay aside all your own hobbies, to watch provincial humors develop themselves before you, now as a laughable farce, and now grave and 25 beautiful like an old tale

Or perhaps you are left to your own company for the night, and surly weather imprisons you by the fire You may remember how Burns,° numbering past pleasures, dwells upon the hours when he has been "happy think- 30 ing" It is a phrase that may well perplex a poor modern, girt about on every side by clocks and chimes, and haunted,

even at night, by flaming dial-plates For we are all so busy, and have so many far-off projects to realize, and castles in the fire to turn into solid habitable mansions on a gravel soil, that we can find no time for pleasure  
5 trips into the Land of Thought and among the Hills of Vanity Changed times, indeed, when we must sit all night, beside the fire, with folded hands, and a changed world for most of us, when we find we can pass the hours without discontent, and be happy thinking We are in  
10 such haste to be doing, to be writing, to be gathering gear, to make our voice audible a moment in the derisive silence of eternity, that we forget that one thing, of which these are but the parts — namely, to live We fall in love, we drink hard, we run to and fro upon the earth  
15 like frightened sheep And now you are to ask yourself if, when all is done, you would not have been better to sit by the fire at home, and be happy thinking To sit still and contemplate — to remember the faces of women without desire, to be pleased by the great deeds of men  
20 without envy, to be everything and everywhere in sympathy, and yet content to remain where and what you are — is not this to know both wisdom and virtue, and to dwell with happiness? After all, it is not they who carry flags, but they who look upon it from a private chamber,  
25 who have the fun of the procession And once you are at that, you are in the very humor of all social heresy It is no time for shuffling, or for big, empty words If you ask yourself what you mean by fame, riches, or learning, the answer is far to seek, and you go back into  
30 that kingdom of light imaginations, which seem so vain in the eyes of Philistines perspiring after wealth, and so momentous to those who are stricken with the dispropor-

tions of the world, and, in the face of the gigantic stars, cannot stop to split differences between two degrees of the infinitesimally small, such as a tobacco pipe or the Roman Empire, a million of money or a fiddlestick's end

You lean from the window, your last pipe reeking 5  
whitely into the darkness, your body full of delicious  
pains, your mind enthroned in the seventh circle of content, when suddenly the mood changes, the weathercock goes about, and you ask yourself one question more  
whether, for the interval, you have been the wisest philos- 10  
opher or the most egregious of donkeys? Human experience is not yet able to reply, but at least you have had a fine moment, and looked down upon all the kingdoms of the earth. And whether it was wise or foolish, to-morrow's travel will carry you, body and mind, into 15  
some different parish of the infinite

## EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS

### A PHILOSOPHER THAT FAILED <sup>1</sup>

OF OLIVER EDWARDS, nothing, I believe, is known beyond the fact that he had been at Pembroke College with Dr Johnson, that he was a solicitor in Barnard's Inn, that he married twice, that he lived on a little farm of sixty  
5 acres near Stevenage and came to London twice a week; and that he wore grey clothes and a wig with many curls, and went to church on Good Fridays. We know of Edwards' life only this, and of his speech we have only some dozen sentences, and yet he will live forever, by virtue  
10 of having crossed the stage of literature on one fine morn-  
ing one hundred and twenty-nine years ago. He might be likened to the bird with which the Venerable Bede<sup>o</sup> compared the life of man in a famous and beautiful passage  
the bird that flies out of the dark void into the lighted  
15 banquet hall and out again into the void once more. So with Edwards, for sixty years he was not, then he met Dr Johnson<sup>o</sup> and his Boswell in Butcher Row, and stayed with them for an hour, and then he was not again. But the hour was sufficient. it gave him time to make his one  
20 deathless remark. By virtue of that remark he lives, and will live

<sup>1</sup> From *A Little of Everything*, copyright, 1912, by The Macmillan Company

Edwards's day was Good Friday, April 17th, 1778—"a delightful day," says Boswell. How little the good Edwards can have thought, as he climbed out of his bed in Barnard's Inn that morning and donned his grey clothes and his curly wig, that he was about to become immortal. He spent, I take it, the early hours in his office, reading conveyances or deeds and writing letters, then he went to church, whither Dr Johnson and Boswell had also gone, to St Clement's, which through some strange stroke of luck is standing, with the Doctor's pew intact within it, to this dark, irreverent, rebuilding day.

On the way Boswell (who could grow the flower quite easily now, having obtained much seed) remarked that Fleet Street was the most cheerful scene in the world, adding, skilfully as he thought, "Fleet Street, is, in my mind, more delightful than Tempe!" The Doctor, however, having the same dislike of the imitator that most teachers and all cynics possess, had his dash of (cold water) ready. "Ay, ay, but let it be compared with Mull." So they passed on to church, where the Doctor was pleased to see so numerous a congregation.

It was after church that they met Edwards, whom Johnson had not seen for forty years. The recognition came from the lawyer, a talkative, friendly, and not easily daunted man, who thereafter quickly got to work and enlarged to Boswell on the pleasure of living in the country. Boswell, again in the true Johnsonian manner, replied, "I have no notion of this, sir. What you have to entertain you is, I think, exhausted in half an hour." But Edwards was deeper and more sincere. "What," he said, "don't you love to have hope realized? I see my grass, and my corn, and my trees growing. Now, for instance, I am

curious to see if this frost has not nipped my fruit trees " Johnson, who had been in a reverie, possibly missing the familiar scent of incense—for, in spite of Boswell's innuendoes to the contrary, Edwards does not appear to  
5 have been at all impressed by the magnitude and lustre of his old friend—here remarked, "You find, sir, you have fears as well as hopes," and I am glad he did so, for it gave Boswell the opportunity to add the reflection, "So well did he see the whole when another saw but the half of a sub-  
10 ject " And yet it is more than likely that Edwards saw the whole too

Being comfortably seated in the Bolt Court library<sup>o</sup> on this sunny Good Friday, Edwards, who had already commented with delightful bluntness, but perfect innocence,  
15 on the Doctor's age, remarked, "Sir, I remember you would not let us say 'prodigious' at college For even then," he added, turning to Boswell, "he was delicate in language, and we all feared him " Johnson said nothing of this at the time, but to his Boswell said afterwards, in private,  
20 "Sir, they respected me for my literature"—meaning by "they" the undergraduates—"and yet it was not great but by comparison Sir, it is amazing how little literature there is in the world " That was one hundred and thirty-four years ago, and it is amazing still

25 The conversation with Edwards then turned to money, and it came out that the lawyer had given much away He also admitted to a longing to be a parson and live in comfort and comparative idleness Johnson had an opening here, and took it "I would rather have Chancery suits  
30 upon my hands," he said, "than the care of souls No, sir, I do not envy a clergyman's life as an easy life, nor do I envy the clergyman who makes it an easy life " Edwards,

however, did There is no evidence that the Doctor convinced him My impression is that he was never convinced by anyone's arguments I picture him as the kind of man who goes through life contentedly, secure in his own opinion

Nothing could daunt Edwards, and so innocent and happy was he that he had no notion he was not observing the strict rules of the game The rules of the Johnson conversational game made it imperative that you should utter only questions or provocative opinions, and then wait for the answer and receive it humbly But Edwards smilingly broke them all He asked questions, it is true, but long before the Doctor could reply he had volunteered, with appalling hardihood, scraps of autobiography If there is one thing an autobiographer like Johnson cannot stand it is the autobiography of others And yet the Doctor, with his great human imagination, knew that Edwards was a pearl of sincerity and candor, and in his heart, I am sure, valued him accordingly "I have been twice married, Doctor," said Edwards apropos of nothing, cheerily adding the terrifying sentiment, "You, I suppose, have never known what it was to have a wife?" This — to Johnson! We can see Boswell shivering on his chair's edge "Sir," said Dr Johnson, "I have known what it was to have a wife, and [in a solemn, tender, faltering tone] I have known what it was to lose a wife It had almost broke my heart" Edwards was unabashed He said instantly, "How do you live, sir?" adding, "For my part, I must have my regular meals and a glass of good wine" Dr Johnson replied suitably — the kind of reply that would usually settle the matter among his guests — "I now drink no wine, sir. Early in life I drank wine, for

many years I drank none I then for some years drank a great deal" Edwards rose to a fine height of irreverence here, to the immense dismay, I have no doubt, of Boswell, who, with all his advantages, had not been at Pembroke with his hero He cut in with, "Some hogsheads, I warrant you" The Doctor succeeded in taking no notice (quite possibly he was secretly flattered, we all like to be credited with great deeds), and continued his dull alimentary history, but the victory was Edwards's, for the Doctor, when asked if he ate supper, merely and very uncharacteristically said, "No," leaving it for his visitor to remark, with something of the great man's own manner made human, "For my part, now, I consider supper as a turnpike through which one must pass in order to get to bed"

That is good enough, but it was not the single remark by which Edwards is known — on which his deathless fame rests That had come earlier "You are a philosopher, Dr Johnson," said Edwards "I have tried, too, in my time to be a philosopher, but I don't know how, cheerfulness was always breaking in" That was Edwards's great speech By virtue of that candid confession he takes his place with the shining company of simple souls, the hierarchy of the ingenuous It was too much for Boswell, who had no eye for children, young or old But on repeating it to Mr Burke, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mr Courtenay, Mr Malone, and, indeed, all the eminent men he knew, they said with one accord that "it was an exquisite trait of character" He therefore refrained from belittling it in the book

To Boswell's intense relief, Edwards at last went. He had begun by calling Dr Johnson (who was sixty-nine)



old, he left with another reference to his age. Looking him full in the face, he said, "You'll find in Dr. Young the line,

'O my coevals' remnants of yourselves''

When he was gone, Boswell came to himself again, and quickly remarked that he thought him a weak man, and the Doctor, smarting under the imputation of senility, was, I regret to say, weak enough to agree. But they were both wrong. Edwards was a strong man — strong in his cheerfulness and his transparency. 10

#### THE PERFECT HOLIDAY<sup>1</sup>

(A Letter)

GREAT men are few in any case, and we are so much too apt to look for them in the wrong places — in Parliament for example — that we are in danger of missing some of those that do exist. Not only did I find a great man, but I discovered a great secret too. I discovered how to spend a holiday. 15

The secret is that our holidays should rest not only our minds and bodies but our characters too. Take, for example, a good man. His goodness wants a holiday as much as his poor weary head or his exhausted body. I wonder if he should not rest it by becoming for three weeks a bad man. Instead of sitting quietly on the pier, as he now does, he might pick a pocket or two. On returning from a sail in a boat he could furtively bore a hole in it. In his hotel he could mix up the boots, turn out the electric 20

<sup>1</sup> From *A Little of Everything*, copyright, 1912, by The Macmillan Company

light, and decamp without paying his bill. Such expenditure as his holiday involved might be met with a forged cheque. On returning to town all the errors of the three weeks could be rectified, the handkerchiefs and purses returned to his victims on the pier, provision made for the survivors of those who had been drowned when the boat filled and sank, and so forth. But that is not the point. The point is that he would have had a complete holiday. Similarly a wicked man should rest his wickedness and devote his month at Brighton to good works.

I do not, I must confess, see, in England, any period of prosperity for my plan, but it is sound, none the less. Perhaps the nearest practicable advice to it that one dares to give is that on a holiday we should endeavor to change the conditions of our life in every way as completely as possible. Only thus can a holiday be, for those of us who are active and restless in mind, a genuine rest. For it is not idleness that such require, but a change of employment.

For myself, who am neither good nor bad, and therefore have neither goodness nor badness to rest, the best holiday would be some occupation in the open air of an exciting or continually engrossing character, as utterly opposed to the ordinary routine of driving a pen as could be devised. And I think I have found it. I believe that a perfect holiday would be to join a traveling circus for a week or so as a utility man.

This discovery came upon me in a flash at Southampton as I watched the performance. During one turn — it was that hoary bare-backed jockey act in which the rider sits on the horse's tail and rocks his arms, and of which I tired permanently thirty years ago — I read in the programme the announcement of the circus's immediate intentions,

and it was then that the desirability of such a life made itself felt — desirability at any rate to a weary literary hack who wished to forget himself and his trade in a certain absorbing Bohemian strenuousness For on the next day there were to be two performances and a grand procession<sup>5</sup> at Winchester, and the next day at Basingstoke, and the next day at Farnham, and so forth — always the two performances and always (weather permitting) the grand procession of triumphal cars through the principal streets at noon

What a life! Everything in it but sleep, so far as I can see Popularity, applause, naphtha lamps, might and muscle, the contiguity of wild beasts, tigers,<sup>o</sup> tigers, burning bright in the watches of the night, acquaintance with clowns, proximity to dazzling equestriennes, — all<sup>15</sup> inspiring reverence and wonder in small boys What a life! And wages, too, honestly earned, and perhaps now and then some food and drink Perhaps a word from Lord John himself not necessarily friendly, but a word from a lord.<sup>20</sup>

So I felt as I read the programme, quite content to be just a menial hand But then came the great man, Pimpo, and I saw that I must aim higher

I may say at once that Pimpo was the busiest clown I have ever seen, and the most versatile The ordinary<sup>25</sup> clown, it is true, may now and then be detected by the observant — and all of us are observant in a circus — within the clothes of the ring-master, or among the gentlemen who stand at the entrance with white gloves and applaud the ladies, while his appearance, devoid of humor,<sup>30</sup> among the troupe of acrobats who leap over elephants, is not uncommon But Pimpo never divested himself of

his character as a laughter maker, whatever his rôle might be. And he had more rôles than I can remember. We saw him first as a clown and a clown only, winning bottles of wine from the ring-master by a series of adroit sophisms. 5 [He was then, as I say, a clown only — a good one, it is true, but no more. He came next with a tea-tray and essayed to loop the loop on it, on this occasion proving himself to be a finished acrobat. A troupe of jumping dogs soon after entered, and who should be their trainer and exhibitior 10 but Pimpo? Later came the great attraction of the evening, if the size of type on the bills is an indication — a “Horde of Forest-bred Siberian Bears.” In strolled the horde, very tame and mild, three in number, and sat at a desk and drank milk from a bottle and rode on a toy round- 15 about — all under the direction of whom? Pimpo. (There is no doubt about his name, for it was on his back.)

Here was versatility enough, one would think — but Pimpo had other views. Only a few minutes passed before he was again in our midst as a wire-walker, doing things in 20 mid-air that I could not do on the ground and putting to shame his three companions, who performed as it were on crutches beside him. And then a final entry, as impresario to a couple of elephants whose special talent was shaving each other and extinguishing a house on fire. That was 25 an evening’s work of some magnitude alone — but Pimpo did not merely put his various beasts through their tricks and nothing else — he jested incessantly until the little boys’ laughter was as steadily recurrent as the roar of the surge, he tumbled, and once, threatening to fight the 30 ring-master, he took off twenty waistcoats.

The elephants gone, and the burning house extinguished, the circus men began to tear up the seats, and loosen the

tent-ropes, and prepare for the march on Winchester I waited a little to watch them, and then turned away towards my inn. As I did so I caught sight of a sturdy fellow with a chalked face carrying a truss of hay towards the elephants' tent. It was Pimpo, beginning his night's work.

"There," I said to myself, "goes a great man. It is he I would be for a fortnight, — that would be a holiday indeed."



# NOTES

FRANCIS BACON

## OF STUDIES

This essay was the first one in the edition of 1597. It is a good illustration of Bacon's hard, brilliant style, in which each sentence is packed with thought and connectives are few. The discussion is by no means antiquated, for the more the pupil will "weigh and consider" the advice, the more valuable will he find it.

1 2 privateness privacy

1 13 proynng pruning.

1 17 that the antecedent is *use*, Bacon had little use for the knowledge acquired for itself. He says that experience is a higher kind of knowledge which helps us to apply practically the fruits of our reading.

2 3 digested of the collect in the Book of Common Prayer, "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest."

2 5 curiously attentively.

2 8 would should, ought

2 10 flashy insipid, tasteless, not, glittering

2 11. writing not necessarily original composition, but taking notes, making outlines, and the like

2 18 *mores* studies pass into character, that is, character is formed by the subject matter of our reading

2 19 stond · hindrance

2 22 reins kidneys

2 28 schoolmen the philosophers of the Middle Ages, such as Thomas Aquinas, Abelard, and Duns Scotus

2 28 *cymu sectores* · splitters of cummin, one of the smallest seeds.

## OF SEEMING WISE

Shakespeare gives us much the same thought in the *Merchant of Venice*, I 1 86-99 This essay was first included in the 1612 edition, in which Bacon's writing is still hard and dry The pupil who is tempted to sprinkle his own themes with foreign words and quotations should consider in this and other essays whether even so great a writer as Bacon improved his style by such a habit

3 4 Apostle Paul, 2 *Timothy* iii 5

3. 7 that some who

3 8 *nugas* trifles with great effort

3 10 prospectives stereoscopes, glasses that give an illusion of perspective to flat pictures

3 11 *superficies* a surface

3 22 *placere* you answer, with one eyebrow lifted to the forehead and the other lowered to the chin, that cruelty does not please you

3 23 bear manage, contrive

3 29 difference subtle distinction.

3 30 blanch whiten, smooth over

4 1 *pondera* a foolish man, that with verbal points and niceties breaks up the mass of matter

4 2 Plato the great Athenian philosopher of the fifth century B C

4 16 absurd unreasonable

## OF SUPERSTITION

From the edition of 1612 Bacon speaks of the dangers and causes of superstition, and of the danger of a too violent reaction from it When he says, "The master of superstition is the people" and "Care would be had that the good be not taken away with the bad; which commonly is done when the people is the reformer," he seems to show



a distrust of popular judgments History offers the French Revolution to prove, and the American Revolution to disprove, his statements What other movements might be cited on either side? What political changes in our own day might be examined from this point of view?

4 25 Saturn Chronos, according to Greek mythology, ate his children at their birth, Zeus was finally saved by a trick

5 5 civil civilized, tranquil

5 7 *primum mobile*. in the Ptolemaic astronomy the earth was considered as the center of the universe and it was shut off from infinite space by means of ten spheres each moving at its own rate of speed The *primum mobile*, "first movable," was the outermost of these spheres

5 12 Council of Trent a council of the Roman Catholic Church held in 1545-1563

5 14 eccentrics and epicycles terms used in the Ptolemaic astronomy to indicate the motions of the planets

5. 15 save account for

5. 19 sensual affecting the senses

## OF TRUTH

From the 1625 edition Although the thought is developed at somewhat greater length than in the preceding essays, it is still too compact for easy reading The best way is to read the essay aloud and then to pick out the subject, predicate, and simple object of the verb, in the longer sentences Read in this way, it turns out to be a magnificent eulogy on truth rather than a reasoned argument to prove the value of truthfulness

6 7 jesting Pilate *John* xviii. 38 Pilate was either scornful or puzzled at Jesus' answer, and not jesting.

- 6·8 *tha.* those who  
 6·11 *philosophers* the Sceptics, in the third and fourth centuries B C  
 6·12 *discoursing* rambling, discursive  
 6·16. *imposeth* lays restrictions upon  
 7·6 *fathers* the early writers of the Church, either Jerome or Augustine is referred to here  
 7·7. *vinum dæmonum* wine of devils  
 7·23. *poet* Lucretius, the chief of the Epicureans.  
 8·4 *truth* the whole sentence is a simile taken from the Ptolemaic astronomy  
 8·7. *round* honest, plain, cf *Twelfth Night*, II iii 102  
 8·25 *earth* *Luke* xviii 8, but Jesus hardly meant "truthfulness" in Bacon's sense of the word

#### OF FRIENDSHIP

This essay, a revision of one that was published in 1612, appeared first in the third edition of 1625. Not only is it eight times longer than the original, but it is more flowing and the transitions are definitely marked. In contrast to other classic essayists on this subject, Bacon here expresses only the selfish calculations of what a man should expect to receive from his friends. The pupil should formulate definitely in his own mind the other side of friendship. Most of the proper names in the essay may be found in any text-book on ancient history.

8·29 *god* by the inexactness of the quotation Bacon does an injustice to Aristotle, from whom it comes. The original reads, "He who cannot form one of a community, or has no need so to do by reason of being self-sufficient, is no part of a state, and therefore is either a wild beast or a god"; that is, such a man is either below or above the ordinary standards of citizenship.

- 9 6 conversation · manner of life
- 9 14 cymbal 1 *Corinthians* xiii 1
- 9 16 *solitudo* a great city is a great solitude
- 9 19 mere absolute
- 9 24 humanity human nature
- 9 30 sarza sarsaparilla
- 9 31 flowers flour, a variation in spelling
- 10 3 civil shrift a confession made to a layman, in contrast to confession to a priest
- 10 14 privadoes a Spanish word meaning "confidants"
- 10 17 *participes curarum* participators in cares.
- 10 25 L Sylla Lucius Cornelius Sulla (138-78 B C), the Roman general, the anecdote is from Plutarch's "Life of Pompey"
- 11 6 dream Plutarch tells the story in his "Life of Julius Cæsar", cf also Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*, Act II
- 11 21 *occultavi* on account of our friendship I have not concealed these things
- 12 8 Comineus Philippe de Commines (1445-1511), whose *Memoirs* give a detailed picture of the times of Charles the Bold and Louis XI of France.
- 12 13 perish cause to decay; destroy
- 12 18 heart the proverb is a warning against secret fretting
- 12 29 alchemists · alchemy, the mediæval science that was the forerunner of chemistry, was largely devoted to a search for the philosopher's stone, which would change all metals to gold and cure all diseases
- 13 21 Arras. a kind of tapestry made at the city of Arras in northern France Of course Themistocles could not refer to it; the phrase is one of the inaccuracies common to Elizabethan translations
- 14·4 best · the original Greek is, "The dry soul is

wisest and best " A "dry" soul is one that is free from desires and emotions

14 26 St James saith of *James* 1 23

14 28 favor countenance

14 32 four and twenty letters i and u were not distinguished from j and v

15 2 fond and high foolish and conceited

### OF GARDENS

From the edition of 1625 In reading this essay the student should attempt to form in his mind's eye a picture of the garden. Without going into every detail, he should be certain how much ground "thirty acres" means, what colors and odors would greet him, and whether he has seen anything similar in public parks or private estates Yet, imposing as the picture is, one feels that Bacon has missed the garden-spirit altogether, or at least has not caught it as Thomas E Brown did in his hauntingly simple lines

A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot!

Rose plot,

Fringed pool,

Fern'd grot —

The veriest school

Of peace, and yet the fool

Contents that God is not —

Not God! in gardens! when the eve is cool?

Nay, but I have a sign

'T is very sure God walks in mine

16 27 garden the Garden of Eden

17 10 pine-apple-trees pine-trees Pine-apple was the common name for the pine-cone

17 13 stoved kept in a hot-house.

17 16 crocus vernus early crocus.

- 17 18 *chamaeiris* a variety of the iris  
 17 32 *flos Africanus* African flower, the French  
 margold  
 18 1 *ribes* pronounced as a dissyllable, currant or  
 gooseberry plant rasps raspberries  
 18 3 *herba muscaria* musked grape flower *lilium*  
*convallium* lily of the valley  
 18 6 *jennetings* a kind of early apple  
 18 10 *melocotones* a variety of peaches *wardens*:  
 a variety of pears  
 18 12 *bullaces* wild plum tree or fruit  
 18 15 *ver perpetuum* perpetual spring  
 18 21 fast flowers not freely giving odor.  
 18 28 Bartholomew-tide August 24.  
 18 31 bent a kind of grass or reed.  
 20 21 letting shutting off  
 20 30 welts borders, edges.  
 22 24 pricked planted  
 23 10 deceive rob of strength  
 23 30 platform plan or sketch

## ABRAHAM COWLEY

## OF MYSELF

Here we have the personal essay in the manner of Montaigne It is interesting to picture the serious little boy walking in the fields with a book or reading Spenser's poems in the parlor, but it is even more interesting to note what the man himself thinks of his past Then too there are some fine phrases, "such chimes of verse as have never since left ringing," for example The contrast to Bacon is sharp; the mood is different, and the long loose sentences are the very opposite of Bacon's periodic and balanced constructions.

- 25 1 nice. delicate, requiring tact  
 25·11 precedent discourses this essay is the last in the original edition  
 25 20 school Westminster  
 26 5. without book by heart, Cowley refers to Lully's *Latin Grammar*, and says in the next line that his being excused from the rule of the school was an exceptional instance  
 26 11 an ode. published in *Sylva*, 1636, when Cowley was seventeen, in quoting, he omitted the first eight stanzas  
 27 23 Spenser's works *The Faerie Queene* of Edmund Spenser, rather than the pastoral poems by this author.  
 27·28 numbers verses  
 28·2 university Cowley was first a student at Cambridge but because of the strong Puritan sentiment there he left for Oxford in 1644  
 28·8. persons. Henry Jermyn, secretary to the Queen  
 28 9 princesses. Queen Henrietta Maria  
 29 3 Well then the beginning of "The Wish," one of the poems in Cowley's collection called *The Mistress*  
 29:12 prophecy the following stanzas are from his Pindaric ode, "Destiny"  
 30:9 Ben: Ben Jonson, the dramatist, of course, for Cowley, Jonson was the most recent of the great poets  
 30 12 *à corps perdu*. headlong  
 30 14 Take thy ease *Luke* xii 16-21.  
 30:20 *sacramentum*: I have not sworn a false vow.

### SIR RICHARD STEELE

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD

From the *Tatler*, No 181 Steele gets his effect partly by the use of long loose sentences, partly by means of such

a striking figure as regulating a clock, and partly by his contrasts — the child at play by his father's coffin, his loved one in her ball-dress and in her shroud, the solemn train of thought and the arrival of a hamper of wine. His explanation of the "weakness" of his own heart is perfectly sound according to recent psychological investigations. There is, however, no dry analysis of the past, it is reflected to us through the beautifying haze that time throws about even the saddest experiences.

31 10 manes · spirits of the dead, and hence the memory of the dead

31 21. closet private room

33 30 very old Steele at this time was thirty-eight years old, but Isaac Bickerstaff, the reputed author, was pictured as a much older man

34 29 first object nothing is known about the lady

35 12 Garraway's coffee-house there were at this time in London several hundred coffee-houses, which resembled club-houses rather than the ordinary restaurant.

### A PRIZE FIGHT

From the *Spectator*, No 436, July 21, 1712. The essayist is by no means confined to subjects appropriate to a library or a drawing-room, but may gather his materials from the more robust pleasures of the man in the street. "A Prize Fight," however, is not like a sporting page account in a cheap newspaper. The characteristic detachment of the essay is found in the dash of historical writing, the appreciation of the swash-buckling challenge, the amusing picture of Miller's drummers and second, the delicate sympathy with the lady in the gallery, and the analysis of popular interest in such a spectacle. Mr Spectator evidently took less pleasure in the fighting itself than he did in his own meditations and in his observation of the crowd.

**35 27 Hockley-in-the-Hole** one of the three bear-gardens in Steele's time, the others being at Marybone Fields near Soho Square and at Tuttle Fields, Westminster Bear-baiting, a sport in which dogs attacked a bear chained to a stake, was not so popular as in the days before the Commonwealth, but it was not legally prohibited until 1835 In 1709 Christopher Preston, the proprietor of Hockley, was killed and partly devoured by one of his own bears Fencing matches were often held when there was no bear-baiting or bull-baiting on the programme

**36 3. challenge** two similar bills may be found in Ashton's *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne*, chapter 24

**36 5 James Miller** afterwards a Captain in the army, who fought in Scotland under the Duke of Cumberland during the Rebellion of 1745 He was a man of considerable education and published an album of prize-fighters (1738)

**36 10-13 weapons** the back-sword was usually basket-hilted, with a straight blade about thirty-two inches long, only the right edge was sharpened, and the point was more or less rounded off The dagger, held in the left hand while the sword was held in the right, was used to parry the sword-thrusts The buckler was a small round shield about eleven inches in diameter and used for parrying The falchion was a kind of scimitar A case of falchions consisted of two falchions, each flattened on the inside, carried in a single case, they were held in both hands and thus the contestant could use either according to need The quarter-staff was a stout pole, six to eight feet long.

**36 20 Parkes** died in 1733, he fought about 350 stage-fights during his career.

**37 15 Amaryllis** stock name for a shepherdess in pastoral poetry

**39 24 nymph** archaic for "young woman"

**40-25 Tully** Marcus Tullius Cicero.



JOSEPH ADDISON

## POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS

From the *Spectator*, No 7, March 8, 1711 Compare this essay with Bacon's "Of Superstition" in regard to thought as well as style Does either one suggest a satisfactory cause for the superstitious fears that often affect even well-educated people? What is the derivation of the word *superstition*?

42 15 join-hand connected writing, taught after the pupil has learned to form the letters separately

42 17 Chuldermas-day Holy Innocents' Day, the twenty-eighth of December, it commemorates the slaughter of the children in Bethlehem by order of Herod (*Matthew* ii 16-18)

43 17 Almanza April 25, 1707, the defeat of the English, Dutch, and Portuguese by the French and Spaniards established Philip V on the Spanish throne

43 20 taciturnity the first paper in the *Spectator*, which gives an autobiographical account of the imaginary Mr Spectator, says that he was noted even from his cradle for his silence

44 15 merry-thought wish-bone

44 22 vapors depression, hypochondria

44 27 death-watches a wood-insect that produces a ticking sound and is supposed to foretell death

## REFLECTIONS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

From the *Spectator*, No 26, March 30, 1711 Addison's reflections were concerned not so much with questions of philosophy as with matters of aesthetics Indirectly he tells us what he regarded as a suitable tombstone or monument The pupil will find the essay more illuminating if

he examines photographs of various monuments in the Abbey and compares his own judgment as to their beauty with Addison's judgments. Do we, for instance, have the same admiration for "festoons of seaweed, shells, and coral"? What monuments in America are noted for their perfection? Who are the greatest of our artists in this branch of sculpture?

46 24 Arrow of the apocryphal book, *Wisdom of Solomon* v 12-13

Or like as when an arrow is shot at a mark,  
It parteth the air, which immediately cometh together again,

So that a man cannot know where it went through,  
Even so we in like manner, as soon as we were born, began to draw to our end

47 23 present war War of the Spanish Succession (1701-1713)

47. 26 Blenheim a town in Bavaria where the Duke of Marlborough defeated the French, August 13, 1704 Cf Southey's poem, "The Battle of Blenheim"

48 3 Sir Cloudesley Shovel an English admiral who was drowned in 1707 when his fleet was wrecked off the Scilly Islands.

### OLIVER GOLDSMITH

#### HAPPINESS IN A GREAT MEASURE DEPENDENT ON CONSTITUTION

From *The Bee*, No 2, October 13, 1759 *The Bee* was a weekly magazine, after the manner of the *Spectator*, to which Goldsmith was sole contributor. The first number appeared on the 6th of October, 1759. Goldsmith himself practised the attitude toward troubles which he maintained in this essay, and was only too liable to run

away from them. His optimism was philosophical in the popular sense of the term — “don’t think about your misfortunes”, whereas the true philosopher gains his cheerfulness from solving his problems by careful, accurate analysis. As a revelation of the author’s personality, the essay is admirable.

50 8 cross-purposes an eighteenth century game

50 9 questions and commands another game; cf. Sydney Smith’s *Social Life in England*, p. 392

50 14 Garrick David Garrick (1717–1779), a famous actor, stage manager, and playwright, friend of Dr Johnson, and a member of the Literary Club, which included Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Reynolds, and other leading men.

50 19 Barbara Allen in the *Vicar of Wakefield* Goldsmith pictures the Vicar’s family as passing the evening in singing these ballads. The words, with their traditional music, may be found in Child’s *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*.

52 4 de Retz Jean-François-Paul de Gondî, Cardinal de Retz (1614–1679), his *Memoirs* was a very popular book in the eighteenth century.

53 10 chairman a man who helped carry a sedan-chair or litter.

## CHARLES LAMB

### MRS BATTLE’S OPINIONS ON WHIST

*London Magazine*, February, 1821. The original of Mrs Battle was probably Sara Burney, Madame d’Arblay’s sister-in-law, and the essay gives us a glimpse of her famous whist parties. It is, even more, a fine piece of character-drawing, for the interest after all is not so much in her opinions as in Mrs Battle herself. The student should visualize her as clearly as possible.

55 22 **revoke** a player's failure to follow suit though he could

56 26 **Pope** Alexander Pope (1688-1744), author of the *Dunciad*, *Essay on Man*, and *The Rape of the Lock*, a long mock-heroic poem The game of Ombre, a Spanish card game, is mentioned in *The Rape of the Lock*, III 25-100

56 31 **tradrille** a card game for three persons

57 1 **Mr Bowles** Rev William Lisle Bowles, an antiquarian and minor poet, published an edition of Pope in 1806 Mr Lucas suspects that Lamb invented the story of the Notes here referred to

57 9 **Spadille** the ace of spades

57 15 **Sans Prendre Vole** Mr Lucas gives the following explanation "Quadrille is Ombre as played by four It is primarily all against all, but he who thinks he can make the best game may improve his chances by demanding a partner, which is done by 'calling a king,' namely, the king of the suit he leads, the player who plays the king in it becomes thereby his partner for the hand, his 'friend' Hence partners change with every hand But if one's hand is very good, one can play *sans prendre* or *sans appeler*, i.e. without calling or taking a king and partner The highest achievement in any case is to make a *vole*, i.e. a 'grand slam,' i.e. to take all the tricks. A *sans prendre vole* is, therefore, a 'grand slam without a partner,' when single-handed you take every card in the pack "

57 27 **Machiavel** an Italian statesman (1469-1527), famous for his book *The Prince* The reference here is to his *Florentine History*

59 2 **Vandykes** Sir Anthony Vandyke (1599-1641) was a Flemish painter who lived many years at the court of Charles I

59 3 **Paul Potters** Potter was a Dutch painter (1625-1654) famous for his pictures of animals

59 9 Pam a nickname for Lord Palmerston, the English statesman (1784-1865)

59 22 Ephesian journeyman of *Acts* xix 24-41

59 30 Walter Plumer mentioned also in the essay on *The South-Sea House* Lamb's grandmother, Mrs. Field, was for fifty years housekeeper at the Plumer mansion in Blakesware

63 11 Bridget Elia Mary Lamb

63 23 tierce or quatorze sequence of three or of four cards

63 26 capotted. won all the cards

### MY FIRST PLAY

*London Magazine*, December, 1821 Lamb's recollections of incidents and people from his childhood should be compared with similar reminiscences by other authors in this volume What feelings seem common to them all? What memories of your own do they bring up? How did the boy Lamb differ from Cowley, Steele, and the rest?

64 9 Garrick's Drury Garrick was manager of the famous Drury Lane Theatre from 1747 to 1776 The building was condemned in 1791, and a new one opened in 1794

64 19 my godfather F Francis Field.

64 23 Palmer a celebrated actor who died on the stage in 1798

64.27 Sheridan Richard Brinsley Sheridan (1751-1816), the successor of Garrick as manager of Drury Lane and author of *The Rivals* and *The School for Scandal*

65.21 Seneca or Varro Roman authors early in the first century of our era

65.26 St Andrew's a parish in London

65 32 property an interesting account of this matter is quoted in Mr Lucas's edition from *The Athenæum* of January 5, 1901.

66 17 *nonpareils* a kind of candy, a seed or nut covered with a mass of sugar

66 27 *Rowe's Shakespeare* Nicholas Rowe (1674-1718), the dramatist and poet laureate, published his edition of Shakespeare in 1709

67 10 *Artaxerxes* an opera by Thomas A. Arne (1710-1778) It was first performed, February, 1762, at Covent Garden Theatre The date of Lamb's first play was probably December 1, 1780

67 19 *Persepolis* one of the capitals of the ancient Persian empire

67 24 *Harlequin's Invasion* a pantomime by Garrick first performed in 1759, and frequently thereafter

67 29 *St Denys* the patron saint of France who was beheaded on Montmartre and then carried his head in his hand for two miles

67 31 *Lady of the Manor* a comic opera by Dr Kenrick It was first acted at Covent Garden in 1778 The plot is taken from Charles Johnson's *Country Lasses*, or, *The Custom of the Manor*

68 1 *Lun's Ghost* Lun was the stage name of John Rich, a pantomimist and theatrical manager of the eighteenth century The play, *Lun's Ghost*, or, *The New Year's Gift*, was a pantomime, acted at Drury Lane, 1782. It was a compilation from other pantomimes of the same order and had little success

68 4 *Lud* founder and first king of London, according to legend A play of *King Lud* was acted at the Rose Theatre, Jan. 18, 1594

68 5 *dagger of lath* carried by the Vice in the old Morality Plays See *Twelfth Night*, IV ii 134-138 This character was the forerunner of the jester and the clown on the English stage

68 12 *Way of the World* by William Congreve (1670-1729), first produced in 1700.

68 15 *Robinson Crusoe* a pantomime, *Robinson Crusoe or, Harlequin Friday*, acted at Drury Lane, 1781 It was by Sheridan

69 27 *Isabella* a version by Garrick of Southerne's *Fatal Marriage* Mrs Siddons (1755-1831), the famous actress, first appeared in this play in 1782

### THE PRAISE OF CHIMNEY-SWEEPERS

*London Magazine*, May, 1822 Lamb here shows his sympathy for some of the "child laborers" of his day, whose lot was particularly disagreeable He wrote at a time when the social conscience was not so sensitive as it now is in regard to such matters Even here, however, he does not break into the invective of a reformer intent on rousing popular indignation, but he accomplishes his purpose by much more effective means In the first place, he shows the human qualities of the chimney-sweepers they, as well as other youngsters, laugh at another's mishaps, they enjoy a hearty dinner Again, he emphasizes the contrast between the reader's supposed superiority and the sweeper's humble condition by using long words, a truly Johnsonian vocabulary, to describe the trivial interests of the child Finally, he touches the heart by insisting upon the slightness of the occasions which bring joy to the sweeper and enable him to extract pleasure out of his work

70.20 *fauces Averm*: the jaws of Hell.

,70 29 stack a number of chimneys standing together

71 2 *Macbeth* IV 1

71 8 ~~kibed~~ chapped or chilblained

71 9. tester sixpence

71:20. Salopian house Mr Thomas Read's Saloop Coffee House. Saloop was a hot drink made chiefly from sassafras bark

- 71 32 fuliginous concretions sooty mass
- 72 12 valerian a plant that grows from two to four feet high and has small white or pinkish flowers
- 74 3 Hogarth (1697-1764), a celebrated painter and engraver
- 74 23 on the night Milton's *Comus*, 223
- 75 4 Rachels cf *Jeremiah* xxxi 15
- 75 7 Montagu Edward Wortley Montagu, who once ran away from Westminster School to become a chimney-sweeper
- 75 10 Arundel Castle the Sussex estate of the Dukes of Norfolk The story has no basis in fact
- 75 17. Ascanius the son of Æneas When Æneas was received in Carthage by Dido, he sent back to the ships for the boy, but the latter was carried off to Cythera by Venus, who, in order to make Dido fall in love with Æneas, sent Cupid in place of Ascanius
- 76 18 Jem White James White, who went to school at Christ's Hospital with Lamb
- 76 25 St Bartholomew a fair held at Smithfield, London, on September 3, from 1113 to 1855
- 77 3 wedding garment *Matthew* xxi 11, 12
- 77 15 Bigod Lamb's old friend John Fenwick
- 77 18 Rochester John Wilmot, second Earl of Rochester (1647-1680), a poet, drunkard, and friend of Charles II
- 77 27 concave Milton's *Paradise Lost*, I 541-543
- 78 4 kissing-crust. soft crust where one loaf has touched another in baking
- 78 25 come to dust: *Cymbeline* IV ii 262, 263

#### DREAM CHILDREN A REVERIE

*London Magazine*, January, 1822 The spirit of the essay is indicated in the title it is a dream, or, more ac-



curately, a reverie which lets us see into Lamb's most private thoughts. His affectionate nature could never express itself on children of his own gathered about his knee, so that he was forced to spend his unsatisfied love on children of his imagination. His loving disposition, his tenderness in recalling his own childhood, his devotion to his brother and sister, are all revealed in language filled with a haunting dreaminess perfectly adapted to the subject. The pupil should note, among other matters, the simplicity of the words, the definiteness of details, and the length of the melodious sentences.

79 6 *Field* cf. note on Walter Plumer, p. 293. The house was not in Norfolk, but in Hertfordshire.

79 11 *Children in the Wood* the well-known ballad on the death of two children whose uncle, in order to secure their patrimony, hired two ruffians to murder them. One of the men repented and killed his companion, but left the children in the forest, where they died of cold and terror. The ballad is in Percy's *Reliques*.

81 4 *Twelve Cæsars* the first twelve Emperors of Rome, whose "Lives" were written by Suetonius.

82 5 *John L——*: Charles Lamb's brother, whose death, shortly before this essay was written, left Lamb with a painful sense of desolation.

83 · 11. *Alice W——n* Lamb, in his key to the essays, explains that W——n stands for Winterton, but that the name is "feigned." The biographers have found it an *alias* for Ann Simmons, a boyhood sweetheart of Lamb's, who married William Bartram, a London pawnbroker.

83 26 *Lethe* the River of Forgetfulness in the lower world. The passage is reminiscent of the *Æneid*, VI 735-751, where Anchises tells Æneas that in the lower world souls undergo a process of purification, "till lapse of days,

when time's cycle is complete, takes out the inbred taint and leaves unsoiled the ethereal sense and pure flame of spirit. All these, when they have rolled time's wheel through a thousand years, the god summons in vast throng to the river of Lethe, in sooth that, reft of memory, they may revisit the vault above and conceive desire to return again to the body" (Fairclough's translation, Loeb Classical Library)

83 29 Bridget: "Bridget Elia," Mary Lamb

#### DETACHED THOUGHTS ON BOOKS AND READING

*London Magazine*, July, 1822. Lamb's literary preferences, it will be seen, were among the curious, half-forgotten writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and in various ways he did much to revive an interest in them. An essay like this gives a pupil many questions to think about, such as, whether old books are better reading than modern ones, what details of manufacture one should look for in buying books, where and how to read, and the like.

84 4 *The Relapse* a comedy by Sir John Vanbrugh, Lamb used the quotation several times

84 15 Shaftesbury Anthony Ashley Cooper, third Earl of Shaftesbury (1671-1713), author of the *Characteristics*. Cf Walker's *English Essay and Essayists*, pp 127, 128.

84 16 Jonathan Wild. a novel by Henry Fielding

84 21 Pocket Books pocket editions or "annuals" of miscellaneous contents

84 23 Hume David Hume (1711-1776), philosopher and historian. Gibbon Edward Gibbon (1737-1794), author of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. Robertson William Robertson (1721-1793), historian. Beattie James Beattie (1735-1803), essayist. Soame

Jenyns (1704-1787), author of the *Inquiry into Evil* which Dr Johnson mercilessly attacked

84 26 Josephus author of *Jewish Antiquities* and *The History of the Jewish Wars*

84 27 Paley's Moral Philosophy Paley was a noted theological writer of the eighteenth century

85 6 Population Essay Malthus's *Essay on Population*, published in 1798, was the first of a number on this subject

85 7 Steele Sir Richard Steele, the essayist Farquhar: George Farquhar (1678-1707), a writer of comedies Adam Smith (1723-1790), author of *The Wealth of Nations* and other works on political economy

85 12 Paracelsus a late mediæval alchemist and physician

85 13 Lully a thirteenth century alchemist

85 27 Seasons a very popular poem by James Thomson (1700-1748)

86 19 relumne *Othello*, V ii 12, 13

86 26 Taylor Jeremy Taylor (1613-1667), author of *Holy Living* and *Holy Dying*

86 27 Fuller Thomas Fuller (1608-1661), author of *The Worthies of England*

87 17 Anatomy of Melancholy by Robert Burton, originally published in 1621 The reprint mentioned here was published in two volumes in 1800

87 22 Malone Edmund Malone (1741-1812), editor of Shakespeare and one of Dr Johnson's circle

88 9. Drayton Michael Drayton (1563-1631); author of *Polyolbion*, *The Battle of Agincourt*, and other poems Drummond (1585-1649), poet, and friend of Ben Jonson

88 14 Bishop Andrewes Launcelot Andrewes, Bishop of Winchester (1555-1626)

89 14. Nando's a coffee-house near Lamb's rooms in the Inner Temple.

- 89 21. *Town and Country Magazine* published from 1769 to 1792
- 89 26. Tobin a friend of Lamb's who died in 1814
- 89 32. *Candide* a novel by Voltaire
- 90 3 *Cythera* a Grecian island sacred to Venus
- 90 4 *Pamela* a novel by Samuel Richardson, published in 1741
- 90 19 Lardner a Unitarian theologian of the eighteenth century
- 90 24 five points five doctrines of Calvin's theology
- 91 2 B—— Burney, nephew of Madame d'Arblay
- 91 3 *Clarissa* another of Richardson's novels
- 91 9 poetess Mary Lamb

### THOMAS DE QUINCEY

#### ON THE KNOCKING AT THE GATE IN "MACBETH"

This essay is typical of De Quincey's method of writing. Around a penetratingly sensible criticism of a scene, in Shakespeare he has woven a mass of digressions, for which, however, we easily pardon him on account of the interest in each one. In the light of the last paragraph it is worth while to consider the effect of such passages as the Grave-Diggers' scene in *Hamlet*, the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius in *Julius Caesar*, and the trial of Shylock in *The Merchant of Venice*.

- 93 26 *quoad* with respect to
- 94.3 Mr Williams the murders in Ratclif Highway are described in DeQuincey's *Postscript*, Masson's edition, vol 13, p 70.
- 95 4 poor beetle *Measure for Measure*, III 1 79.
- 95 15 mace Milton's *Paradise Lost*, X 293-296.
- 96.8 Duncan *Macbeth*, III 1 66

- 96 9 damnation *Macbeth*, I vii 20  
 97 14 unsexed of *Macbeth*, I v 39-42.

## DREAM FUGUE

For another dream, similar in many ways, inspired by the use of opium, read Coleridge's poem *Kubla Khan*. To get the full effect of this essay it should be read aloud with due attention to the surging rhythm, the breathless speed of the ship and the chariot, the sense of levitation in a world where the laws of cause and effect and of gravity are inoperative. Scarcely anywhere else can one find such an overpowering expression of the mania for speed, made possible in our day by automobiles and aeroplanes.

98 17 fugue. a musical composition in which the subject is announced by one voice and imitated by others, from *fuga*, Lat *flight*, suggesting the idea of one voice fleeing before the others.

98 23. *Tumultuosissimamente* most tumultuously. Carrying out the idea of a musical composition, De Quincey prefixes this Italian direction to indicate the movement of the composition.

98.24 Death. the "Fugue" is part of a longer essay called *The Vision of Sudden Death*.

100 7. *corymbi*. clusters of ivy-berries or grapes.

101.4 *cross-bow* a weapon consisting of a bow fixed across a wooden stock, having a groove for the *quarrel* or arrow.

103 22. *Gloria in Excelsis* Glory to God in the Highest; one of the ancient hymns of the Church.

104 8 comprehended of *John* i 5.

105 4 *necropolis* city of the dead.

106 11 *Crécy* or *Crécy*, in northern France, where the English defeated the French in 1346. *Trafalgar* a prom-

ontory on the southern coast of Spain, scene of Nelson's great victory over the French in 1805

109 4 Pariah outcast, one of the lowest castes among the Brahmins of India

### A HAPPY HOME

This essay is a selection from the last part of "The Pleasures of Opium," one of the sections in De Quincey's masterpiece, *The Confessions of an English Opium Eater*. As a bit of description, it is a model, for De Quincey gives us not merely the details of the room but its charmingly intimate atmosphere as well

111 11 intercalary year the "intervening" year, 1816-17, which "stood as a parenthesis between years of a gloomier character"

111 13 valley Grasmere, in Westmoreland, where De Quincey lived from 1809 to 1821 near the Wordsworths

112 14 *Castle of Indolence* the lines are an inexact quotation from Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*, Canto I, stanza 43.

112 21 Clarkson. Thomas Clarkson (1760-1846), an English abolitionist, author of a *History of the Abolition of the Slave-Trade* (1808)

113 2 St Thomas's Day December 21

113 15 *bellum internecinum* mutually destructive war Jonas Hanway (1712-1786), a tourist, philanthropist, and author, who got into a quarrel with Dr Johnson in regard to the benefits of tea

114: 8 *a parte ante*: from the part before and from the part after, the teapot has always existed and is always to exist

114 14 M—— De Quincey's wife, Margaret, to whom he was married in 1816

114 26. Pantheon. De Quincey bought his first sup-

phies of opium from a druggist near the Pantheon, a theatre and music-hall which Wordsworth described as "stately" in his poem "Power of Music" (Wordsworth, New Globe edition, p 348)

# WILLIAM HAZLITT

## ON GOING A JOURNEY

From *New Monthly Magazine*, 1822 The joys of tramp-  
ing have rarely been so well depicted as in this essay In  
some details it is an experience no longer possible now that  
railways and automobiles have destroyed the intimacy of  
the open road, and especially in America where the type  
of inn that Hazlitt describes has long been unknown  
There are enough points of contact, however, to endear the  
essay to all good trampers, and for every one there is the  
pleasure of becoming acquainted with sturdy William  
Hazlitt, who here unfolds his foibles and lets us into his  
preferences regarding books, art, and traveling

116.5 his book Bloomfield's *The Farmer's Boy*,  
*Spring*, 31

116 16 solitude is sweet Cowper's *Retirement*, 742-  
743

117 6 impair'd Milton's *Comus*, 378-380

117 21 treasures Henry V, I ii 165

117 28 repose. Gray's *Descent of Odin*

117 30 conscience *Othello*, I ii 2

118.16 Mr Cobbett: William Cobbett (1762-1835),  
a noted political reformer

118 21 Sterne Laurence Sterne (1713-1768), a cele-  
brated novelist. The quotation is from *A Sentimental*  
*Journey*.

119.32. no tongue Hamlet, I ii 250.

120.4 singing Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*,  
V. v 165-166.

- 120 30 her sweetest Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*,  
I iii 27-43
- 121 17 one's inn. Henry IV, Part I, III iii 93
- 121 24 inebriate Cowper's *The Task*, IV 39
- 121.28 Sancho. Sancho Panza, the squire of Don  
Quixote
- 121 31 Shandean referring to Tristram Shandy's  
father in Sterne's novel, *Tristram Shandy*
- 122 24 confine *Othello*, I ii 27
- 123 18 Cartoons a series of drawings by Raphael  
which were reproduced in 1707 by the engraver Simon  
Gribelin and are now at Hampton Court Palace
- 123 20 Westall Richard Westall (1765-1836), an  
English historical painter
- 123 27 *Paul and Virginia* by the French novelist  
Bernardin St Pierre, published in 1788
- 123 30 *Camilla* for an account of the author, see  
Macaulay's essay on Madame d'Arblay *Camilla* was  
published in 1796
- 123 31 *New Eloise* a novel in the form of a series of  
letters by the famous French philosopher Jean Jacques  
Rousseau
- 124 4 *bon bouche* a titbit, choice morsel
- 124.24 returns not Coleridge's translation of Schil-  
ler's tragedy, *The Death of Wallenstein*, V 1
- 125 29. Flutter hero of *The Man of Mode*, a comedy  
by George Etherege (1635-1691)
- 127 1 Stonehenge a prehistoric ruin in Salisbury  
Plain The legend is that the great stones of which it is  
composed were brought from Ireland by Merlin's magic  
art
- 127 6 place Milton's *Paradise Lost*, I. 254.
- 127 9 party consisting of Charles and Mary Lamb  
besides Hazlitt
- 127.11 adorn'd. Milton's *Paradise Lost*, III 550.



127 14 Bodleian the famous library at Oxford.  
 Blenheim the palace of the Duke of Marlborough

# OF PERSONS ONE WOULD WISH TO HAVE SEEN

*New Monthly Magazine*, 1826 Here we have a report of one of Lamb's "Wednesday evenings," when his friends gathered informally at his rooms for cards and talk To become acquainted with even the names of the celebrities mentioned by these cultured people is to take a long step towards acquiring a liberal education, and there are besides a good many hints that enable us to form definite pictures of Lamb and Hazlitt For fuller accounts of the poets mentioned in the essay, together with representative selections from their works, consult Ward's *English Poets*

129 18 Guy Faux or Fawkes, member of a band of conspirators who plotted to blow up the Parliament House with gunpowder at the opening of Parliament on November 5, 1605

129 24 hate Pope's *Moral Essays*, II 51-52

130 7 Ayrton William Ayrton (1777-1858), an English musician

130 10 Newton (1642-1727), a famous mathematician and physicist, who is best known for his formulation of the laws of gravitation His great work is the *Principia* Locke John Locke (1632-1704), philosopher, author of the *Essay on the Human Understanding*

130 26 Kneller Sir Godfrey Kneller (1646-1723), a German portrait-painter who went to England in 1675 and remained there the rest of his life. He painted the portraits of ten sovereigns

131 7 lived *Hamlet*, III iv 132

131 9 Browne (1605-1682), an English physician, author of the *Religio Medici*, *Urn Burial*, and other works

Greville (1554-1628), poet and statesman, friend and biographer of Sir Philip Sidney

131 10 Sidney (1554-1586), English general, author of *Arcadia*, *Astrophel and Stella*, and *Defense of Poesie*

132 21 Donne John Donne (1573-1631), poet and theologian

132 28 old edition Mr W C Hazlitt suggests that the reference is to Lamb's copy of the 1669 edition of Donne

132.33 owe Donne's "Epithalamion on Frederick, Count Palatina of the Rhyne, and the Lady Elizabeth"

134 19 Temple-walk Lamb was born and afterwards lived in the Temple, buildings which stand on the site of the house or "hospital" of the Knights Templar

134 32 numbers came Pope's "Prologue to the Satires," 128

135 6 Tabard an inn in London where Chaucer's pilgrims assembled before starting on their journey to Canterbury Petrarch Francesco Petrarch (1304-1374), one of the greatest Italian writers

135 8 *Decameron*: a collection of stories by the Italian writer Boccaccio, from which Chaucer drew some of his *Canterbury Tales*

135 16 Cadmus according to Greek mythology, son of Agenor, king of Phœnicia, and Queen Telephassa, founder of Thebes and inventor of the alphabet

135 24 Ariosto Ludovico Ariosto (1474-1533), Italian poet, the portrait referred to is in the National Gallery in London

135 26 Aretine Pietro Aretine (1492-1556), an Italian writer, the portrait is in the Pitti Gallery in Florence

135 28 the mighty dead Thomson's *Winter*, 432

136 9 plighted clouds cf. Milton's *Comus*, 299-301

136 14 plain Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, IV xi 23.

136 15 Burney James Burney (1750-1821), a naval

officer who devoted his later years to literary pursuits He was the author of works on the buccaneers of the Spanish Main and on early voyages of discovery

136 16 Wandering Jew a legendary character who was said to be condemned to wander until the second coming of Christ because he refused to allow Christ to sit down and rest when he passed his house on the way to Calvary.

136 19 Mrs Reynolds Lamb's friend and former teacher

136 20 Patty Blount Martha Blount (1690-1762), an intimate friend of the poet Alexander Pope, who left her a large legacy

136 28 Pretender the "Young Pretender," one of the Stuart family who claimed the English throne In 1745 he led an insurrection of the Highlanders, overcame the English at Prestonpans, but was finally defeated at Culloden in 1746

136 30 with lack-lustre eye *As You Like It*, II vii 21.

137 8 Lake School a name given to Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge, who lived in the lake region of Westmoreland Their poetry was much more natural and spontaneous than the carefully polished verses of Pope.

139 5 Gay John Gay (1685-1732), pastoral poet and author of *The Beggar's Opera* (1728)

139 12 Montague (1689-1762), a famous letter-writer and "blue-stockings," the friend of Pope, with whom she finally quarrelled

139 13 Erasmus Phillips. possibly a mistake for Edward Phillips, Lamb's lifelong friend.

139 15 Junius cf note on 158 10

140 6 heaven Collins's *Ode on the Poetical Character*, 66

140 11 Handel George Frederick Handel (1685-1759), a German composer who lived many years in England; he is best known by his oratorio, *The Messiah* (1742)

140 13 *Lear*: the British king in Shakespeare's tragedy *Wildair* the leading character in Farquhar's comedies, *Constant Couple* and *Sir Harry Wildair* *Abel Dragger*. a tobacconist in Ben Jonson's *Alchemist*, one of Garrick's most notable parts

140 31 *Bartlemy-fair* Bartholomew Fair (cf p 296)

141 4 *æstus* fervor, ardor

141 18 *Roscius* a famous Roman actor whom Cicero defended in a law-suit, the name is here applied to Garrick

141.26 author Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke The other authors mentioned in the next few lines were Elizabethan dramatists.

142 4. species alone Cowley's *The Praise of Pindar*, 2

142 11 Godwin William Godwin (1756-1836), an English writer, and friend of Lamb and his circle

142 17 *Aram* (1704-1759), an English scholar executed for a murder committed in 1745 (cf p 316) *Bulwer-Lytton* has written a novel around the career of this criminal "*Admirable Crichton*" (pronounced Kri'ton), James Crichton (1560-1583), a Scotch scholar who was noted for his attainments in languages, sciences, and arts He was killed in Mantua, Italy, during a midnight street fight, by one of his pupils

144 10 *Otway* Thomas Otway (1652-1685), author of two famous tragedies, *The Orphan* and *Venice Preserved* *Chatterton* Thomas Chatterton (1752-1770), who in his brief and romantic life wrote a mass of pseudo-antique poetry

144 14 *Barleycorn* a common personification of whiskey

144.30 *Fornarina* a famous picture by Raphael.

145 20 *for aye* said to be from Dante, but no one has located the lines

- 145 27 *Legend of Good Women* · Chaucer's poem
- 146 3 Duchess of Newcastle Margaret Cavendish (1624-1674), a poetess, playwright, and philosopher Addison warmly praised her epitaph in Westminster Abbey "Her name was Margaret Lucas, youngest daughter of Lord Lucas, Earl of Colchester, a noble family, for all the brothers were valiant and all the sisters virtuous" Lamb owned the 1664 folio edition of her Letters
- 146 3 Mrs Hutchinson Lucy Hutchinson (b 1620); her Life of her husband was first published in 1806
- 146 7 one in the room Mary Lamb
- 146 10. Ninon de l'Enclos (1616-1706), a noted French society woman and patroness of letters
- 146 25 Tamerlane (1333-1405), a Tartar general who conquered most of central Asia
- 146 26 Ghengis Khan (1162-1227), a Mongol chieftain who conquered China and central Asia
- 147 1 reason *Twelfth Night*, II iii 159
- 147 19 ever right cf *Coriolanus*, II i 210

## ON NICKNAMES

*Edinburgh Magazine*, September, 1818 Following the hint of his Latin motto, Hazlitt points out the serious matters arising from such trifles as nicknames The subject gives him a chance to display his wide information and at the same time reveals his breadth of mind When the student has worked out the underlying thought of the essay, he should turn to his own experiences to find further applications

148.6 *Hae nugae in seria ducunt* these trifles lead to serious matters Horace's *Ars Poetica*, 451, 452

148 17 Vitelli and Orsini. two noble Italian families of the fifteenth century who fought together against Pope Alexander VI and against Cesare Borgia

148 18 Guelphs and Ghibellines · respectively the papal or popular and the imperial or aristocratic party in mediæval Italy civil wars in England the Wars of the Roses in the fifteenth century, and the war between the Puritans and the Royalists in the seventeenth

148 19 League the Holy League formed by the Catholics of France in 1576 in opposition to the Huguenots

148 26 *Book of Martyrs* · the *Actes and Monuments* by John Foxe (1516–1587), published in 1563

148 27 *History of the Puritans* · by Daniel Neal (1678–1743), appeared in four volumes from 1732 to 1738

148 28 Smithfield the district just north of St Paul's in London, used in the time of Queen Mary as the place for burning heretics at the stake

149 18 the divine Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, I 1

149 31 *barbare*: barbarian

150 2 Jacobin a name derived from the radical Jacobin Club of the French Revolution, later applied to all expressions of extreme revolutionary opinions in any country Canning edited a paper, *The Anti-Jacobin*, directed against the English Radicals

150 9 nickname · Hazlitt may have been thinking here of Lockhart's sneer at Hunt, Keats, and others as being members of "the cockney school" of poetry

150 14 Malcontents, Malignants the Roundheads and the Cavaliers in the seventeenth century

150 24 the other of *Julius Cæsar*, I ii. 144–147

150 28 late war the war between France and England, culminating at Waterloo The "eminent character" was probably Stoddart, editor of *The Times*

151 3 Shakespeare's version *Cymbeline*, III iv 139–143

152 29 wit *Hamlet*, II. ii 90

154:17. *in vacuo*: in a vacuum

155 4 sympathize. *Troilus and Cressida*, I. iii 52.

156 2 Canning George Canning (1770-1827), a statesman and orator

156 8 Cassio *Othello*, II 1 169

156 25 *causati* a jingling phrase from mediæval legal Latin Literally it means, "The cause of the case-at-law is the cause of the thing discussed", the next sentence is an excellent paraphrase

157 1 Mortimer *Henry IV*, Part I, I iii 224

158 10 Junius an anonymous writer whose identity has never been discovered Macaulay in his essay on Warren Hastings argues in favor of Sir Philip Francis Between 1768 and 1772 Junius wrote a series of letters to the *Public Advertiser* directed against the government

158 11 *umbra* he stands, the shadow of a name

158 14 Michael Angelo the great Italian artist (1475-1564)

## RALPH WALDO EMERSON

### SELF-RELIANCE

Emerson, according to his usual method, incorporated into this essay fragments from his Journals and his Lyceum lectures His son, Dr Edward Emerson, cautions us to remember in reading it, "1st, Mr Emerson's fear of weakening the effect of his presentation of a subject by qualification, 2d, That the Self he refers to is the higher self, man's share of divinity" And yet, even though the essay is filled with statements that by themselves challenge our thoughtless assent, it remains as a whole a magnificent call to sturdy living The progress of the thought, as so frequently in Emerson, can scarcely be confined to a cut and dried outline, but the following scheme may help the pupil to trace the thread · I. Examples of self-reliance, II Self-reliance destroyed by (1) fear of non-conformity, (2) consistency, III Reasons for self-trust, IV Revolution

worked by self-reliance in (1) our conception of prayer, (2) our desire for travel, (3) our intellectual interests, (4) the spirit of society

159.2 painter either Washington Allston or William Blake

163 26 Abolition at this time the abolition of slavery was the leading topic of thought and discussion in the North, it was the period of Garrison, Phillips, and a host of other agitators

168 5 Joseph *Genesis xxxix 7-20*

168 15 Pythagoras a famous Greek philosopher (582-500 B C)

168 16 Socrates the Athenian philosopher of the Age of Pericles, whose thoughts are preserved in the writings of his disciple Plato

168 17 Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton the founders of modern astronomy, whose doctrines in regard to the laws of the solar system met with violent opposition when first stated

168 22 Himmaleh the Himalaya mountains

168 25 Alexandrian stanza a poem eulogizing Constantine the Great, written by Porphyry, an Alexandrian philosopher

169 29 Chatham William Pitt, first Earl of Chatham (1708-1778), the famous statesman and orator who championed the American cause in Parliament

170 23 takes place of. takes precedence of

172 3 Alfred and Scanderbeg and Gustavus the famous English, Albanian, and Swedish kings

172 24 parallax difference in the apparent position of an object, caused by change (or difference) of position of the point of observation

177 1 agent acting, the literal meaning of the Latin root



- 182 6 allow permit oneself to indulge in  
 182 24 Bonduca a play by John Fletcher (1579-1625), the friend and literary partner of Francis Beaumont  
 183 15 Zoroaster the founder of the Persian national religion which prevailed from the sixth century B C to the seventh century of our era, the sayings of Zoroaster are found in the *Avesta*  
 183 19 Israelites cf *Exodus* xx 19  
 183 26 Locke Fourier famous scientists and philosophers  
 186 29 Phidias the Greek sculptor of the fifth century B C  
 188 19 Phocion (402-317 B C), Athenian general and statesman, opponent of Demosthenes  
 188 20 Socrates Diogenes Greek philosophers  
 188 28 Parry and Franklin English arctic explorers of the nineteenth century  
 189 8 Las Casas (1766-1842), a French historian, companion of Napoleon at St Helena, 1815-1816.

### COMPENSATION

After announcing his doctrine of compensation, Emerson devotes the rest of the essay to a series of illustrations in proof of it. The pupil will notice once more a likeness to Bacon's papers: each sentence is compact with wisdom, few transitional devices are employed, and the unity of the whole is a matter of thought rather than of style. The essay is to be "inwardly digested," and not "tasted" in a leisurely fashion as one would enjoy a lyric. In this respect the essays of Bacon and Emerson are in an entirely different class from those of Lamb, Steele, Pater, and the other followers of Montaigne.

193.22. following chapter the essay on "Spiritual Laws," which follows this in the original volume

196 14 *administrari* translation of the preceding sentence, the quotation has not been identified

197 31 loaded from a lost play of Sophocles

199 29 running back Horace's *Epistles*, I 10

200 19 desires from the *Confessions* of St Augustine, Book I

200 32 thunders sleep from the *Prometheus* of Æschylus

201 8 Nibelungen the Middle High German epic, which received its final form about the year 1200

201 13. vindictive punitive, pertaining to or serving as punishment

203 9. Devil is an ass the title of a comedy by Ben Jonson

203 18 thread-ball in spinning, the conical ball of thread wound on the spindle

204.28 Polycrates "Herodotus tells that Fortune had so favored Polycrates, the tyrant of Samos, that his friend Amasis, king of Egypt, sent him word that to ward off the fate sure to follow unbroken prosperity, he ought to sacrifice whatever he valued most Struck by this counsel, Polycrates cast into the sea his emerald ring Next day it returned to him in the stomach of a fish sent as a present Amasis at once broke off the alliance, foreseeing in this event the impending doom of Polycrates Revolt of his subjects, and civil and foreign wars followed, and not long after the tyrant was lured out of his domain by the satrap of Sardis and crucified" — Centenary edition of Emerson, vol II, p 400

205.2 scot and lot both words mean "tax"; the phrase goes back at least to William the Conqueror's time

207 2 leger an old form of "ledger"

208.6 are nothing from Wordsworth's sonnet, "Near Dover" (New Globe edition, p. 181),

210 1 traversing thwarting, frustrating

212 21 St Bernard (1090-1153), a famous French churchman, abbot of Clairvaux, opponent of Abelard, and preacher of the second Crusade

### ALEXANDER SMITH

#### A LARK'S FLIGHT

Professor Hugh Walker, who has done more than any one else to revive an interest in Smith's works, says of this essay "It has sometimes been said that a man is to be judged by his supreme achievement. The test is not wholly satisfactory, at least it must not be taken alone, or Marlowe would rank not so very far below Shakespeare. Still, it is one test. And if he be judged by it, Smith's place is among the very greatest writers of English prose. His supreme achievement is the passage in *A Lark's Flight* which describes the soaring of the bird which gives its name to the essay. I have compared it elsewhere [in *The English Essay and Essayists*, p. 287] to the knocking at the gate in *Macbeth*, and I know not what to do but to repeat myself, for I have found nothing else in literature comparable to these two passages. If we keep in mind the circumstances of the knocking, with De Quincey's subtle interpretation of the incident, and then turn to Smith, it becomes plain that the latter passage is simply the realization of the thing that is imagined in the former. 'Ghastly' is the adjective by which Smith qualifies this lark's flight, and ghastly is the appropriate word to describe the contrast between the gory hands and the stained souls of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, and, on the other hand, the trivial knocking which provokes the careless ribaldry of the porter. Smith has not only written a masterpiece of prose, but in doing so has shed a new glory on the name of Shakespeare.

The great poet is a prophet as well. He foresaw in his imagination what was translated into fact before the eyes of a boy who was poet enough to understand it, and to re-interpret it for the nineteenth century."

217 14 Jack Ketch nickname for a hangman

217 18 Tyburn a tributary of the Thames, on the banks of which was a spot where executions were held until 1783

219 27. winter morning Charles I was beheaded January 30, 1649

220 6 Stephen cf *Acts* vii 54-60

220 8 Balmerino Arthur Elphinston, Lord Balmerino, taken prisoner at Culloden in 1745, and, after trial, executed in 1746

221 18 Thurtell. a notorious character of low life who was hanged at Hertford on January 9, 1824, for a murder committed the preceding autumn. A full account of his crimes and those of Eugene Aram will be found in the *Dictionary of National Biography*

222 27 bothy a hut or cottage in which workmen are lodged

226 22 John Knox (1505-1572), friend of Calvin and organizer of the Presbyterian Church in Scotland

228 16 braird fresh shoots of grain

230 4 Ulm. the Austrian army surrendered to Napoleon on October 17, 1805, the English defeated the French at Trafalgar on October 21, 1805

230 5 Hood's poem "The Dream of Eugene Aram" (Riverside edition of Hood, vol I, p 143), cf also p 308 of this volume

230 16 banshee a supernatural being supposed by the peasantry of Ireland and Scotland to wail under the windows of a house where one of the inmates is about to die

231 2 Grisi Giulia Grisi (1811-1869), a famous Italian opera-singer In this sentence *Grisi* is the direct object of the participle *extinguishing*

231.20 bridge chaos in Book X of *Paradise Lost* Milton tells how Sin and Death, the offspring of Satan, constructed a causeway through Chaos from Hell to Earth

### WALTER PATER

#### THE CHILD IN THE HOUSE

Although Florian Deleal's childhood was like Pater's in many respects, the essay is not autobiography, but rather an imaginary portrait of what Pater wished his youth had been We must confess that Florian is a peculiarly isolated child, perhaps even a little abnormal, but there is a clearness of detail, a shining whiteness of tone, that makes the picture very attractive As for the style, Mr A C Benson has said, "It is a perfect example of a kind of poetic prose, there is no involution, no intricacy The language is perfectly simple, and though some may feel a lusciousness, an over-ripeness of phrase, to predominate, yet the effect is perfectly deliberate, and it is by the intention that we must judge it It may be set in a paradise of floating melodies in which the brisk, the joyful, the energetic may be loath to linger, yet for all who love the half-lit regions of the spirit, the meditative charm of things, *The Child in the House* must remain one of the purest pieces of word-melody in the language, and one of the most delicate characterizations of a mood that comes to many and always with a secret and wistful charm "

234 29 Watteau Jean Antoine Watteau (1684-1721), one of the most delicate French painters, is the sub-

ject of Pater's essay, "A Prince of Court Painters," in *Imaginary Portraits*

238-23 *gôûter* tasting

239 3 *chez soi* at home

240 .32 Preacher the name usually refers to the writer of *Ecclesiastes*, but "lust of the eye" is found in 1 John ii 16 Pater was probably quoting from memory

241 21. Goethe · Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832), the greatest German classic and one of the leading figures in world literature

241 22 *Weltschmerz* world-woe

241 29 Marie Antoinette the Queen of Louis XVI

241 30. David Jacques Louis David (1748-1825), a French historical painter, in the Revolution he sided with the extremist party of Robespierre

242 15 going quietly: an inaccurate recollection of 1 Kings xxi 27 · "When Ahab heard these words, he fasted, and lay in sackcloth, and went softly "

242 17 cry on the stair when Pater's grandmother died in 1848, her decease was announced in this way by his Aunt Bessie The incident is mentioned elsewhere by Pater, and it seems to have made a deep impression on the eight-year-old boy

249 2 suspect subject to suspicion

250 4 saintly person the parallel incident in Pater's life is the visit he paid in 1854 to John Keble, the leader, along with Pusey and Newman, of the High Church movement

250 13 wrestling angel of *Genesis* xxxii 24-31

250 14 mysterious sleep · of *Genesis* xxviii. 10-22

250 16 vestment of *Exodus* xxviii. 33-35

251 20 tabernacle of *Exodus* xxvi

251 23 House of Bethany where Mary Magdalene anointed Jesus, cf *Luke* vii 36-48.

## ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

## A PLEA FOR GAS LAMPS

The essayist may enjoy modern conveniences fully, and yet if he is true to his ilk he must cast a regretful eye on the more human inconveniences of former days. Gas lamps, in this case, represent an order of things conducive to meditation and leisure, though it may be that if Stevenson had lived in the day when gas lamps were first used, he would have been sighing for sperm-oil lights or for candles!

253 2. *burgess-warren* a humorous compound, "the citizen-park"

253 15 *Pharos* the lighthouse built by the Ptolemies at the entrance to the harbor of Alexandria, it was one of the seven wonders of the world

255 1 *Prometheus* according to the Greek legend, he stole fire from heaven and brought it to earth in a hollow reed

256 11 *Crystal Palace* a building of iron and glass at Sydenham, near London, used for concerts and exhibitions, originally one of the buildings of the World's Fair of 1851

256 12 *Fiat Lux* let there be light

256 15 *twinkling of an eye* 1 *Corinthians* xv 52

256 24 *Thirlmere* the name of a lake and valley in Cumberland, its beauty was threatened in 1890 by engineering works which made it the source of the Manchester water-supply

257:2 *Figaro*. a journal published in Paris.

## WALKING TOURS

In connection with this essay the pupil should reread Hazlitt's "On Going a Journey," and compare the results of two masters writing on the same subject. Stevenson's early narrative, *Travels with a Donkey*, gives an equally delightful account of his tramping in France, and to it should be added, for those who enjoy such reading, his *Inland Voyage*.

259 29 Christian the chief character in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, who lost his burden "when he came up with the Cross"

259 31 property of easiness *Hamlet*, V 1 75

260 7 Abudah's chest "a character in the Rev. James Ridley's *Tales of the Genu* a rich merchant who in seeking, in a dream, the talisman of Ormanes, which insures perfect happiness, finds it in love of God and submission to his will" — *Century Dictionary*

265 9 Heine Heinrich Heine (1797-1856), a German poet and critic, his songs have often been translated into English *Tristram Shandy*: a novel by Laurence Sterne

265 29 Burns the quotation is from "The Rigs o' Barley"

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear;  
I hae been merry drinking,  
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin' gear;  
I hae been happy thinking

EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS

## A PHILOSOPHER THAT FAILED

In this and the following essay Mr Lucas shows himself the descendant of Goldsmith, Lamb, and the intimate essayists of the older period. His genial appreciation of



the peculiar and trivial are expressed in a style that is charming in its absolute clarity. The pupil who likes these "samples" will find hours of pleasure in the books of his "Wanderer" series as well as in his volumes of essays.

268 12 Venerable Bede (673-735), author of the Latin chronicle *Ecclesiastical History of England*, the source of much of our knowledge of early English history.

268 17 met Dr Johnson the incident is recorded on pp 229-232 of the Pocket Classics abridgment of Boswell.

270 12 Bolt Court library Dr Johnson lived in Bolt Court for a number of years and died there, his library was on the top floor.

#### THE PERFECT HOLIDAY

275 · 13 tigers from Blake's poem, "The Tiger."